



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

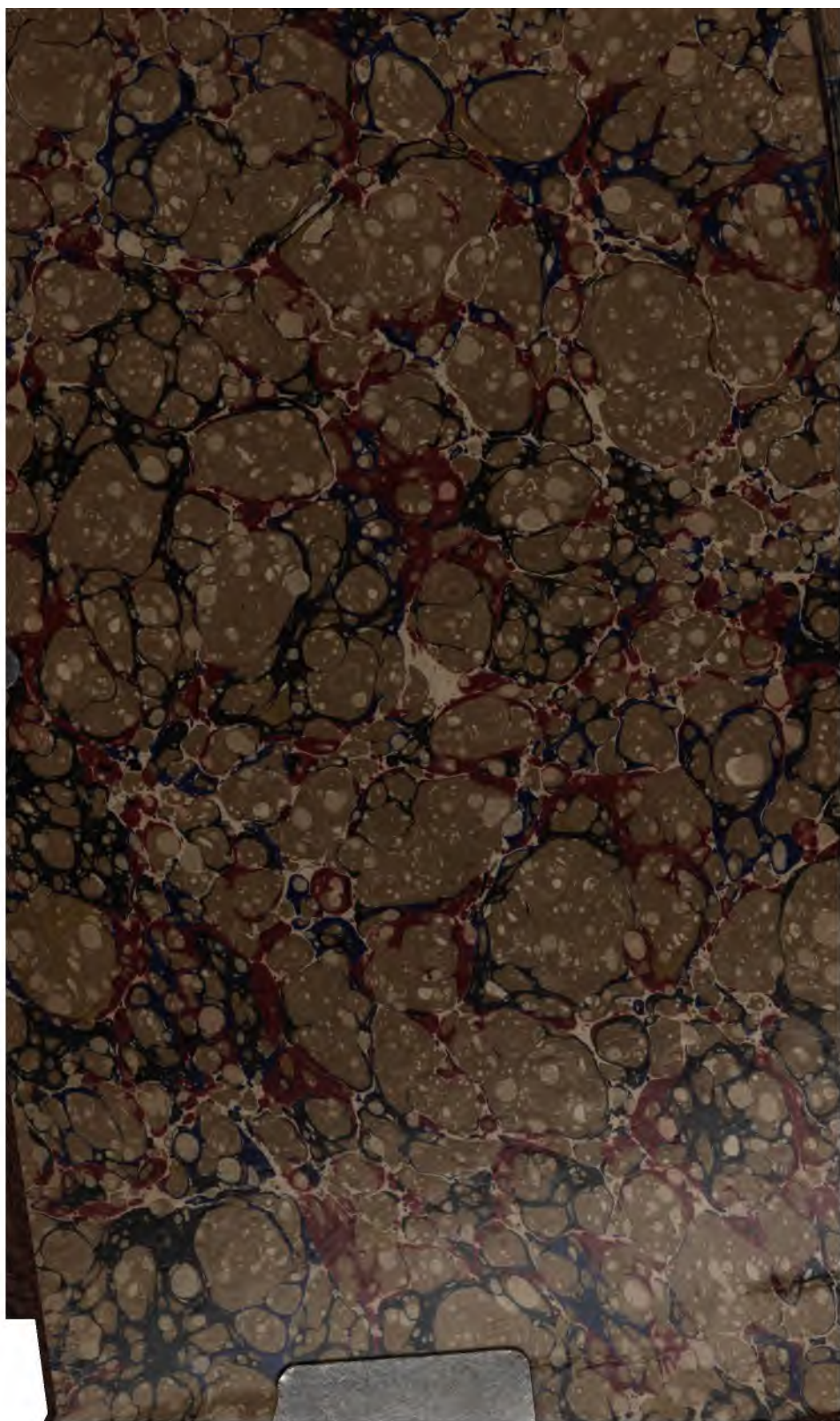
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

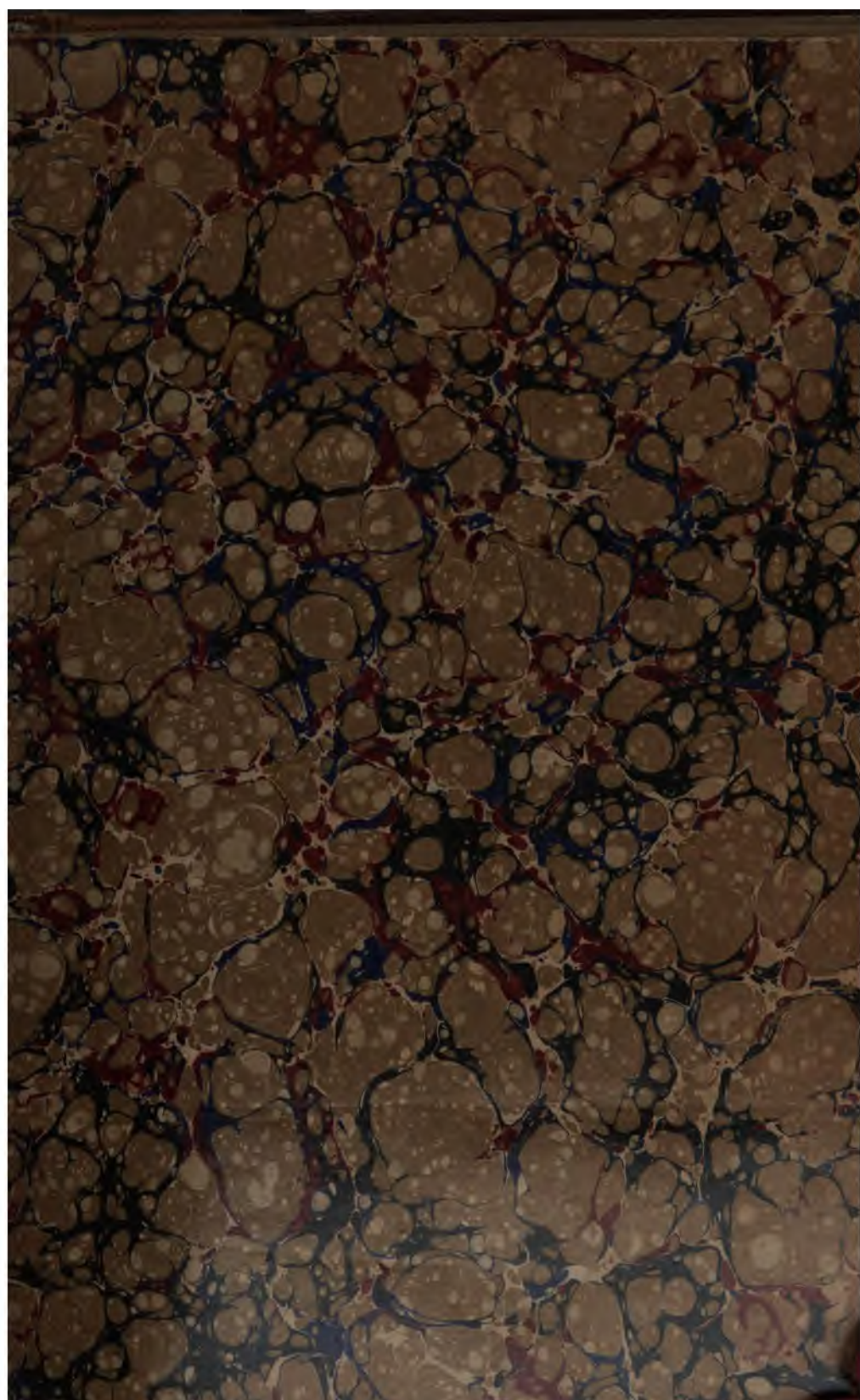
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>









979.41

H673











110-37064

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Historical Society

OF

Southern California

---

Volume VII

---

(ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS OF 1906-1907-1908)

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

155944

## Contents of Vol. VII.

---

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Officers of the Historical Society, 1906-1907.....	4
Some Early California Industries That Failed.....J. M. Guinn...	5
The Pauma Massacre.....Millard F. Hudson...	13
The Haliotis or Abalone Industry of the California Coast, .....Mrs. M. Burton Williamson...	22
Simon Galavis: A California Legend.....Laura Everston King...	31
San Francisco in 1856 and 1907: A Contrast.....H. D. Barrows...	35
Some California Place Names.....J. M. Guinn...	39
Father Joaquin Adam.....H. D. Barrows...	47

### PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Officers and Committees, 1906-1907.....	48
Officers and Committees, 1907-1908.....	49
Constitution and By-Laws.....	50
Order of Business.....	54
Report of Treasurer.....	55
Report of Recording Secretary.....	56
Report of Financial Secretary.....	57
Report of Finance Committee.....	58
Reminiscences of a Pioneer.....Jacob Kuhrts...	59
History of the Development of Placer Mining in California, .....W. W. Jenkins...	69

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DECEASED PIONEERS

F. W. Peschke.....	78
Elijah H. Workman.....	79
De Witt C. Franklin.....	80
Nathaniel J. Clarke.....	81
John M. Griffith.....	82
Herman W. Hellman.....	82
Oliver R. Dougherty.....	83
A. H. Judson.....	83
Joseph Mullally.....	84
George W. Lechler.....	85
John W. Myers.....	86
Jesse Yarnell.....	86
In Memoriam.....	88
Roll of Membership.....	91

Portrait of H. D. Barrows.....	
Officers of the Historical Society, 1907-1908.....	102
The Battle of San Diego.....	Millard F. Hudson... 103
Architecture of the Missions.....	Wm. L. Judson... 114
Portrait of J. M. Guinn .....	
California Under the Rule of Spain and Mexico.....	J. M. Guinn... 119
The Historical Society of Southern California.....	H. D. Barrows... 129
The Mission Indians of the San Jacinto Reservation, .....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson... 134
The Pioneer Directory of Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn... 144✓
Biographical Sketches of the Founders of Our Society, H. D. Barrows... 151	
Twenty-five Years of Local History Work.....	J. M. Guinn... 155
Trade Conditions at San Pedro in 1850.....	A Memorial to Congress... 164
Las Salinas .....	J. M. Guinn... 169
Reminiscences of Early California, 1831 to 1846.....	J. J. Warner... 176
The Battle of San Jacinto (Texas).....	Anonymous... 194
A Forgotten Landmark.....	J. M. Guinn... 198
Yuma Depredations on the Colorado in 1850.....	A Deposition... 202
Letter to General Bennett Riley, 1849.....	Stephen C. Foster... 204
Letter Asking License to Hunt Sea Otter, 1831.....	A. B. Thompson... 205
Whig Political Document, 1851 .....	John Wilson et al... 206
Songs from a California Songster.....	D. E. Appleton... 207
From Pueblo to Ciudad.....	J. M. Guinn... 216

Organized November 1, 1883  
Part 1

Incorporated February 12, 1891  
VOL. VII.

ANNUAL PUBLICATION  
OF THE  
**HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
OF  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
AND THE  
TENTH ANNUAL PUBLICATION  
OF THE  
**PIONEERS**  
OF  
LOS ANGELES COUNTY

---

---

1906

---

---

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE MOHR PRINTING Co.  
810 EAST THIRD ST.

1907





# CONTENTS

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Officers of the Historical Society, 1906-1907 .....	4
Some Early California Industries That Failed .....	J. M. Guinn... 5
The Pauma Massacre.....	Millard F. Hudson... 13
The Haliotis or Abalone Industry of the California Coast, .....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson... 22
Simon Galavis: A California Legend.....	Laura Evertsen King... 31
San Francisco in 1856 and 1907 : A Contrast.....	H. D. Barrows... 35
Some California Place Names .....	J. M. Guinn... 39
Father Joaquin Adam.....	H. D. Barrows... 47

## PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Officers and Committees, 1906-1907 .....	48
Officers and Committees, 1907-1908 .....	49
Constitution and By-Laws.....	50
Order of Business .....	54
Report of Treasurer .....	55
Report of Recording Secretary .....	56
Report of Financial Secretary .....	57
Report of Finance Committee .....	58
Reminiscences of a Pioneer.....	Jacob Kuhrts... 59
History of the Development of Placer Mining in California, .....	W. W. Jenkins... 69

## Biographical Sketches of Deceased Pioneers

F. W. Peschke .....	78
Elijah H. Workman .....	79
De Witt C. Franklin.....	80
Nathaniel J. Clarke.....	81
John M. Griffith.....	82
Herman W. Hellman.....	82
Oliver R. Dougherty.....	83
A. H. Judson .....	83
Joseph Mullally.....	84
George W. Lechler.....	85
John W. Myers.....	86
Jesse Yarnell.....	86
In Memoriam .....	88
Roll of Membership.....	91

# Officers of the Historical Society

## 1906

### OFFICERS

WALTER R. BACON .....President  
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON .....First Vice-President  
HON. HENRY E. CARTER .....Second Vice-President  
EDWIN BAXTER .....Treasurer  
J. M. GUINN.....Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Walter R. Bacon	J. M. Guinn
Hon. Henry E. Carter	Dr. J. D. Moody
Edwin Baxter	H. D. Barrows
Mrs. M. Burton Williamson	

---

## 1907

### OFFICERS

WALTER R. BACON .....President  
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON .....First Vice-President  
HON. HENRY E. CARTER .....Second Vice-President  
EDWIN BAXTER .....Treasurer  
J. M. GUINN .....Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Walter R. Bacon	Hon. Henry E. Carter
J. M. Guinn	H. D. Barrows
Edwin Baxter	Dr. J. D. Moody
Mrs. M. Burton Williamson	

# Historical Society

OF

## Southern California

Los Angeles, California

1906

---

### SOME EARLY CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIES THAT FAILED

BY J. M. GUINN.

Historians generally speaking are not partial to failures. The enterprise, be what it may, that fails fills but a small space in history and the actors in it are usually relegated to oblivion; or if it is commemorated at all it is by the briefest of notices. Scattered at intervals along the highway of California's march to wealth and progress are the ruins of enterprises that failed, the remains of industries that died in their infancy and the unmarked resting places of Napoleons of finance who met their Waterloos in the collapse of some undertaking that almost succeeded—that by all signs and omens ought to have succeeded. Success would have brought them fame and fortune—failure doomed them to poverty and oblivion. It is the story of some of the industries that failed, of some of the enterprises that brought neither fame nor fortune to their promoters yet should have brought both, that I shall attempt to tell.

For three-quarters of a century California's sole commercial industry was cattle raising. Its only product that would bear eighteen thousand miles shipment was the dried hides of its tens of thousands of slaughtered cattle.

The famine years of 1863 and 1864, when for two years in succession the rain fall amounted to little more than a trace and cattle died of starvation by the hundreds of thousands, virtually put an end to the cattle industry in Southern California. It had been declining for a decade. The high price of beef in the mines from the discovery of gold up to about 1855 had not only stimulated the industry in the cow counties of the south, but had expanded it over

Northern California, which in the days of the padres was a terra incognita.

Over production forced it into a decline and drought was the death of it. The cattle kings were ruined. They had no means to restock their desolated ranges, and without cattle their myriads of acres were worthless for production. Besides the rancheros were encumbered with debt. Cancerous mortgages bearing interest at 5 and 6 per cent a month were eating away their possessions. With nothing to sell to pay interest or principal, the end soon came. The Shylocks foreclosed the mortgages—took their pounds of flesh—and the ancestral acres of many a proud Don passed into the possession of the money lenders. The cattle kings were uncrowned. Their kingdoms despoiled, and the olden time industry that once had made them rich and powerful was their undoing.

After the change of owners came the era of subdivision. The new owners cut the great ranchos into fractions and sold pieces large or small as the buyers wished at prices ranging from \$2 to \$10 per acre on time. Thrifty farmers from Central California and the "states" drifted down into the cow counties and bought themselves farms and started a new industry for the south,—“grain raising.” Where a few years before lowing herds covered the plains, now fields of barley and wheat billowed in the breeze. The soil was rich and the yield of grain enormous, but machinery was expensive and labor costly and of poor quality. After the harvest came the problem of transportation. The only market on the coast then was San Francisco, five hundred miles away, and there were no railroads. Los Angeles then was a city of vast area but limited population and no commerce. A ton of barley would have demoralized its market for a month. The people pastured their horses on Spring street lots and kept dairy ranches out on Grasshopper street, now Figueroa. In the olden time cattle transported themselves to market, but grain sacks had to be carried. The farmers found the lighterage charges, freight charges, commissions, storage and all the other charges that commission merchants and middlemen could trump up as cancerous as the old time mortgages. The farmer was fortunate indeed if after marketing his crop he did not have to mortgage his farm to pay the deficit; actually pay a penalty for cultivating his land. It was clearly evident that grain growing for a market five hundred miles away would not pay. The query of the agriculturists was what can we produce that transportation charges and commissions will not eat up. Then began an era of agricultural experiments.

One of the first of these was the seri-culture venture. Louis Prevost, an educated Frenchman, who was familiar with silk culture in France, in a series of letters in the newspapers, proved beyond a doubt that California was superior to France in the conditions required for the success of the silk industry—that the Golden

State would eventually out-rival France in silk production and put China out of the business.

To encourage silk culture in California, the legislature in 1867 passed an act giving a bounty of \$250 for every plantation of 5,000 mulberry trees two years old, and one of \$300 for every 100,000 merchantable cocoons produced. This greatly encouraged the planting of trees and the production of cocoons, if it did not add to the number of yards of silk in California. In 1869 it was estimated that in Central and Southern California there were ten million mulberry trees in various stages of growth. One nursery in San Gabriel—"The Home of the Silkworm," as its proprietor called it—advertised 700,000 trees and cuttings for sale. Two million trees were planted in and around Los Angeles city. Prevost had a plantation of 50 acres on South Main street.

The Los Angeles News of April 11, 1869, says: "We risk nothing when we express the belief that in two years from this time the silk products of this county will amount to several million dollars."

The California Silk Center Association was formed with a large capital on paper. The Association bought four thousand acres which now forms part of the site of the city of Riverside. It was the intention of the Association to found a colony there of silk growers and silk weavers. Sixty families were reported ready to locate on the colony grounds as soon as negotiations were completed. Prevost, the great head center of the scheme, died shortly after the purchase was made, and the colony project died later. At first the profits from the seri-culture fad were large, not, however, from the manufacture of silk, but from the sale of silk-worm eggs. When the industry was launched, eggs sold at \$10 an ounce and the worms were good layers. One seri-culturist reported a net profit of a \$1,000 an acre made in sixty days from the sale of eggs. Another realized \$1,260 an acre in a single season. The net profit from his three acres of trees and cocoons exceeded the net profits on his neighbor's 30,000 acres of grain. With such immense returns from such small investments it is not strange that the seri-culture craze became epidemic. Mulberry plantations multiplied until the bounties paid threatened the state treasury with bankruptcy. A sanguine writer in the Overland Monthly of 1869 says: "It is almost startling to think that from a calling so apparently insignificant we may be able to realize in a short time a larger sum and infinitely greater gains than from one-half of all our other agricultural productions in the state." With the increased supply the price of eggs declined until it was all supply and no demand. Then the seri-culture epidemic came to as sudden a stop as yellow-jack does when a killing frost nips the fever breeding mosquito. The worms died of starvation and the bounty bought mulberry plantations perished from neglect. Of the millions of trees that rustled their broad leaves in the breeze not even the fittest survived. They all died.



Out of the hundreds of thousands of bounty bought cocoons only one piece of silk to my knowledge was manufactured and that was a flag for the state capital. Proudly that home-made "old glory" floated above the dome of the state house, and proud indeed it might be, for indirectly it cost the state a quarter million dollars.

The experiment failed, but not because California was unsuited to silk culture. The defects were in the seri-culturists, not in the soil or climate of the state. There was no concert of action among the producers. They were scattered from Dan to Bersheba, or what was a much greater distance, from Siskiyou to San Diego. There were not enough producers in any one place to build a factory, and not enough weavers in the country to manufacture the raw silk produced; nor could capital be induced to invest in silk factories.

After the failure of the seri-culture industry a number of minor experiments were made on various products that it was hoped after paying transportation charges, storage, commissions and other charges, would leave a small margin of profit to the producer.

Col. Hollister of Santa Barbara county planted a small forest of tea trees and imported Japanese tea growers to cultivate them. The trees flourished and seemed to enjoy the soil and climate of California, but somehow the home grown tea did not reduce the prices of the imported article.

A coffee planter from Central America planted an extensive grove of coffee trees near San Bernardino, and there was great expectations that Southern California would rival Central America in coffee production. The climate was all right, the soil was adapted to the tree, but home grown coffee, like home grown tea and home made silk, never affected the price of the imported articles, nor brought fortune or fame to the promoters of these industries.

Another agricultural experiment that we tried in the later 60's and early 70's was cotton growing. Experiments on a small scale had proved that cotton could be grown in California equal in quality to the finest Sea Island and Tennessee Upland of the Southern States. These induced planting on a more extensive scale.

Col. J. L. Strong, a cotton planter from Tennessee, in 1870 secured from the Los Angeles and San Bernardino Land Company a lease of 600 acres located on the Santa Ana River in the Gospel Swamp country, a region famous in early times for mammoth pumpkins and monster camp meetings. On this he planted a large field of cotton. It grew like the fabled green bay tree, and produced fabulous returns, but not in money. On the Merced River bottoms near Snellings was a plantation of a thousand acres and in Fresno county were a number of smaller ones, aggregating about 500 acres. The California Cotton Growers' and Manufacturers' Association purchased ten thousand acres of land adjoining to, and covering part of the present site of Bakersfield, the oil metropolis of Kern county. On account of the difficulty of obtaining seed only 300 acres were

planted the first year. A portion of this made a fine crop of excellent quality. The Association announced that it would plant two thousand acres next year (1873); and to encourage planting would furnish growers with seed and gin their cotton free. To secure laborers, the members of the Association imported a colony of negro cotton field laborers from the south, built cabins for them and hired them to plant, cultivate, pick and gin the prospective crop. The colored persons discovered that they could get much better wages at other employments and deserted their employers. The cotton crop went to grass and the cotton growers went into bankruptcy.

Along about 1869 or 1870 a large portion of Los Angeles city was a cotton field. The late Don Mateo Keller tried the experiment of cotton growing on irrigated lands. West of Figueroa street and extending from near Ninth street down to Adams there was an extensive field of cotton. The plants grew luxuriantly and produced abundantly. The bursting bolls of cotton whitened the expanse like the snows of winter an arctic landscape. The experiment was a success as far as producing went, but Don Mateo did not turn cotton planter.

The experiments tried in various parts of the state demonstrated beyond a doubt that cotton of the finest quality could be grown in California, but when it came to figuring profits in the business—"that was another story." The negro cotton picker was not much in evidence here and those that were, were too "toney" to stoop to cotton picking in California. The Mexican peon and the Mission neophyte could pick grapes, but when it came to cotton picking they simply bucked and that was the limit with them. White labor was too scarce and too expensive. So the coast winds did most of the picking. For that which was gathered and baled there was no market nearer than Lowell or Liverpool—eighteen thousand miles away via Cape Horn. There were no railroads then in Southern California, and no cotton factories on the Pacific coast; so the cotton boll, like the silk cocoon, disappeared from the land of the afternoon.

The next industry that came to the front guaranteed to lift the agriculturist out of the slough of financial despond, was the cultivation of the castor bean. California from away back in the days of the padres has always been as famous for raising beans as Boston has been for eating them. But the castor bean is not that kind of a *frijole*. It is the bean or nut from which castor oil is manufactured. Its cultivation in Southern California was introduced by the late George H. Peck and for a time the industry paid fairly well. Somewhere along about 1870 a castor oil factory had been started in San Francisco. The proprietors, to secure a supply of beans, furnished the farmers with seed and contracted to buy their crop at a stipulated price. The beans were planted in rows like corn and cultivated in a similar manner. The bean stalk or bush grew to be from six to eight feet high the first season. On the branches the

beans were produced in spike covered pods that were uncomfortable things to handle. The bean grower prepared to harvest his crop by first clearing off an earthen threshing floor and tamping the soil until it was smooth and solid. This floor he surrounded by a circular board corral. With a large box fastened on a sled drawn by a horse he drove between the rows, cutting off the clusters of bean pods and throwing them into the box. The loads were dumped in the corral and spread out over the threshing floor. As the sun dried the pods the beans came out with a pop like the report of a toy pistol. This was kept up until the pods were emptied. The popping of the beans in the corrals resembled a Chinese New Year celebration. It was a source of joy to the small boy, who had Fourth of Julys galore as long as there was any pop in the beans.

The industry held its own for several years, then the castor bean pod joined the silk cocoon and the cotton boll in the haven of "has beens." The elements that were its undoing were similar to those that wrought the ruin of the others; scarcity and high price of labor, excessive freight rates and long distance to market.

The castor bean plant had some faults of its own that did not commend it as an agricultural stand by. It had a trick of volunteering its services when they were not needed. Once planted it was as difficult to get rid of as the Canada thistle. Its staying quality was one of the causes that finally banished it.

A series of experiments had convinced us that it was not so much a new product that we needed as it was more population and a home market. We were all producers; we needed consumers.

Forty years before Dana, he of "Two Years Before the Mast," had decried against the want of enterprise in the native Californians. With all the ingredients to tan leather they sold the hides of their cattle to the Boston hide droghers at a dollar a piece to be carried around the world to tanneries, and returned two or three years later in leather, boots and shoes for which the Californians paid a thousand per cent above the cost of the raw material. California had been a quarter of a century under the domination of the most energetic people on earth, and yet we were doing the same thing that the cattle kings had done generations before.

We were producing millions of pounds of wool every year and sending it around the world to hunt a market. Tufts of the finest raw cotton were wafted hither and yon by the gentle sea breezes and there was no one to gather them and manufacture them into cloth. We were paying an aggregate of a thousand per cent to middlemen, shippers, manufacturers and dealers for returning to us the finished product from our own raw material.

A few would-be political economists of the southland, myself among the number, wrote stirring articles for the local press advocating the building of woolen mills and cotton factories. Bring together producer and consumer, save cost of transportation, cut out the profits of the middlemen and we would all get rich. To obtain

power for our factories conserve the waste waters of our rivers in great reservoirs, set these to propelling hundreds of mill wheels, these in turn would set tens of thousands of spindles in motion to twist our wool and cotton into thread, and would start thousands of shuttles a flying to weave these threads into cloth. The building of factories would make a Lowell of Los Angeles and boom all the cities of the south.

A few years before the City Fathers of Los Angeles had given to a syndicate as a consideration for constructing a reservoir and digging a ditch, all of the northwest corner of the city from Diamond street, now, West First, north to the city's northern boundary and from North Figueroa west to the city limits, except Elysian Park, and that would have gone, too, but the syndicate scorned such refuse real estate. All that the city has today for the donation of thousands of acres of canal and reservoir lands, is that hole in the ground called Echo Lake.

The ditch, which was intended to irrigate the desolate regions down by West Adams street, meandered along what is now Lake Shore avenue to old Pearl street, now Figueroa. There was considerable fall to it and it afforded water power. On this ditch along about 1872 the Bernard brothers of Illinois built a woolen mill of ten loom capacity. The political economists rejoiced greatly. We were on the king's highway to prosperity. The mill's long suit was blankets, but the proprietors did manufacture some blue serges and mixed chevots. Some of us economists had suits made of these and pointed with pride to our clothes made from home grown wool, spun and woven in a home made mill and fashioned by a home made tailor. When the glorious sunshine of California got in its work on the alleged fast colors of the cloth they faded away into nondescript shades; Joseph's dress-suit—his "coat of many colors," would have gone out of business at sight of our garments. Nevertheless, we were proud of our home made clothes, but when one of us went to San Francisco we borrowed an imported suit, not but what our own home made was good enough, but then the San Franciscans were envious of our growing manufactures and might make invidious comparisons.

Our great expectations of becoming a manufacturing center were blighted by that financial frost that chilled the nation to its heart's core—"Black Friday in Wall street." No more capitalists from the east could be induced to come west to build up the country. They had need of their capitalist at home. Our lone woolen mill did its best to furnish us with a very good quality of blankets, but one day a frost struck it and it was changed to an ice factory. The only reminder of the first and last woolen mill of Los Angeles left us is the name of the subdivision where it was located, "The Woolen Mill Tract." Many a newcomer, no doubt, has puzzled over the appearance of such a name on the city map.

Such are some of the trials and tribulations through which the pioneers of Southern California passed in their attempts to develop the land of sunshine. The pioneer, like the prophet, is without honor in his own country. He blazes the trail for the army of occupation that follows his lead into new lands, but he seldom profits from his adventures. The new arrivals regard him as a silurian—a relic of a remote age, and shove him aside. The newcomer who buys a piece of real estate on a rising market and sells it a few months later at an advance of a hundred per cent, regards with contempt the old resident who years ago sold leagues of land for less than he, the newcomer, has sold feet. Let this Napoleon of finance try selling land or lots on a falling market when all are sellers and there are no buyers; and to add to his misery a cancerous mortgage eating away at his possessions day and night. His plaint of woe would be painful to the ear. He would not submit to the decrees of Fate with the fortitude, the manhood and the courage with which the cattle kings of long ago met misfortune and were overwhelmed by conditions beyond their control.

## THE PAUMA MASSACRE.

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON.

Upon the relief of General Kearny's command from the siege on San Bernardo hill, after the battle of San Pasqual, early in December, 1846, the Mexican forces disappeared and were seen no more by the Americans. Pico, failing to realize his confident expectation of capturing or destroying Kearny's whole force, saw the futility of any further aggressive operations in the vicinity of San Diego, and took the remnant of his demoralized command back to Los Angeles to aid in its defense from the expected attack. The effect on the rangers of the sudden appearance of Stockton's marines was more than disappointing; it gave them such a shock that they were transformed from vigilant besiegers into panic-stricken fugitives. The whole command broke up into small bands, scattered in flight, the little discipline which existed was forgotten, and many unwilling or half-hearted recruits took advantage of the confusion to return home at once, or to seek shelter where they might await an opportunity to do so. Naturally, the fugitives fell into small groups of relatives, friends, and neighbors, with common interests and knowledge of localities. Many of the men from San Diego had been forcibly impressed, and were among the first to break away and seek shelter among the ranches in the foothills on the western slope of that county.

A few of the local residents rode boldly into San Diego and gave themselves up, but others were afraid to do so, on account of stories which had been told them about the cruelty of the Americans. In the words of an old Spanish lady: "They had been made to believe that the Americans would butcher them." This lady was in San Diego when her uncle came in to give himself up, and remembers the scene very well: How he rode up on the plaza and was instantly surrounded by American soldiers: how his mother screamed and ran out to him, thinking he was about to be shot; and how surprised and pleased the family were when, after a few minutes, he was set free upon parole. This man afterward served the Americans as a guide; but not all the rangers were as wise as he, and while Stockton was busy with his preparations for the march on Los Angeles, many of the outlying ranches held trembling fugitives in concealment.

Eleven of these straggling rangers were seized by the Indians and put to death. This tragedy has figured as something of a historical mystery, and its causes and circumstances, so far as I can discover, have never been clearly understood and recorded. In a number of histories the episode is not even mentioned, while Bancroft gives it



only 225 words, in a foot-note, and gives a very confused and unsatisfactory account. He says "there is much mystery about this affair," and enumerates four different theories respecting it, without making any effort to sift them and arrive at the truth. These theories are: That the Indians were incited by the Americans; that they were incited by Flores indirectly—that is, instructed to attack all Mexicans attempting to quit California or to join the Americans; that there was no massacre, the victims having been killed in the fight at San Pasqual; and that they were captured by San Luiseno Indian fugitives whom they were trying to bring back to the Mission, and treacherously killed by the Cahuillas.

A careful study of the printed sources of information, followed by interviews with several relatives of the murdered men, has satisfied me that there is not the slightest foundation for a single one of these theories, and that the true explanation of the affair is a very simple one. It was impossible to secure the testimony of eye-witnesses, since the victims were all killed and the Indian participants have since passed away; but the stories told by surviving relatives of the murdered men, some of whom had accounts direct from Indians who were present, are clear and uniform, differing only in minor details. They explain in a consistent and reasonable manner the causes and circumstances of the tragedy and take it out of the realm of conjecture.

It may be well, at this point, to name those whose stories are woven into this narrative. Mr. Louis Serrano, of San Diego, had two uncles among the victims. It was at his father's ranch house near Pauma that the rangers were taken prisoner, and his father, elder brother, and a third uncle were with the unfortunate men and barely escaped their fate. Mr. Serrano was too young to remember the affair himself, and his story therefore rests upon what his relatives and Manuelito, one of the principal Indian participants, with whom he was well acquainted, told him; but he is a very intelligent man, of excellent character, and worthy of full belief. His brother, Jesus Serrano, is living at Ventura, but I have been unable to see him. Mrs. Ramona Williams, of Los Angeles, was a young woman in San Diego at the time of the massacre, and remembers it very well. Her maiden name was Alipás, and one of the victims, Santos Alipás, was her uncle. For her second husband she married William Williams, who was majordomo of the Santa Ysabel rancho at the time of the massacre, who tried to save the rangers, and afterward went over the ground with her and told her the story. Her sister, Maria Arcadia Alipás, also remembers many incidents connected with the episode; and the latter's husband, Captain Robert D. Israel, a veteran of the Mexican war who came to San Diego in 1849, was for many years keeper of the light house on Point Loma, and is now a resident of Coronado, often talked with Manuelito about the massacre, and gives a clear statement of the event and of the causes leading up to it.

The Pauma rancho was an isolated tract of mountain land on the San Luis Rey River, some eighteen miles northeast of Oceanside, taken up by Juan Antonio Serrano, of San Diego, under Mexican laws, some time before the Mexican War. The Indians in the vicinity were of the San Luiseño tribe, or San Luis Rey Indians. There was one rancheria of them on the western part of the rancho, at the place still called Pauma, known as the Pauma Indians; and another at the place called El Potrero, adjoining the Pauma rancho on the east. The Pauma Indians were a small tribe, probably not exceeding seventy-five at that time. Four miles west of Pauma, down the river, was the Pala Mission, where the Warner's Ranch Indians now live. Fifteen or sixteen miles east, on the headwaters of the San Luis Rey River, lay the Rancho El Valle de San José, or Warner's Ranch, on which lived the Cupeños or Warner's Ranch Indians, at the Hot Springs. These latter and the San Luis Rey Indians were quite friendly, intermarried, and often took counsel together. The principal chief of the Paumas was Manuelito, then a young man, whose home was at Pauma, but who sometimes lived at Agua Caliente. With him was associated Pablo Apis. Ten or twelve miles south of Warner's Ranch were the Santa Ysabel Indians, under Chief Ignacio, and in the mountains to the north, in San Bernardino County, were the Cahuillas under the well known Juan Antonio, and a minor chief called Baupista. There was also a tribe whose rancheria was at Los Coyotes, at the approach to Warner's Pass from the desert. These Indians were somewhat loosely confederated; each rancheria had its minor chief, but there were head chiefs whom it was customary to call together to consider questions of importance.

These Indians were nominally friendly, but were still unruly and gave those who took up land among them a great deal of trouble. They were what were known as the hill, or non-mission Indians; and although the friars used to send out bands of soldiers to "round them up" and bring them in to the missions by force, they never became entirely reconciled to the process and continued, to the last, to break away at the first opportunity and resume their wild life. In fact, neither the missionaries nor the Mexican soldiers ever succeeded in entirely subduing them; and from their frequent skirmishes with the latter, they came to regard them as hereditary foes. Another cause of bad feeling was the fact that many Indian servants were whipped and otherwise ill-treated by their employers, people of Spanish descent, and in consequence held grudges against them. I am aware that many old-timers, in telling about the Spanish whipping their Indian servants, always add that the latter never resented it, but feel quite certain this is an error. There is a record of the death of a priest at the San Diego Mission from the effects of poison placed in his soup by an Indian neophyte whom he had caused to be flogged excessively; and a well-informed and shrewd old American

settler once said to me: "Many of the Spanish were very cruel to their Indian servants; they used to tie them up and whip them like dogs!" And he added that, in his opinion, this was one of the causes of the Pauma massacre.

Another contributory cause of this particular disaster requires more extended statement. These Indians were not only traditionally fond of warfare, accustomed to fighting with other tribes and against the Mexicans, but they had even been allowed to take part with some of the factions among the Californians in the political troubles of the times. I now refer particularly to April, 1832, when about a thousand of them were drilled, armed, and marched from San Diego to Los Angeles by Governor Echeandia in his campaign against Zamorano. Although they had no opportunity to engage in battle at that time, the precedent was not forgotten, and it was no wonder that, with the marching and counter-marching of Mexican and American troops and the engagements at San Diego and San Pasqual, they should have become somewhat excited. The considerations which have been stated seem sufficient to have inclined them to the American side; but if any doubt remained, it was removed by the conduct of the Mexicans themselves.

These rangers foraged off the country as they went, and took some horses and other property which the Pauma Indians claimed as their own. When they heard of the arrival of General Kearny, they sent representatives who interviewed him at the Santa Ysabel Rancho and laid this and other grievances before him. The accounts of Kearny, Emory, and Dr. Griffin seem to show that the Indians became somewhat wrought up and intimated their readiness to aid the Americans; but the general advised them to keep the peace and take no part in the war, on either side. Manuelito always declared that Kearny said to them, in reply to their complaints about the acts of the Mexicans: "Well, if they do such things to you, you must try to defend yourselves." Although there is no record, official or otherwise, of this language, it seems not improbable that Kearny might have used words to that effect. He was not in a position to protect the Indians, himself, and might very properly have advised them to defend themselves, when necessary. Had he been so disposed, it is probable he could easily have incited the Indians to attack the rangers; but it is clear, both from Griffin's and Manuelito's statements, that he scrupulously refrained from doing so. The Indians, however, seem to have given this moderate language an interpretation somewhat different from Kearny's evident intent, and to have returned home persuaded that they had been given license to do as they pleased with any Mexicans they might capture.

The Indians at Warner's Ranch and Santa Ysabel interpreted Kearny's conciliatory advice correctly and remained neutral, but the Cahuillas, for some reason, sympathized with the Mexicans.

The relief of Kearny's command was effected on the morning of

December 11, 1846. A day or two after this, Serrano, who had been in the midst of the fighting and, by the way, is said to have been one of the two men who killed Captain Benjamin D. Moore, at the battle of San Pasqual, arrived at his Pauma Rancho seeking concealment. He seemed to have little, if any, suspicion of the existing unfriendly feeling on the part of the Indians. He was on terms of personal friendship with Manuelito and most of the other Indians, and had carried on his cattle business among them with success. A short time before he had built an adobe house about a mile and a half east of the rancheria, with the intention of living in it; and to this house he now led his companions. Going soon after to the rancheria to scout for news and supplies, he overheard two squaws talking in the Indian language, of which he understood a little, and thus learned that it was the intention of the Indians to attack and endeavor to capture his party that night. He did not learn their purpose, but becoming satisfied mischief of some kind was contemplated, he rode back to his ranch house and gave warning. His companions were incredulous as to their being any danger, but promised to be on their guard. They were armed with flint-lock muskets, spears, and a few old-fashioned single-barrelled horse-pistols; and if it came to a conflict, they believed they could successfully defend themselves. So little impression did Serrano's warning make upon them, despite his earnestness, that, after his departure, they did not even put out a guard. Serrano and his brother-in-law, José Aguilar, then rode away for Pala, taking with them Serrano's son, Jesus, a boy of about fourteen years.

The eleven men left in the ranch house, and who soon after lost their lives, were: Manuel Serrano, a brother of José Antonio; their brother-in-law, Ramon Aguilar, from San Juan Capistrano; Santos Alipás, a boy who had been sent from San Diego by his mother to carry provisions to his father, serving with Pico; Sergeant Francisco Basualdo, of San Diego, a gray-haired man of about sixty years, whose wife was a cousin to Governor Pico; José Mariá Alvarado, who lived and had a wife in San Diego; a man named Dominguez, better known as Dominguito; Santiago Osuna, an old man, one of three brothers from San Diego serving under Pico; José Lopez, a young man, also from San Diego; Estaquio Ruiz, related to the Picos; and Juan de la Cruz and a New Mexican of unknown name, both of whom came from the north.

Early that night, while the tired rangers were lying about in the one large room of the ranch house, there came a knock at the door. "*Quien es?*" they called; "*Es Manuelito,*" was the reply. So certain did they feel of the friendship and good faith of Manuelito that, recognizing his voice, they threw the door wide open. Instantly the room was filled with Indians and, with scarcely a struggle, the men were seized, overpowered, stripped, and their hands bound behind their backs. They were immediately carried to the Portero and kept

that night in an adobe house the remainder of the night, while the Indians passed the time in a war dance. The next morning they were carried on to Agua Caliente.

It is believed that Manuelito was forced to take the treacherous part he did in the capture of these men. He made the statement himself, and as he consistently opposed killing them from first to last, it was probably true. At the Potrero he contrived an opportunity for the rangers to make their escape and strongly urged them to take advantage of it; but for some reason, probably because they still believed the Indians would not harm them, they refused to follow his advice.

The object of the Indians in taking their prisoners to Agua Caliente seems to have been, first, to exhibit them to their neighbors and give them an opportunity to participate in the ceremonies; and, second, to hold a council as to what should be done with them. Upon arriving at Agua Caliente a council was held, at which not only the Cupeños and San Luiseños were present, but several chiefs from neighboring rancherias, as far as Los Coyotes. Manuelito was in favor of setting the prisoners free, but his own tribe, and especially Pablo Apis, were against him, and stubbornly demanded that they be put to death. Being unable to agree, the Indians called in to give advice an American and a Mexican who were then living at Agua Caliente; and, strangely enough, it was the counsel of these two men whose respective nations were at war, and who thus had so singular an opportunity of doing good, which sealed the doom of the unfortunate men.

One of these men was named Yguera. He had married a Cupeño woman and lived with the Indians at Agua Caliente. The other was one William Marshall, a native of Rhode Island, who deserted from a whale-ship in San Diego harbor in 1844, married the daughter of Chief José Lacano, and took up his habitation at the Hot Springs. What persuasion the Mexican used is not known, but Marshall very cunningly worked upon the passions of the Indians. Since the Americans and the Mexicans were at war, he told them, they would do well to side with the former, who were much the stronger and sure to win. He assured them that the Americans really wished the men killed and would be greatly pleased if they would quietly and quickly put them out of the way. It is said that Marshall had an old quarrel with some of the prisoners and took this opportunity to settle the score. Whatever his motives, his arguments turned the scale and the council determined that the prisoners should be executed.

Upon returning to Pauma and learning of the capture of their companions, Serrano and Aguilar set off after the Indians, to watch them and endeavor to learn their intentions. They kept the Indians in sight all the way to Agua Caliente, and although repeatedly chased, managed to escape by reason of the superior speed of their

horses. They were somewhat alarmed, but, like the others, had confidence in Manuelito and believed the rangers would ultimately be set free. Upon reaching Agua Caliente, however, their growing fears led them to dispatch a messenger to the Santa Ysabel rancho to notify the Majordomo, Bill Williams, and the chief, Ignacio, of what had occurred and to ask for help. In later years, Serrano often expressed regret that he did not take this action sooner, as he believed that, had he done so, the lives of the men could and would have been saved.

The Santa Ysabel Indians at that day were more numerous than the Paumas. The rancho was owned by Captain Edward Stokes, the same who carried General Kearny's letter announcing his arrival in California, to Commodore Stockton at San Diego. The Majordomo, William Williams, familiarly known as Bill, or "Cockney Bill," was the same "Major Bill" who figures in Dr. Griffin's diary as having drank too deep at the supper on the night of Kearny's arrival at Santa Ysabel, and having to be coerced into acting as a guide for the troops the following morning. He came to San Diego when about twenty, from the Sandwich Islands, and was overseer at the San Diego Mission and other ranchos, and later at the Santa Ysabel. He was known and liked by the Indians and was a man of courage, even though he did sometimes imbibe rather freely. Upon the arrival of the messenger from Serrano and Aguilar, he promptly sent an Indian to Agua Caliente with an offer to ransom the prisoners, proposing to give ten head of picked cattle in exchange for each man; this offer he afterward increased to twenty head per man, but it was refused. With growing alarm, he then mounted and rode personally, in haste, to the Hot Springs. Upon his arrival he saw the prisoners lying in a circle about a fire and recognized many of the Indians present; but he was not allowed to approach near enough to speak to the men, and was told that he came too late and had best have a care for his own safety. Returning to the rancho, he used his influence with the Santa Ysabel Indians to induce them to go to Agua Caliente without delay and prevent the massacre, by force if necessary. Ignacio led his men there in force for that purpose; but the Paumas, possibly anticipating an attempt at a rescue, had acted quickly after the decision of the council, and the rangers were already dead.

As is well known, the Southern California Indians, before the coming of white men, were accustomed to torture their prisoners of war. In this orgy of blood, the Paumas seem to have reverted, for the first time in many years and also for the last time, to some of their primitive savagery. Most of these prisoners were put to death by thrusts with spears heated in the fire which had been kept burning in the midst of the council-circle; but a few were killed by being mutilated, as the newspapers sometimes say, "in a horrible and nameless manner." When the first man was taken out of the circle



and killed, and the survivors realized their impending fate, they broke down and began to weep and beg that their lives might be spared. It is said that young Alipás, alone, remained calm and comforted his companions, saying: "What is the use of crying? We can only die once; let us die like brave men!" At his request, the Indians granted him a death by shooting through the forehead. When they were all dead, the Indians piled the bodies up in a heap and danced around them all that night.

There is some conflict as to the burial of the bodies. One account is that they were buried at Agua Caliente by the Santa Ysabel Indians, under the direction of Williams. Another story is that they were all thrown into one trench by the other Indians, except the bodies of Osuna and Alvarado, which were begged by an old Indian woman who had been a servant in those two families, and buried separately and afterward removed to San Diego. This Indian woman was the first to bring the news of the massacre into San Diego, bringing a *serape* and rosary which had belonged to some of the men.

Marshall's advice proved, in the end, as bad for the Indians as it had been for their victims. The news of the massacre reaching the Mexican commander, he dispatched José del Carmen Lugo and Ramon Carrillo to co-operate with the Cahuilla Indians in an expedition to punish the Paumas. Early in January, 1847, they caught them in an ambush, in a little valley called Temecula, twelve miles from the Hot Springs, at a place called Ahuanga, and killed thirty-eight of them—probably more than half the small tribe. It has proven extremely difficult to learn any of the particulars of this fight, but it was a savage punishment, and subdued the Paumas for all time. Serrano, while reticent about it, is known to have expressed regret at the escape of Pablo Apis, whom the rangers were particularly anxious to kill; they killed his horse, but he himself managed to escape. When Colonel Philip St. George Cooke reached Warner's Ranch with his Mormon Battalion, late in January, 1847, he found there a number of the Pauma Indians who had taken refuge at that place, and who begged permission to accompany his command to the scene of the ambush and bury their dead, being afraid to venture without an escort. At this time and place, Colonel Cooke had a serious talk with Baupista, of the Cahuillas, concerning the folly of taking part against the Americans. The petition of the Paumas was granted, and they marched with the Mormons and buried their dead.

Serrano never occupied his ranch house as a dwelling, but some years later built a new one at a short distance, in which he and his sons lived, at times, for many years. Their relations with Manuelito were always friendly, although some of the Indians were incorrigible cattle-thieves and made the business unprofitable. Manuelito rose from a minor chief to be the general of all the Indians in the region, owned land, lived in a well-furnished house, and was much respected.

When the Garra Insurrection broke out at Agua Caliente, in 1851, he had sufficient influence to prevent his tribe from taking part in it, and they never again engaged in organized hostilities.

There was much indignation in San Diego, among both army officers and citizens, over the conduct of Bill Marshall. In 1851 this renegade became one of the leaders in the Garra Insurrection, and helped the Indians murder four defenseless Americans at the Hot Springs. For this he was hanged, at San Diego, with a right good will, in January, 1852. When his time came, he sent for the widow of José Maria Alvarado. Her maiden name was Lugarda Osuna, and she was married again, to Jesus Machado, of San Diego. To her Marshall voluntarily acknowledged that he had been the cause of the death of her first husband, and begged her forgiveness. This she freely granted, and promised to stay with him to the end, and to pray for him. She stood as *madrina* at his baptism, and walked with him beside the priest to the gallows and saw him hanged.

In gathering these materials and turning them into a narrative, I have been far more concerned by the demands of historical accuracy than any other consideration; but now that it is done, I am struck by the powerful dramatic elements of the story so baldly told. Is it not possible we may sometime have a powerful and successful drama, wherein shall appear, Indians, rangers, dragoons, marines, Kearny, Kit Carson, Ned Beale, Major Bill, and all the rest, with the Sierra Madres for a background?

## THE HALIOTIS OR ABALONE INDUSTRY OF THE CALIFORNIAN COAST: PRESERVATIVE LAWS.

(Read before The Historical Society, Feb. 8, 1907.)

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

The Abalone industry has reached such commercial value on the California Coast that it has been necessary to enact a law to protect and preserve these boneless mollusks. The law tries to do this by limiting the size of the shells collected, young ones being prohibited by the statute.

In point of time these invertebrate fishes outrank man, having appeared on the earth during the Upper Cretaceous epochs and clung to Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene rocks during millions of years!

The consumption of the Abalone or Haliotis shell-fish as food is of too early an origin to have been recorded. Athenaeus, a Greek writer noted for epiculiar taste, who lived at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, is reported to have considered the animal of the Haliotis "as exceedingly nutritious but indigestible."\* The California Indians were large consumers of these native shell fish, as the many kitchen middens, or shell mounds, testify. The largest abalone shells the writer has seen were from the shell mounds of San Nicolas Island, where, according to Dr. S. Bowers, "Millions multiplied by millions would be but a beginning,"\*\* in enumerating the vast number of shells in the heaps, "of which the Haliotis predominates." Some years ago the writer saw black abalones in a crevice on Santa Catalina Island, and, at first, mistook them for fossils. (a) Jeffreys, the well known English conchologist, is often quoted as authority that "The maritime negroes of Senegal esteemed one species a great delicacy. . . . *H. tuberculata* is habitually eaten by the poor in the north of France and in our Channel Isles, where it is occasionally cooked and served at the tables of the rich."‡ This species, however, will not compare with the California product in size.

---

\*The Haliotis, or Pearly Ear-Shell, by Robert E. C. Stearns, Amer. Nat., Vol. III, July, 1869, pp. 250-56.

\*\*Ninth An. Rep't. Cal. State Min Bureau, Dec., 1889, p. 60.

(a) Dr. Ralph Arnold says the Kitchen Midden shells are often mistaken for fossils. Memoirs of Cal. Acad. Sciences, Vol. III, p. 337.

‡Jeffreys' British Conchology, 5 Vols., London, 1862-69. Quoted in Dr. Stearn's paper on the Haliotis in Amer. Nat.

We know the Chinese and Japanese have been large consumers of these animals from our Pacific shores. It may be safely said that the consumption of these mollusks is world wide, wherever they abound.

The consumption of Abalones by Americans has been rather tentative, but lately there has been an active demand for this article of food, largely due to the manner of preparing the fish for market. It is sold in cans and advertized as "highly recommended by physicians for its strengthening and invigorating qualities" (?) The contents of the can are tiny cubes, or dice-like bits, of shell-fish—not unlike little squares of fishes of the vertebrate type—and these with the liquid are made into soup, chowder, fritters, salad, etc.

As *Halioti* are vegetable feeders and dwell between fissures of rocks daily, and we may say, hourly washed by sea water; a dish of these mollusks ought to be as acceptable to a dainty palate as clams taken from the odorous beds in the San Pedro Channel. While the San Pedro Abalone fishery label their cans both in Japanese and English as "Abalone," one enterprising firm disguises the name under "Eno Laba," Abalone spelled backward!

As an export the fish is dried rather than canned. Before the Abalone fishery became such an industry the writer saw long strings of dried abalones in Mexican stores in Los Angeles. They were nearly oblong in shape, from three to four inches long and like leather in appearance, they formed a fine contrast to the long strings of bright red chili peppers that hung beside them. As the liver, head and mantle of the abalone are removed only the immense foot, it has but one, and abductor muscles are utilized in drying.

The *Halioti* shells are too well known to need describing. In these flat, oval shells, with their spine near the margin are common objects. Their beautiful play of color make the finer specimens objects of admiration as mother-of-pearl curios.

In the early sixties of the last century, when the industry was developed on this coast, it was the shell alone that gave it commercial value. Dr. Stearns, in the paper referred to, wrote in 1869, "The value of the exports of the *Haliotis* or Abalone shells from San Francisco was, in the year 1866, \$14,440, being 1697 sacks, each of two bushels capacity, and in the year 1867 the export had increased to 3714 sacks, worth \$36,090." In 1889\* it was said three hundred tons were shipped from the Lower Californian coast in one year, 50 tons being handled by one man in a month's time. The Chinese were the principal gatherers notwithstanding they were prohibited by the Mexican laws.

\*West Amer. Scientist, April, 1889, quoted in Mrs. M. Burton Williamson's article on Abalone or *Haliotis* Shells of the Californian Coast, Amer. Nat., Vol. XXVII, 1894, pp. 849-58.

The value of the Abalone fisheries had from 1864, to the latter part of the century, developed from an industry in shells to one of considerable importance as a food export.

In 1892 to 1895, there were Chinese fisheries on the Islands of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Miguel and San Clemente where the animals were dried and shipped to San Francisco for the local use of Chinese and also for exportation.

In 1899 the Abalone fishery at White's Point, two miles north of Point Fermin, the light house, and four miles from San Pedro, reported 60,000 lbs. of dried Abalones and 30,000 lbs. of shells of \$7,800 value.<sup>(a)</sup> The camp at White's Point in 1899, as reported by the Fish Commission had an "American superintendent with 20 Japanese, 9 of whom composed the fishery party, the others working on shore."

The Fish Commission for 1901† reported the Japanese as carrying on the Abalone fishery in Monterey county having "diving suits, air pumps" and latest accessories for collecting the mollusks. The products at this fishery amounting to 108,375 lbs. of dried Abalone meat and 63,293 lbs. of shells. San Diego also had its exportation of Abalones, the dried meat being sent to San Francisco before it was shipped to China. The shell and animal part of the Abalone are of about equal weight when collected, but after the liver and other organs are removed from the meat and it is dried for the market only about "10 lbs. of meat is produced from 100 lbs. of shells and meat, a shrinkage of about 90 per cent."

Besides the fisheries mentioned another one of some importance on the northern coast of Mendocino county collected as many as "2300 Abalones a day" according to a writer in *The Overland*.\* Here also diving suits, galvanized helmet, etc., are a part of the collecting outfit. In 1903, 14 Japanese were employed, eight attending to the fishing, the others diving, etc. The supervisors of Mendocino county allowed this fishery to be conducted by the Japanese paying a license of \$25.00 per quarter\*\* although \$100 per quarter was mentioned at first as the amount necessary.

The collecting of Abalone fish by using diving armor is an innovation in the United States in the fishery industry.\*\*\* The diver goes down to a depth ranging from 20 to 75 feet of water. He uses a net-like basket and this is hauled up and emptied by men above. Then the shells are taken to camp. Big wooden tubs hold the meat which is washed, salted and the following day par-boiled

---

<sup>(a)</sup> Notes on the Fisheries of the Pacific Coast in 1899, by W. A. Wilcox, U. S. Fish Com., June 20, 1904, Doc. No. 705.

†Ibid.

\*"The Abalone," Sam Ward; *The Overland*, Dec., 1903, p. 534.

\*\**The Overland*.

\*\*\*Fish Com., 1901, Doc. 705.

and placed in the sun for a few hours, smoked for three hours, again boiled, dried, and this process is repeated, the drying time extending over weeks, the boiling probably as many hours. The fish are dried on trays.

A description of the fishery at White's Point gives a good idea of a Japanese fishery on the Californian coast. At this Point there are two one-story buildings nestled against the high rocky bluffs along the beach of the Palos Verdes Hills. One building, a conventional cottage with a square roof, is used as the house for the Japanese and the other a long shack for use in the Abalone fishery. Both these buildings command a fine view of the Pacific Ocean and near them the big black rocks, the home of the *Haliotis*, are lashed by breakers as high as the cottage roof.

The drying ground of the fishery, a yard semicircular in shape, is enclosed on the ocean side by a coarse, wire fence. Rows and rows of stakes cover this yard and on these stakes are lath-like strips of wood about 18 inches from the ground, covering the quaint little yard with ladder-like platforms from 20 to 50 feet long. Big trays from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet wide by 5 feet long are placed on these platforms. The writer made a rough count of these trays which numbered about 150. As each tray averages one hundred shell fish some idea of the importance of the fishery may be estimated. Besides the dried fish there is quite an industry in the canned product, as has been mentioned. A gasoline launch and boats are necessary to the business.

The writer lately visited the camps, which had been reported as closed, or about to close for four or five years, because of the depletion of the fish. On account of a wind storm the launch had that day been sent to San Pedro to anchor. Only three or four Japanese remained in camp and they were grinding and cutting strips of mother-of-pearl from some green Abalones (*Haliotis fulgens* Phil.) for inlaid work. The head Japanese said the fishery would be conducted four or five days a month during the winter. When asked if he expected to carry on the fishery next summer, he said he hoped so, but seemed inclined to be non-committal.

For some years it has been apparent that prohibitive measures must be taken or California would be depleted of one of her most beautiful products. Counties had tried prohibitive measures by taxation. Monterey supervisors taxed the Japanese cannery at Carmel Bay, six miles south of Monterey, \$60 per year, making it, according to Dr. Robert E. C. Stearns, unlawful to "Fish for Abalones except in deep water, and by means of diving apparatus or other deep sea devices."\* This tax or license could not be called a restrictive measure *sensu stricto*. In 1903 an amendment was in-

---

\*The Nautilus, Vol. XIII, No. 7, page 81.

roduced and approved by the California State Legislature,\*\* Feb. 12. This amendment was included in Section 628 relative to the protection and preservation of fish, lobster, shrimp, crab, etc. The clause as passed prohibited the collecting of "any Abalones or Abalone shells of the kind known to commerce as the black Abalone (*Haliotis Californica*) the shell of which measures less than fifteen inches around the outer edge of the shell." In 1905 this section of the Penal Code of California was further amended regarding this mollusk, the size of the black Abalone being amended to read twelve inches around the outer edge of the shell, instead of fifteen. Section 628, reads as follows:

"PROTECTION AND PRESERVATION OF FISH; CLOSE SEASON, LOBSTER OR CRAWFISH, SHRIMP, STURGEON OR CRAB, BLACK ABALONES. PENALTY. Every person who, between the first day of April and the fifteenth day of September of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession, any lobster or crawfish; or who at any time has in possession any lobster or crawfish of less size than nine and one-half inches in length, measured from one extremity to the other, exclusive of legs, claws or feelers; or who at any time offers for shipment, ships, or receives for shipment or transportation, from the State of California to any other place in any other state, territory, or foreign country, of any dried shrimp or shrimp shells; or who, between the first days of September and the first days of November of each year, buys, sells, takes, catches, kills, or has in his possession any crab; or who, at any time, buys, sells, offers for sale, takes, catches, kills or has in his possession any sturgeon or any female crab or any crab which shell measures less than six inches across the back, or any abalones or abalone shells of the kind known to commerce as the black abalone (*Haliotis Californica*), the shell of which shall measure less than twelve inches around the outer edge of the shell, or any other abalone shells, or abalones, the shell of which shall measure less than fifteen inches around the outer edge of the shell is guilty of a misdemeanor."†

A writer in *The Times* says of the Japanese fishermen at White's Point they "get around this very easily by taking the meat of the baby abalones and letting the shells drop to the bottom of the sea."‡ That Section 628 has been enforced the fines for individual cases testify; men on Anacapa Island, at Ventura and Redondo were each fined \$20.00 for the offence. Rather a big price to pay for im-

\*\*The writer is indebted to Mr. T. W. Robinson, Librarian Los Angeles Law Library, and Mr. John C. North, office of the District Attorney of L. A. Co., for courtesies extended *in re*.

†Misdemeanor: Minimum, one day in jail or fine of \$2.00; maximum, six months in prison or fine of \$5.00.

‡*Los Angeles Times*, Oct. 7, 1906.

mature shells. Mr. H. I. Pritchard, Deputy State Fish Commissioner, to whom the writer is indebted for information relative to the enforcement of the law, says of Japanese arrested near San Clemente Island and near Santa Cruz Island: "They were all heavily fined." they used "diving suits and took 45,000 shells in 60 days."

It is to be regreted that the law makers tried to give the scientific name for the black abalone, as *Haliotis Californiensis* Swainson—which was evidently intended, there being no such a shell as "*Haliotis Californica*"—is a rare variety of the black abalone and the writer believes not reported north of the Mexican line. The name of the common black abalone found on the coast is *Haliotis Cracherodii*\* Leach.

As to the law it is very evident it has been tried and found wanting, not because it is a dead letter, but rather, because it is inadequate. As a rule an immature specimen is of little value as it is the adult that is more highly prized, but if these mollusks are destroyed as soon as old enough to propagate of what use to the state is the preservation of the young? To illustrate: Were a gardener to prohibit the removal of all young plants from his garden of annuals but at the same time permit the general destruction of all plants ready to bloom his sanity might be questioned.

If instead of allowing the fishing of mature shells every year, and, every month in the year, it limited the industry to one year in every four or five, even then, with some clause as to amount collected, there would be some restriction in the destruction of these mollusks though the law regarding the collecting of the young remained as now.

In primitive times on the California coast abalone shells not only occupied a distinguished place for ornamental uses, but the "coin of the realm" being in shell money the relationship of the *Haliotis* to other genera of shells was of the highest value.

Stephen Powers, the well known ethnologist, says of this money: "The money answering to gold is made from varieties of the ear-shell (*Haliotis*) and is called *ullo*. \* \* They cut these shells with flints into oblong strips from an inch to two inches in length, according to the curvature of the shell, and about as broad as long. Two holes are drilled near the narrow end of each piece, and they are thereby fastened to a string (made of the inner bark of the wild cotton or milkweed—*Asclepias*) hanging edge to edge. Ten pieces generally constitute a string, and the larger pieces rate at \$1 a piece, \$10 a string; the smaller in proportion, or less, if they are not pretty. Being susceptible of a high polish this money forms a beautiful ornament, and is worn for necklaces on gala days. But

---

\*Abalone and the Penal Code of California; *The Nautilus*, Dec., 1906.



as money it is rather too large and cumbersome, the Indians generally seek to exchange it for the less brilliant but more useful hawok\* (*Pachydesma crassatelloides*). The ullo may be considered rather as jewelry."\*\*

When civilized man appeared imitation found its way into the currency of the red man and as a natural consequence the abalone money of the Indians was affected by the spurious sort and shell money fell below par as a means for barter. When these shells had lost their commercial value, yet, according to Stephen Powers, they were still valued by the old Indians. He says: "It is singular how the old Indians cling to this currency when they know it will purchase nothing from the stores; but then their wants are few and mostly supplied from the sources of nature; and, besides that, this money has a certain religious value in their minds, as being alone worthy to be offered up on the funeral pyre of departed friends or famous chiefs of their tribes.\*\*\*

The tools of the aborigines, with the exception of such simple implements as the drill used for boring holes and cutting ornamental piece out of shells, were chiefly obsidian or flint knives and awls.

Some years ago the writer saw one of these drills for making wampum and marveled that so simple an implement could have done the work. Evidently dexterity in its use compensated for the lack of mechanism in the tool.

The hurry of civilization that makes time the servant of labor by the use of steam and dynamo had no place in their minds as they patiently cut and carved with drill and knife the various shapes "concentric, elliptic, lanceolate, falciform leaf-shaped" and "discoidal pieces" (1)

The aboriginal mode of cutting and polishing the *Halotis* contrasted with the methods employed today tell the story of the evolution of physical science. To "hitch your wagon to a star" is an ideal flight, but the imagination is no less quickened when we learn that the electric current that has made possible the carborundum(2)

\*Hawok or hawock. "This may be called the silver," Powers.

\*\*Contributions to N. Amer. Ethnology, Vol. III, 1877, pp. 336-337; also quoted by Dr. Stearns in *Ethno Conchology*.

\*\*\**Ibid*, p. 336.

(1) *Ethno Conchology: A Study of Primitive Money*, by Robert E. C. Stearns, U. S. Nat. Mus., 1886-87, p. 329.

(2) Carborundum is manufactured from sands, coke, sawdust and salt subjected to heat from the electric currents of Niagara Falls, N. Y. It was discovered by E. G. Acheson. See *Mineral Resources U. S.*, 1892, p. 753-4. Also "Carborundum: Its History, Manufacture and Uses," by E. G. Acheson, *Journal of Franklin Institute*, Vol. 136, pp. 194, 279. Also "Carborundum At Niagara Falls," by Francis A. Fitzgerald, *Journal of Franklin Institute*, Vol. 143, pp. 81-96.

that polishes the abalone of the Pacific shore is furnished by Niagara Falls. This crystalline substance whose hardness is hardly less than that of the diamond is the powder that polishes to a glassy smoothness the rough outer surface of the *Haliotis*. The emery wheel could not do it for the Lapidary, but the wheel charged with carborundum is the wand. These wheels or disks, with a hole in the center, are made of layers and layers, to the number of forty, of thin, coarse muslin, around the circumference is the corborundum reduced to a coarse powder.

The rough epidermis of the *Haliotis* is first removed by using a coarse wheel charged with tripoli, then another with rouge, and later on they are ready for the glassy polish that only the carborundum can give.

While California, with its possibilities for outdoor work all the year round, makes this work of grinding and polishing of less fatality—having fresh air at command—yet even here the constant worker along this line finds human nature has limits of endurance. J. A. McIntosh, who has a little shop for three or four workers, on Main street, in Los Angeles, has been in the polishing business longer than any of his confreres—he having manufactured shell novelties since 1888.

While all parts of the abalone are utilized in ornamental work, breastpins, cuff buttons, etc., are made from the muscular impression, or muscle scar\* found on the interior of the shell. This muscular impression, noted for its iridescence, becomes more beautiful after the animal has matured—in a young shell—especially of the black abalone, the impression is hardly recognizable or much less brilliant. From the muscle scar of an adult black abalone (*Haliotis cracherodii* Leach), stick pins are made that imitate cacholong, a variety of opal, commonly known as pearl opal.\*\*

The peculiar shape of the *Haliotis* rendered it at once a handy utensil or dish for the Indians, the only drawback being the little round holes under the columella, and these they closed with asphaltum. Today campers utilize the shell in many ways even as the aborigines may have done. Commerce recognizes their possibilities as useful objects, soap trays, pin trays, etc., prepared for the trade find their way into curio stores, thence to seaside and mountain cottages, or, as curios for the tourists.

The Indians made their fish hooks from the thick part of *Haliotis*.\*\*\* George Frederick Kunz describes the process: "Pearly shells

---

\*These muscle scars are the point of connection between the animal and the shell—the most beautiful play of colors is found in these impressions, which sometimes assume grotesque shapes in their iridescent outline.

\*\*This name is also given to the abalone imitation.

\*\*\*Rept. U. S. Geographical Surveys: Archaeology by Frederick W. Putnam, Vol. VII, p. 223, 1879.

are cut into rude disks of about two inches in diameter; these are then perforated and the perforations gradually enlarged until the disk is reduced to a flattish oval ring; this ring is then cut through on one side, and worked into the shape of the letter C, and the completed hook is soon attained."‡

Spoons,\*‡ knives and forks, etc., made from abalones are familiar objects in commerce, as well as articles decorated with inlaid work. George Frederick Kunz, in his work on Pearls and Pearl Shells, describes a piano once exhibited in New York having an entire keyboard of mother-of-pearl, the flats and sharps of green abalone contrasting with the keys of white pearl.

He says of the preparation of the abalone for inlaid work that at Nagasaki the polishing of the shell is not scientifically conducted; the slow process of a fine-grained sandstone being their mode of polishing. But if science facilitates the work of polishing in the United States, the Japanese are far in the front rank in their exquisite laquer work with "beautiful butterflies in abalone on gold laquer,"\* hawthorn and other floral devices in transparent laquer.

But the abalone industry, as an art, is only in its infancy on our shores.

Commercially pearls from *Haliotis* do not rank with those of the pearl oyster (*Maleagrina margaritifera*), from the Orient, nor the pearl oyster (*Avicula*), from the Gulf of California, but these irregular pearls, commercially known as pearl baroques of abalones, have a commercial value, that in a few years has doubled the price quoted to amateur collectors who would add a few to their collection; the finest ones having a value that belong to each individual pearl.

The Indians are said to have formed artificial pearls, according to Yates,\*\* when their *Haliotis* shells did not furnish enough natural ones.

If electric science could manufacture a mineral from sand, coke and salt, that at first deceived the elect she may evolve a jewel from the mother-of-pearl of the abalone and some other substance which we will designate as X, that will rival in beauty the now popular black pearl of the Gulf.

December, 1906.

---

‡Pearl and Pearl Shells, p. 445, Bul. U. S. Fish Commission for 1893.

\*‡Spoons were also made by aborigines.

\*Kunz.

\*\*Prehistoric California, by Dr. Lorenzo (Gorden Yates, Bull. S. Cal., etc., S. Cal. Acad. Sci., Vol. IV, 1905, p. 26.

## SIMON GALAVIS—A LEGEND.

BY LAURA EVERTSEN KING.

Simon Galavis was an ascetic—in his infancy his mother spoke of him to her friends as a strange child—in his youth his friend surnamed him "Saint," he thought himself a vile sinner. The very wish to live nearer the "Great Spirit" and feel his power within him set him apart from others. When a little child his mother seeking her son in the vineyard at twilight, when other children were dreaming of fairies in their slumbers, found him gazing at the starry heavens—"Madre," he said, "I know now how God lights the stars. He lights them as the Sacristan does the candles in the church—he sends an angel with a long stick—and one by one he lights them; there is one just lighted. See, madre." "What a strange child," murmured his mother as she gathered him in her arms. And so it had been always, whatever he thought natural, seemed mystical and mysterious to others—only Padre Jimenes understood—he saw the thirsting spirit, and to him Simon daily went for lessons and spiritual guidance. He studied the Padre's musty treasures, the lives of the saints, that of Saint "Francis the Hermit" particularly interested him, and he wondered daily how others could waste the beautiful life given them of God, in horse-racing and the thousand other devices of the "Evil One" for man's destruction.

One day, when having read that portion of the saint's history where he leave his hermit cave, his gaunt and ascetic figure barely covered by his brier-torn cossack, his pale face disfigured by a long and tangled black beard—he is met and ridiculed by others—cut to the heart, he slowly wends his way back up the steep mountain—back to the cave in its side—raising his eyes to the narrow path, he sees a lovely woman, who smiles sweetly and sadly upon him, as she offers him a snow-white handkerchief, saying, "Cleanse thy face." Immediately his beard disappears, and his face becomes as rosy and fair as that of a little child—and he knows that he has looked upon the face of the Virgin Madre.

Closing the book, Simon said: "Padre, would that such could happen to me. There is nought that I would not do, or bear, for some miracle, some evidence that God knows and feels what I suffer for his sake daily. Tell me, Padre, mio," and he fell on his knees and buried his face in the folds of the Padre's frock.

"Arise, my child. Some day thou shalt see God—shalt see Him, and He shall speak to thee—and thou shalt not know it, because of the blindness of thy heart."

Padre Jimenis was old. One evening when the sky was rose-pink and azure-blue in the east, and the sun slowly sinking behind the green hills, he sent a messenger to bring Simon. With awe he entered, feeling instinctively the presence of death. "Fear not, my son; come nearer and receive my blessing." As Simon knelt by the couch a beam of sunlight shot through the narrow window, and striking the whitewashed wall above the Padre's head, formed itself into a halo of purest gold. He laid his hand on Simon's head and feebly murmured: "Remember, thou shalt stand in the presence of God made manifest in the flesh. Give thy life to thy fellow men, mortify the flesh, and meet me in the kingdom of God, where all are saints and none can be sinners."

Simon was still murmuring the prayers for the dead when twilight crept in at the window. Out under the eaves of the old mission building the song birds twittered lullabies to their little ones, for it was spring.

In a few weeks there came to the Mission a new priest. He led by the hand a little boy, a poor half-witted child, who shrunk and trembled at the Padre's stern mien.

When Simon returned from his retreat, where he had gone in his grief, some undefined trouble was in the Mission. All the peaceful pastimes of its people seemed suspended. Gossips came to him with tales of the new priest, his strange moods, days of gloom, at other times even cross to the child, who fled to the neighbors for protection from his fury.

Simon listened and his heart grew sore. Something seemed to rise in his heart and choke him. Then there came a feeling of unrest—then of horror that such things could be. If he only had Padre Jimenes to advise him. Finally in his agony of mind he sought the vineyard (where his mother had found him in his infancy), there to fight out his fight with himself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dawn was breaking. The faint light from the rays of the rising sun had not yet dimmed the brightness of the morning star, whose thousand reflections twinkled in the clear stream which flowed through the vineyard. Underneath the willows on its banks shadowy shadows crept. In the darkest shadow, with his face near the stream, lay Simon. There he had lain all night on the damp grass, shirtless and shoeless. He raised his head and gazed about him. The vines hanging full with purple clusters appeared to his fevered fancy in the dim light of morning like a crouching army of fiends advancing upon him. The soft morning breeze on its way from the mountains to the sea gently raised the tangled hair from his face and fanned his burning flesh. He arose to his feet and faced the coming light. Broad bands of crimson, heralded the advancing sun, one

by one the stars paled and smiled good-bye. He turned and gazed at the moon slowly sinking in the west, and involuntarily broke into song:

The pale moon, shy of day,  
Sinks in the west;  
Before the sun the shadows flee—  
All seems to be at rest,  
Save the world and me.

The words of Padre Jimenes came to him, "mortify the flesh"—live for others—forget self. Had he not fasted for days? Was it not for others that he had lain out in the vineyard night after night? Did he not put self out of sight? Yet there was still the haunting thought that all had been in vain. How could he return to the Mission? How could he confess to a priest, for whom he had no respect. All these thoughts tumbled about in his troubled brain, and would not be dispelled. The cloudless morning was growing warm. He could see and hear the coming crows winging their way to the nearest cornfield. "My father in heaven sees that not one of these falls to the earth. I will cast my sorrows on him, and He will lead me as a little child. Padre Nuestro, now lead me. I am in Thy hands." Still deep in thought, he began to walk from the vineyard. Soon he was out in the dusty road which stretched in unknown distances ahead of him. The noonday sun beat like a fiery hammer upon his bare head, and the hot sand burned his naked feet. His thirst was very great; he must have come many miles. As he looked around him he saw a vast, limitless plain—no trees, not a blade of grass. There was death, he thought. At his feet lay a young colt, ahead of him a little calf with its head in an erstwhile stream. Other animals drawn there by their agonizing thirst were lying where they had fallen in their weakness. Where water had been were now curled cakes of clay. Mounds of dry bones were scattered over the desert, and the earth lay quivering under the fiery rays of the glowing sun. Oh, for water—one cup of water—such as he left behind him in the vineyard, panted Simon. Pobricito, didst thou, too, thirst? and he gently touched the dead calf with his naked feet. His fierce thoughts and battles with himself of the night before had passed from him as an evil dream—everything in his mind had resolved itself into the one thought—water. ... Then a miracle happened. As he stood looking down at the bed of the stream, the dry cakes of earth melted into a silvery thread of water, which flowed through banks of vivid green, and on its farther bank stood a figure in robe of blue. Pointing to the beautiful stream, he said: "Thou thirstest? Drink, then, child of God." Obediently Simon dipped the water in the hollow of his hand, and drank greedily. Such nectar he never before had tasted. It filled his innermost being with satisfaction and delight. Rising from his knees he saw

that in his haste to drink, he had failed to discern its source, and now saw to his disgust and anger that it flowed and rippled over the carcasses of the dead animals surrounding him. In his wrath he turned upon the stranger: "Why didst thou bid me drink from a polluted stream?" Simon could say no more. Raising his hand, a sweet voice said: "Be calm, child, was not the water cool? Was it not pure to thine eyes? Did it not satisfy thy direst thirst? Then drink and regard not its source. Go back among your people. Go back to the Mission and drink of the water of life, no matter from whence it flows."

A burst of glory surrounded him, and like Paul of old, Simon fell upon his face, blinded. When he arose figure and stream had disappeared, and then the words of Padre Jimenes floated into his memory: "Thou shalt see God and not know him for the blindness of thy heart."

## SAN FRANCISCO IN 1856 AND 1907—A CONTRAST.

[Read Before the Historical Society, June 25, 1907.]

BY H. D. BARROWS.

The condition of affairs in the city of San Francisco at the present time in many respects is similar to the situation which confronted the people of that city fifty-one years ago. The control of the municipal government at that time had fallen into the hands of thieves and gamblers, and, as a result, rank public thievery and corruption then, as in recent years, ran riot unchecked, until brought up with a round turn by a vigilance committee, now by drastic prosecution in the courts today. The purification of the city government of the former period by the methods adopted by the better class of citizens—who were then in the majority—was most thorough and complete, and San Francisco thereafter, for several years at least, was one of the best governed cities in the United States, as it has been one of the worst governed prior to the great upheaval. Whether the present heroic efforts at purification of the pathetically-unfortunate but factionally-bedeveled city, by legal methods alone, without a resort to summary action, will be successful is a problem yet to be solved by the course of events.

In the formation of the great vigilance committee of 1856, the people of San Francisco were driven by the necessities of an intolerable situation to exercise their inalienable right of revolution, always a reserved right of any community for just and adequate cause, no other mode of exit, of course, being possible.

That committee has often been criticised by the thoughtless, who have insisted that only legal remedies should have been sought, by what were then and since have been called "law and order" methods, forgetting as these critics have done that an elaborate and cunning system of ballot-box stuffing had been established by corrupt city officials, whereby they had intrenched themselves in perpetuity in office, thereby bringing to naught all attempts of citizens to oust the scoundrels and to bring about reform by legal processes.

I have always held—and I believe posterity will so hold—that all legal methods being absolutely barred it was an evidence of virtue as well as of heroism in the people of San Francisco of that day that they arose in a body—as a revolutionary body, if you will—and drove



utterly corrupt municipal officials into the sea or out of the city and out of the state.

I well recollect hearing at the time that "Ned McGowan," the notorious arch-leader of the gang of San Francisco "ballot-box stuffers," had landed from a schooner at Santa Barbara, from whence he fled the country in disguise to escape the just wrath of an outraged people.

The immediate cause of the spontaneous and almost unanimous uprising of the citizens of San Francisco in 1856 was the assassination by a gambler of the then fearless editor of the Bulletin newspaper, James King, of William, who made relentless war on the corrupt crew which had long held the people of the city by the throat.

Under the leadership of that wise patriot, William T. Coleman—benisons to his memory!—the citizens rescued the community from stark anarchy and after cleaning out the robber band, proceeded to establish, de novo, an orderly city government, meanwhile administering justice with a constructive wisdom and moderation that have been the admiration of unprejudiced and impartial judges ever since.

"Fort Gunnybags" was built and manned as a safeguard against any possible attack, either from partisans of deposed officials, or, on the other hand, from the state authorities.

Governor J. Neely Johnson came down from Sacramento and he and his partisans made much talk about "law and order," etc., but fortunately he and his advisers saw that the citizens were so nearly unanimous in their support of the committee whose action was so wise and just, and so plainly in the interests of the entire community that he abstained from interference and the committee finally completed its great work of rescuing the city from a gang of unconscionable robbers, and of establishing, in fact, "law and order" by the only method that was then possible.

The admirable record throughout, from beginning to end, of that notable vigilance committee of 1856 constitutes one of the brightest pages in the history of San Francisco.

There was one episode connected with that dramatic uprising of the people of San Francisco in 1856 which deserves recounting here, because, if for no other reason, of the moral it teaches.

The brutal insolence of the corrupt city officials, and especially the cold-blooded assassination of their brave champion, had wrought the citizens up to a high state of excitement. Public opinion had practically crystallized in favor of the adoption of summary, and, if need be, revolutionary methods, to put an end to what had come to be an intolerable impasse, from which there was but one exit possible, to-wit, by revolution. The San Francisco Herald, edited by John Nugent, which at that time was an influential journal, and which was

largely used by the auctioneers and merchants as the vehicle of their display advertisements, came out decidedly in favor of the small faction headed by the governor, whose watchword was "law and order," although he and they and the Herald editor knew very well that their attitude meant aid and comfort to the enemies of purification of the city, because the cleansing process by that method was practically an impossibility.

The people were so exasperated by this action of the Herald, and public indignation was so intense that the merchants and auctioneers as a body instantly transferred their advertisements from the Herald to the *Alta California*, and as a result the Herald came out next morning ensmalled and bare of advertisements; and after a season ceased publication altogether; and eventually John Nugent went east and it was reported, whether truly or not I do not know, that he died a pauper.

Not infrequently in history have communities whose vital interests have been assailed, shown by their drastic action that they will not consent to be trifled with.

People who personally remember the stirring events of that early period and the admirable and very effective labors of the good citizens of San Francisco in purifying their city have wondered how the San Franciscans of today can tolerate the thought even of being governed by self-confessed felons and by a convicted mayor, who, behind prison bars, entirely without the sense of shame, presumes to exercise the functions of the high office he has disgraced! Why are not the "unwhipped" scoundrels instantly kicked out of office? Are the citizens of San Francisco so devoid of spirit and of civic pride that they can tamely submit to such a state of affairs? There are certainly good citizens in that city today, as there were in '56, although they probably are not now in the majority, as they certainly were then.

Are the grafters, the lawless and the vicious now in the majority, and do good citizens stand in fear of them? The men of heroic mold of half a century ago, if living today, would make short work of cleaning out the official criminals who disgrace their offices, and who are a disgrace to San Francisco and a disgrace to civilization!

Of course, the vigilance committee of 1856 did not have to deal with large bodies of fighting, insolent labor unions, nor with greedy, corrupt and corrupting corporations, which, with their flunkies and newspapers of today, seem determined to undermine the very foundations of society in order to carry out their rapacious schemes.

The world looks on with horror at the spectacle of a city staggering to recover from the greatest double disaster of earthquake and conflagration that ever befell any city in all history, being badgered, beleaguered and bedeviled by colossal grafts, petty fights, damnable disturbances of public order and, last and worst of all, by insidious

attempts of the corporations and their allies to undo whatever has been done to secure justice and to put further and further off the hope of rescuing San Francisco from anarchy!

Oh, the pathos, the pitifulness of the situation! and alas for the apparent hopelessness that overshadows the future of that unhappy city!

## SOME CALIFORNIA PLACE NAMES.

(Their Origin and Meaning.)

BY J. M. GUINN.

The geographical nomenclature of California is peculiar and somewhat erratic. It ranges from the poetical to the most prosaic—from the aesthetic to the vulgar commonplace—from the sacred to the profane.

It is the product of two Christian nations antipodean in character, mingled here and there with a reminder of the pagan native who has passed to oblivion. In the South, the calendar of saints' days furnished the early explorers and settlers with names for mountains, rivers, islands and pueblos. In the mining regions of the North the dictionary of slang often supplied the Argonauts with short-cut appellations for their new-born towns and mining camps. These were sometimes more expressive than elegant—more forcible than polite.

It has been said that the date of the discovery of any prominent feature of the landscape by a Spanish explorer can be ascertained from the calendar of Saints' days and fiestas of the Catholic church. When an important landmark was discovered by the explorers the calendar of saints' days was consulted and the saint to whom that day was sacred was honored by naming the landmark for him.

When Governor Portolá, the first explorer of California, led his famous expedition up the coast from San Diego to San Francisco Bay, Father Crespi, one of the chaplains of the expedition, became sponsor for the christening of the landmarks discovered by the explorers. His reverence and religious zeal led him to give to the arroyos, the rivers and the mountains over which the expedition journeyed names too voluminous for common use, and few of them remain.

The expedition in its journey north reached what is now the Santa Ana river. Father Crespi named it El Rio del Dulcísimo Nombre de Jesus de Los Temblores—The River of the Sweetest Name of Jesus of the Earthquakes, as he says, "because four times during the day we had been roughly shaken up by earthquakes. One of the gentiles," continues Father Crespi, "who happened to be in camp and who undoubtedly exercised the office of priest, was no less scared than we—began to shout aloud invoking mercy and turning to all points of the compass." The devout name bestowed by the Chris-

tian priest on the river was no doubt an invocation to his deity for mercy.

Father Crespi, in conclusion, naively remarks as if it was a matter of little importance: "To the soldiers this river is known by the name of Santa Ana"—and Santa Ana it remains. The piously polysyllabic cognomen bestowed upon it by the padre has been forgotten. For one hundred and thirty-eight years the Santa Ana has flowed to the sea or buried its waters in the quicksands bearing the name by which it was "known to the soldiers."

The explorers crossed the river of Sweetest Name, and directing their course toward the northwest, crossed the San Gabriel River, near what is now the site of the Old Mission. The San Gabriel was named by them or by some subsequent explorers the San Miguel de Los Temblores. At the time of Portola's exploration and for many years after California was in the throes of a seismic epidemic. Old mother earth had a protracted ague fit.

Earthquakes were of daily occurrence. Father Crespi notes the occurrence of twelve in five days, and says "these repeated earthquakes keep us in a state of amazement." Three severe ones were experienced the night they encamped near the Los Angeles River. These spasms of seismic disturbance covered intermittently a period of forty years and culminated in the great shock of December 8, 1812, which destroyed the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, demolished La Purisima and more or less injured all the mission buildings of the South. San Gabriel was known as the Mission de Los Temblores, and the iron for branding the mission cattle was a large T, initial of Temblores. The modern earthquake sharps who tell us that Los Angeles is outside of the earthquake zone are as ignorant of history as they are unreliable in their theories of seismic disturbances.

But to return to Portola's explorers. On the first of August we find them encamped on or near the present site of Alhambra. Father Crespi says: "Today we rested so that the surrounding country might be reconnoitered and above all for the purpose of gaining the jubilee of Our Lady of the Angels of Porciuncula. Both of us said mass. All the people took communion and complied with every requirement necessary to gain the great indulgence.

"Early in the morning (August 2) we left this valley and kept the same western course. After traveling for about a league and a half through an opening between two low hills we came to a rather wide cañada having a great many cottonwood and alder trees. Through it ran a beautiful river toward the northeast and curving around the point of a cliff it takes a direction to the south.

"Towards the north-northeast we saw another river bed, which must have been a great overflow, but we found it dry. This arm unites with the river and its great floods during the rainy season are clearly demonstrated by the many uprooted trees scattered along the banks. We stopped not very far from this river, to which we

gave the name Porciuncula. Here during the evening and night we experienced three consecutive earthquakes. Today's journey may have been about three leagues (nine miles)."

The river to which they gave the name Porciuncula is now the Los Angeles, and the dry river the Arroyo Seco. Most of the historians who have written on the subject claim that Portola's expedition named the site upon which the pueblo of Los Angeles was founded. This I doubt.

Porciuncula is the name of a hamlet in Italy, near which stands the Little Church of Our Lady of the Angels, in which St. Francis was praying when the jubilee was granted him. The feast of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles de Porciuncula is celebrated by the Franciscans on August 1. The expedition celebrated the feast of Our Lady of the Angels nine or ten miles from the site of the future pueblo, and did not pass over that site until August 3. The fiesta of the patroness of Los Angeles, Santa Maria, is celebrated on her day, August 15th.

Governor Felipe de Neve, the founder of Los Angeles, was authorized by the viceroy of New Spain in 1776 to select two sites—one in the South and the other in the North—for agricultural colonies to raise supplies for the soldiers. He located the northern one on the Rio Guadalupe and in 1777 founded San José, named for St. Joseph, the patron of the missions. Four years later, when the southern colony was planted, what more natural than to name it for Santa Maria, Queen of the Angels, and St. Joseph's wife.

In its evolution from pueblo to ciudad it has had various sur-names. It was known as the town of Our Lady of the Angeles; sometimes it was spoken of as the pueblo of the Queen of the Angels, and sometimes it was abbreviated to Santa Maria. Most commonly it was El Pueblo de Abajo, the lower town, and San Jose was called El Pueblo de Arriba, the upper town.

In the early official documents it was always written El Pueblo Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles—the town of Our Lady of the Angels. In later documents, just before the American conquest, it appears in legal papers as Angeles. It is to be regretted that the Americans did not continue the custom of dropping the Los. It would have given its present inhabitants less name to murder in pronunciation. The tortures that Los Angeles (the Angels) who no doubt speak classical Castillian, suffer from mispronunciation must be excruciating.

But few of the names given to the bays and headlands of the coast by Cabrillo, the discoverer of California, remain. Sebastian Viscaïno sixty years later sailing over the same route changed most of them. Cabrillo's San Miguel became Viscaïno's San Diego; San Salvador and La Vitoria were transformed to Santa Catalina and San Clemente, and Cabrillo's Bahia de Los Fumos y Fuegos, the

Bay of Smokes and Fires, appears on Viscaino's map as the Ensenada de San Andres, the Bay or Cove of Saint Andrew; but in a description of the voyage compiled for Viscaino by the historiographer, Cabrea Buena, it is named San Pedro. Cabrera the Good discovered that the bluff old sailor, Viscaino, had gotten the saints' days mixed. November 26, the day Viscaino cast anchor in the bay, is sacred to St. Peter, not St. Andrew. It was not named for St. Peter the apostle, however, but for St. Peter, bishop of Alexandria.

St. Peter of Alexandria lived in the third century of the Christian era. He was beheaded by order of the African pro-consul, Galerius Maximus, during the persecution of the Christians under the Roman Emperor Valerian. The date of his death was November 26, A. D. 258.

The Argonauts of '49 came mostly from a land where saints were not much in evidence in place names. Arriving in California they found the country, or at least the settled portion of it, overflowed with saints' names. Very naturally they concluded that "San" was a necessary prefix to a place name. This conclusion in one instance made a ludicrous mix-up of saint and sinner. Across the bay from San Francisco is a point of land that in early times was known as Punta de Quentin (Quentin's Point). It was named for an Indian horse thief who made his headquarters there.

In the fall of '49 or spring of '50, some newly arrived Argonauts located on the Point, and thinking no doubt that the "San" had been lost from the Quentin in some land deal or real estate shuffle, prefixed it to it and thus canonized an Indian horse thief.

There is no San Quentin in the Calendar of Saints, but there are even now many horse thieves in San Quentin (state's prison).

The place names that the Argonauts bestowed upon then their diggings and new-born towns were pointed, if not polished expressions of some noted characteristic of the place, its people or its surroundings. Brandy Flat was a drinking, carousing camp similar to Roaring Camp, described by Bret Harte in one of his inimitable California sketches—"The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Poverty Bar tells the story of poor diggings—of disappointment—of wasted energy—of unrequited toil—of blasted hopes.

"You Bet" is expressive of having struck it rich—prospects two-bits to the pan and the bedrock pitching. And so I might go on for pages.

Here is a list of some of the queer names of towns, camps and diggings that were filled with prosperous and sometimes profligate miners in the days of '49 and the early '50s: Moonlight Flat, Blanket End, Chivalry Hill, Rough and Ready, Dad's Gulch, Greenhorn Bar, Hangtown, Roaring River, Piety Hill, Red Dog, Bone Yard, Dead Horse, Whiskey Slide, Sublimity, Fiddletown, Hungry Hollow, Last Chance, Two Cent Ranch, 'Nary Red Diggins, Poker Flat, Mugginsville, Jimtown, Dirty Bar and Poor Man's Creek.

The Weekly Golden Era of fifty years ago, commenting on the "Euphony of California Names," says: "If there is one thing connected with our state that we are more pleased at than another it is the peculiarity of the names of localities, which, although not always perfectly elegant or euphonious, are characteristic and suggestive, and not to be confounded with those of any other state. Where but in California can be found a Hangtown, a Bladderville, or a Rattlesnake? And where but in California can be found one eternal spring and harvest, gold in every square rood of ground, five dollars per day, ten cents to the pan and 'bedrock pitching'?"

"The Knickerbocker for February, in noticing our lists of agents, smiles at such names as Bottle Hill, Campo Seco, Murphy, Red Dog and others, and marveleth much at their want of euphony.

"Friend Clarke, your *sabe* is inconveniently limited in regard to California localities or you never would have mentioned the cacophony of the above names. There are a few well known throughout the state at the attempted pronunciation of which Murphy, Bottle City and Rattlesnake are resolved into poetry—liquid music and a harmony of sweet sounds, and compared to which saw-filing is a happy diversion. Try these—Blizzardville, Slumgullion City, Mugfuzzle Flat, Nixferschtay, Hell-out-for-noon City, Yonpenhaff Gulch, and so forth.

"The great beauty of California names is the interesting scraps of local history which they most generally perpetuate. Thus they combine with peculiarity the rough notes of unpublished history. Fiddletown, for instance, took its name from three jolly fiddlers who pitched their tents on its site in 1850. They fiddled all day, drank whiskey all night, and finally all went out of the world together at the earnest solicitation of a thunderstorm which prostrated a giant pine across them.

Jenkin's Bar owes its name to a certain Jenkins, a tailor by trade, an ambitious tailor, a tailor who had a soul above the press board, and withal the pioneer of Jenkin's Bar.

Singular stories are told about Jenkins: How he stole a female Digger and came to his death by the knife of the enraged father of the dusky Helen. Slug Gulch is so called for the interesting reason of the abundance of slugs (large pieces of gold) once found there. Condemned Bar was once pronounced worthless, but afterwards found to be rich. Murderer's Bar was once the scene of a horrible tragedy. Sutterville was one of the first mining camps of Captain Sutter. So it will be seen what our names lack in euphony they make up in utility."

Many of these towns of cacophonous names were once places of considerable importance. Several of them in their prime were more populous than the city of Our Lady of the Angels in the early '50s.

Nearly all of them now are dead and forgotten. Their names have



disappeared from the map and have faded from the memories of men.

In the flush times of placer mining there was in many of the early camps a self-constituted nomenclator. His self-assumed duties were similar to those performed by the nomenclators of Old Rome; that is, calling names; but it was not the name given in baptism that he called. He dealt out nicknames. He was usually a man of pungent wit that to use a modern slang phrase "stung." Romeo sneeringly remarked:

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.  
What's a name? It is not hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man."

Had Romeo lived in the days of the Argonauts of '49, and been baptized without the benefit of clergy by a camp nomenclator with a short-cut name that called attention to some physical defect or exposed some moral failure or weakness, he would have exclaimed with more emphasis than he did his dislike for a name:

"Oh, tell me! tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may sack  
The hateful mansion."

Bret Harte, in his sketches of early mining days, has immortalized some of the bearers of these short cut names and the cacophnic places where they dwelt. Stumpy, The Luck of Roaring Camp, Kaintuck, Sandy, Tennessee's Partner, Cussing Bill, the driver of the Slumgullion stage, Yuba Bill, and so on. Here are the abbreviated cognomens of characters that I knew in the mines forty years ago or more, when I was an honest miner: Jew's Harp Jack, Vinegar Bill, Pinto Bob and Snapping Andy. Although these men had lived in almost every mining camp from California to Cariboo, they never could get rid of their undesirable nicknames. These never wore off.

Sometimes a mining camp got a name fastened on it that it resented but could not get rid of.

The first discovery of gold in the Boise Basin, a rich mining district in Idaho, was made in the fall of 1862 by a band of prospectors led by Old Grimes, not the Grimes who buttoned his coat all down before—Grimes, the prospector, never wore a coat. He was killed in a fight with the Indians, and the creek where the discovery was made, was named for him, Grimes Creek. After his party had whipped the Indians to a finish they proceeded to locate claims. After taking up all the claims the law allowed them they located

others in the names of all their male relatives and friends, and then they exhausted the list of their sisters, their cousins and aunts. The later arrivals, finding everything worth having claimed, dubbed the camp Hog 'Em (abbreviation for hog them), and although it grew to be a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, and vainly tried to be known as Pioneer City, to all old-timers it was simply Hog'em.

Indian place names do not figure largely in the geographical nomenclature of California. The Spaniards and particularly the Mission padres were averse to retaining them. It was their policy to erase as rapidly as possible from the mind of the Indian all knowledge of his former life, his language, his customs, his religion and his gods. But very few Indian names remain to us in the South. Cahuenga, Cucamonga, Yuicaipi and Tehachepi are the most noted.

In the North the Argonauts killed off the Indians so rapidly they had no opportunity to find out what the red man called the place of his final taking off—of his conversion to a good Indian.

California, until recently, largely escaped that duplication of names so common in the Eastern States. The Spaniards had saints enough to go around and the Argonauts coined names as they needed them.

Our neighboring county on the south is a noted example of duplication. We have first the county of Orange, then the city of Orange, and recently named the Port of Orange. The organizers of Orange county chose that name for the sordid purpose of booming real estate. They argued that Eastern people would be attracted by the name, and would rush to that county to buy orange ranches, forgetful, or perhaps ignorant, of the fact that there were more than a hundred other places in the United States named orange.

The hyphenated polysyllabic town names that end in "By the Sea" and sometimes like Mark Twain's tunnel that was bored through the hill and a hundred and fifty feet into the atmosphere, end in "hot air," are recent inventions of the real estate boomer and are not Californian.

Tahoe—that picturesque lake located near the summit of the Sierra Nevadas, in Placer and El Dorado counties, is an illustration of how, by ignorance of a language, a thing of beauty escaped an ugly name. The discoverers of the lake found a lone Indian on its shore. They endeavored by sign and speech to extract from the untutored mind of the savage the Indian name of the lake. To every inquiry his answer was Tahoe! Tahoe! Naturally his questioners inferred that Tahoe was the Indian name for the beautiful body of water they had discovered, and Lake Tahoe it was named.

Afterwards it was alleged that Tahoe was the Indian name of whiskey, and the lone red man of the lake was begging for fire water. Whether true or false, the name was euphonious and sweet sounding, which could not be said of the name that an attempt was made to fasten on it. Some political place hunter, to flatter the then ruling

Governor, John Bigler, a statesman of rather limited ability, named the lake "Bigler." The euphonious Tahoe was relegated to the background and the ugly guttural Bigler pushed to the front. But the people grew tired of Governor Bigler, and relegated him to the background. Then Tahoe came to the front again.

In 1870, after an exile of a decade or so to the headwaters of Salt River (the political Salt River, I mean) some of the picayune politicians of the Bigler School came into power again. One of their first acts was to rush through the Legislature a bill declaring that Lake Bigler should be "the official name of the said lake and the only name to be regarded as legal in official documents, deeds, conveyances, leases and other instruments of writing to be placed on state or county records, or used in reports made by state, county or municipal officers."

Legislative enactment might fasten a name on the lake, but it could not compel the public to use it. The bill which was intended to immortalize Bigler still remains on the statute books a monument to the stupidity of the statesmen who by law undertook to force public sentiment in a way it did not choose to go.

Despite its official christening, the lake will continue to bear its beautiful and euphonious Indian name, and it matters little to us whether that appellation means whiskey or water.

*"Nomen nascitur non fit"*—a name is not given but grows—was a proverb of the old Romans. It is a pity that some of the place names of our country did not die in their youth before they had time to grow and become a burden to the community—and departing leave behind them no footprints on the sands of time—no trace of their existence in the Geographical Gazetteers.

### REV. FATHER ADAM'S DEATH.

(From the Evening Express, Aug. 3.)

To the Editor—The news of the sudden death of good Father Joaquin Adam in London this week, brought a pang to many a heart in Los Angeles. The reverend—truly revered—cleric, had long been a resident of our city, and his good deeds and gentle courtly ways had endeared him to many of our people outside of his own communion. He was a prominent and active member of our Historical Society during the latter years of his residence here, and members contemplated giving him a warm and hearty welcome on the occasion of his contemplated visit, which, unfortunately, was prevented by his sudden sickness and death after he had started for Los Angeles.

Father Adam read several valuable papers before the Historical Society, which are printed in the annual publication of the Society. One of them, "A History of the Pious Fund," written at the request of the writer of this note, gave a luminous account of that international cause célèbre, in the prosecution and final determination of which after many years of litigation, distinguished publicists of England, United States and Mexico took an active part, including Sir Edward Thornton, Caleb Cushing, Don Manuel Aspiroz, an eminent Mexican jurisconsult, besides high officials of the Catholic church. Father Adam's paper as it appears in the annual publication of the Historical Society, Vol. IV, pp. 228, et seq., may be found in the public library.

Friends of Father Adam are never to see him again in the flesh, but they will, so long as they live, retain a warm place for him in their memories.

H. D. BARROWS.

# Pioneers of Los Angeles County



## Officers and Committees, 1906-1907

### OFFICERS

J. Frank Burns, President	J. W. Gillette, Treasurer
Jos. Mesmer, 1st Vice-President	J. M. Guinn, Secretary
J. L. Slaughter, 2nd Vice-President	E. K. Green, Financial Secretary

### DIRECTORS

Wm. H. Workman	R. M. Widney	E. A. DeCamp
John D. Young	M. F. Quinn	H. D. Barrows
Will D. Gould	Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davis	Louis Roeder

### Membership Committee

J. W. Gillette	H. D. Barrows	J. L. Slaughter
----------------	---------------	-----------------

### Finance Committee

W. H. Workman	E. A. DeCamp	Frank Walker
---------------	--------------	--------------

### Printing

J. M. Guinn	George E. Place	Randall H. Hewitt
-------------	-----------------	-------------------

### Committee on Literary Programme

W. H. Workman	Mrs. J. G. Newell	Mrs. J. Kuhrts
J. D. Young	J. W. Davis	O. R. Dougherty
Mrs. Laura E. King	J. M. Guinn	H. D. Barrows
	G. S. Foster	

### Committee on Musical Programme

Dr. A. H. Wern	Louis Roeder	Mrs. L. M. Foy	Jake Kuhrts
Mrs. Mary Franklin	Henry J. Herwig	Mrs. J. L. Slaughter	

### Entertainment Committee

W. H. Workman	M. F. Quinn	James A. Barrows
Chas. H. White	J. L. Slaughter	Mrs. J. G. Newell
Mrs. J. W. Gillette	Mrs. Harriet S. Perry	Martin Wetzel
Mrs. M. Teed		Mrs. Dora Bilderbeck

### Good of the Order

Dr. H. S. Orme	Joseph Mesmer	L. T. Fisher
M. T. Collins	Richard Garvey	John D. Young
J. L. Starr	J. Fred Holbrook	Jerry Newell
H. A. Barclay		O. R. Dougherty

# Pioneers of Los Angeles County



## Officers and Committees, 1907-1908

E. A. DeCamp, President                      J. M. Guinn, Recording Secretary  
 John L. Slaughter, 1st Vice-Pres.      George E. Place, Financial Sec'y.  
 N. H. Mitchell, 2nd Vice-Pres.          J. W. Gillette, Treasurer

### DIRECTORS

W. H. Workman	Frank Walker	J. D. Young
Dr. H. S. Orme	G. S. Foster	Mrs. Eleanor Grosser
J. F. Burns	Mrs. J. G. Newell	J. L. Starr

### Membership Committee

J. L. Starr	J. G. Newell	H. D. Barrows
-------------	--------------	---------------

### Finance Committee

J. F. Burns	Frank Walker	N. H. Mitchell
-------------	--------------	----------------

### Committee on Publication

Randall H. Hewitt	George E. Place	J. M. Guinn
-------------------	-----------------	-------------

### Committee on Literary Programme

W. H. Workman	Chas. H. White	Martin Wetzel	S. B. Smith
G. S. Foster	Geo. W. Hazard	Geo. Nadeau	
Dr. H. S. Orme	Mrs. J. G. Newell		

### Committee on Musical Programme

Louis Roeder	August W. Wern	Mrs. Eleanor Grosser
Mrs. Jennie Sanderson Read	Mrs. Virginia Whisler Davis	
Mrs. J. L. Slaughter		

### Entertainment Committee

Geo. S. Foster	Jos. Mesmer	J. Kuhrt	J. W. Gillette
Mrs. Mary Franklin	Mrs. M. L. Foy	Mrs. Randall H. Hewitt	
Mrs. Augusta Schutte	Mrs. Harriet S. Perry		

### Good of Order

H. T. Hazard	W. W. Jenkins	Dr. K. D. Wise	B. C. Truman
M. F. Quinn	Mrs. Dora Bilderbeck	D. G. Stephens	
John D. Young	Mrs. Abbie Hiller		

# Pioneers of Los Angeles County



## CONSTITUTION.

### ARTICLE I.

This society shall be known as The Pioneers of Los Angeles County. Its objects are to cultivate social intercourse and friendship among its members and to collect and preserve the early history of Los Angeles county, and to perpetuate the memory of those who, by their honorable labors and heroism, helped to make that history.

### ARTICLE II.

All persons of good moral character, thirty-five years of age or over, who, at the date of their application, shall have resided at least twenty-five years in Los Angeles county, shall be eligible to membership; and also all persons of good moral character fifty years of age or over, who have resided in the State forty years and in the county ten years previous to their application, shall be eligible to become members. Persons born in this State are not eligible to membership, but those admitted before the adoption of this amendment shall retain their membership. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

### ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall consist of a president, first vice-president, second vice-president, secretary, financial secretary, treasurer and nine directors, who shall be elected at the regular meeting of the members of the society on the first Tuesday in September, 1905, and annually thereafter at the annual meeting of the members of the society.

### ARTICLE IV.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of September. The anniversary of the founding the society shall be the fourth day of September, that being the anniversary of the first civic settlement in the southern portion of Alta California, to-wit: the founding of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, September 4, 1781.

## ARTICLE V.

Members guilty of misconduct may, upon conviction after proper investigation has been held, be expelled, suspended, fined or reprimanded by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any stated meeting; provided, notice shall have been given to the society at least one month prior to such intended action. Any officer of this society may be removed by the Board of Directors for cause; provided, that such removal shall not become permanent or final until approval by a majority of members of the society present at a stated meeting and voting.

## ARTICLE VI.

Amendments to this constitution may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at least one month prior to the annual meeting. At said annual meeting said proposed amendments shall be submitted to a vote of the society. And if two-thirds of all the members present and voting shall vote in favor of adopting said amendments, then they shall be declared adopted. (Amended September 4, 1900.)

---

BY-LAWS.

## MEMBERSHIP.

(Adopted Sept. 4, 1897; amended June 4, 1901, Sept. 5, 1905.)

Section 1. Applicants for membership in this society shall be recommended by at least two members in good standing. The applicant shall give his or her full name, age, birthplace, present residence, occupation, date of his or her arrival in the State and in Los Angeles county. The application must be accompanied by the admission fee of one dollar, which shall also be payment in full for dues until the next annual meeting.

Sec. 2. Applications for admission to membership in the society shall be referred to the committee on membership for investigation, and reported on at the next regular meeting of the society. If the report is favorable, a ballot shall be taken for the election of the candidate. Three negative votes shall cause the rejection of the applicant.

Sec. 3. Each person, on admission to membership, shall sign the Constitution and By-Laws.



Sec. 4. Any person eligible to membership may be elected a life member of this society on the payment to the treasurer of \$25. Life members shall enjoy all the privileges of active members, but shall not be required to pay annual dues.

Sec. 5. A member may withdraw from the society by giving notice to the society of his desire to do so, and paying all dues charged against him up to the date of his withdrawal.

#### DUES.

Sec. 6. The annual dues of each member (except life members) shall be one dollar, payable in advance, at the annual meeting in September.

Sec. 7. Any member delinquent one year in dues shall be notified by the financial secretary of said delinquency, and unless said dues are paid within one month after said notice is given, then said member shall stand suspended from the society. A member may be reinstated on payment of all dues owing at the date of his suspension.

#### DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Sec. 8. The president shall preside, preserve order and decorum during the meetings and see that the Constitution and By-Laws and rules of the society are properly enforced; appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and fill all vacancies temporarily for the meeting. The president shall have power to suspend any officer or member for cause, subject to the action of the society at the next meeting.

Sec. 9. In the absence of the president, one of the vice-presidents shall preside, with the same power as the president, and if no president or vice-president be present, the society shall elect a member to preside temporarily.

Sec. 10. The secretary shall keep a true record of all the members of the society; and upon the death of a member (when he shall have notice of such death) shall have published in one daily paper of Los Angeles the time and place of the funeral; and, in conjunction with the president and other officers and members of the society, shall make such arrangements with the approval of the relatives of the deceased as may be necessary for the funeral of the deceased member.

He shall make a full report at the annual meeting, setting forth the condition of the society, its membership, receipts, disbursements, etc.

Sec. 11. The financial secretary shall collect all dues, giving his receipt therefor; and he shall turn over to the treasurer all moneys collected, taking his receipt for the same.

Sec. 12. The treasurer shall receive from the financial secretary all moneys paid to the society and give his receipt for the same, and shall pay out money only upon the order of the society upon a warrant signed by the secretary and president, and at the end of his term shall pay over to his successor all moneys remaining in his hands, and render a true and itemized account to the society of all moneys received and paid out during his term of office.

Sec. 13. It shall be the duty of the finance committee to examine the books of the secretaries and treasurer and any other accounts of the society that may be referred to them, and report the same to the society.

#### COMMITTEES.

Sec. 14. The president, vice-presidents, secretary, financial secretary and treasurer shall constitute a relief committee, whose duty it shall be to see that sick or destitute members are properly cared for. In case of emergency, the committee shall be empowered to expend for immediate relief an amount from the funds of the society not to exceed \$20, without a vote of the society. Such expenditure, with a statement of the case and the necessity for the expenditure shall be made to the society at its next regular meeting.

Sec. 15. At the first meeting after the annual meeting each year, the president shall appoint the following standing committees: Three on membership; three on finance; three on publication; five on program; five on music; five on general good of the society, and seven on entertainment.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Sec. 16. Whenever a vacancy in any office of this society occurs, it shall be filled by election for the unexpired term.

Sec. 17. The stated meetings of this society shall be held on the first Tuesday of each month, and the annual meeting shall be held the first Tuesday of September. Special meetings may be called by the president or by a majority of the Board of Directors, but no business shall be transacted at such special meetings except that specified in the call.

Sec. 18. These By-Laws and Rules may be temporarily suspended at any regular meeting of the society by unanimous vote of the members present.

Sec. 19. Whenever the Board of Directors shall be satisfied that any worthy member of this society is unable, for the time being, to pay the annual dues as hereinbefore prescribed, it shall have the power to remit the same.

Sec. 20. Changes and amendments of these By-Laws and Rules may be made by submitting the same in writing to the society at a

stated meeting. Said amendment shall be read at two stated meetings before it is submitted to a vote of the society. If said amendment shall receive two-thirds of the votes of all the members present and voting, then it shall be declared adopted.

### ORDER OF BUSINESS.

#### CALL TO ORDER.

Reading of minutes of previous meeting.

Music.

Reports of committee on membership.

Election of new members.

Reading of applications for membership.

Music.

Reminiscences, lectures, addresses, etc.

Music or recitations.

Recess of 10 minutes for payment of dues.

Unfinished business.

New business.

Reports of committees.

Election of officers at the annual meeting or to fill vacancies.

Music.

Is any member in need of assistance?

Good of the society.

Receipts of the evening.

Adjournment.

# TREASURER'S REPORT.

J. W. Gillette, Acting Treasurer, in account with Los Angeles  
County Pioneer Society.

1906.			Dr.	Cr.
April 30—	To bal. received from Treas. Mesmer.	\$140.52		
May 1—	" received from Financial Secretary	53.00		
June 5—	" received from Financial Secretary	22.00		
July 3—	" received from Financial Secretary	10.00		
Aug. 7—	" received from Financial Secretary	13.80		
May 3—	By paid Mrs. Franklin, refreshments...			\$ 20.00
May 5—	" Pioneer Law Print. Co. ....			79.15
May 23—	" Mr. Follows, Editing roll ...			5.00
June 4—	" E. K. Green, sund. and salary			20.70
June 4—	" Rice & Son, printing .....			3.00
June 4—	" Gardiner, tuning piano .....			2.50
May 7—	" Guinn, salary Rec. Sec. ....			7.50
June 4—	" M. F. Quinn, sundries.....			7.70
June 4—	" Rent of hall, May .....			4.50
June 4—	" Rent of hall, June .....			4.50
June 4—	" Guinn, salary Rec. Sec'y.....			7.50
June 4—	" Green, Financial Sec'y .....			7.50
July 3—	" Hall rent, July .....			4.50
July 9—	" Green, salary Fin. Sec'y ....			7.50
July 9—	" Guinn, salary Rec. Sec'y....			7.50
July 28—	" Herald, funeral notice .....			1.50
Aug. 20—	" Workman, Ch'man Flag Com.			20.00
Aug. 20—	" Green, salary, Fin. Sec'y.....			7.50
Aug. 20—	" Guinn, salary, Rec. Sec'y ...			7.50
Aug. 20—	" Times, funeral notices .....			7.80
Aug. 20—	" Herald, funeral notices .....			4.35
	Amount to balance .....			1.62

\$239.32 \$237.70

Aug. 31—Balance in treasury ..... 1.62

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. GILLETTE,

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 4, 1906.

To the Officers and Members of the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

I herewith submit my annual report for the year ending August 31, 1906. Since our last annual meeting forty-six new members have been received into the Society. Fourteen members have died during the year.

Names of the Deceased Members.

Joseph Binford,  
Walter S. Reavis,  
Charles Ficket,  
Joel B. Parker,  
D. W. C. Franklin,  
Francis S. Culver,  
John Osborne,

Louis Wartenberg,  
Stephen A. Rendall,  
E. H. Workman,  
P. J. McMahon,  
Denis Felix,  
Jesse Yarnell,  
F. W. Peschke.

Charity.

The members of the Society raised by subscriptions and collections \$908 for the benefit of the sufferers in the central part of the State from the earthquake and fire of April 18th. This amount was divided between the Pioneers of San Francisco and the Santa Clara Pioneers on the basis of 70 per cent to San Francisco and 30 per cent to Santa Clara County—\$636 being sent to John I. Spier, secretary of the California Pioneers, and \$272 to W. P. J. Humbly, secretary of the Santa Clara County Pioneers.

Finances.

The secretary's books show balance on hand at beginning of the year, Sept. 1, 1905 .....	\$131.01
Receipts from dues and other sources .....	350.42
Total .....	<u>\$481.43</u>
Disbursements as per warrants .....	463.79
Balance on hand Aug. 31, 1906 .....	<u>\$ 17.64</u>

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. GUINN,  
Secretary.

## FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT.

To the Pioneer Society of Los Angeles, Cal.

Brothers and Sisters:—I hereby submit for your inspection a report of all moneys received by me, and for what received, and to whom delivered, commencing October, 1905:

1905.	
October—Received for dues and membership...	\$ 49.00
Oceober—Received for one badge, Martin.....	.50
	<hr/>
	\$ 49.50
November and December—Received for dues ....	\$ 17.50
1906.	
January—Received for dues .....	13.00
February—Received for dues .....	\$ 8.00
February—Received for one badge, J. Mesmer...	.50
	<hr/>
	8.50
March—Received for dues .....	\$ 15.00
March—Received from R. McGarvin, for sale of tickets to Tom Fitch's Lectures....	5.00
	<hr/>
	20.00
April—Received for dues and membership.....	17.00
	<hr/>
Delivered to Joseph Mesmer, Treasurer.....	\$125.00
May—Received for dues and membership .....	\$ 54.00
June—Received for dues and membership .....	22.00
July—Received for dues and membership .....	10.00
August—Received for dues and member- ship .....	\$13.00
August—Received for four annuals.....	.80
	<hr/>
	13.80
Delivered to J. W. Gillette, Acting Treasurer.....	\$ 99.80
	<hr/>
Total receipts .....	\$224.80

Respectfully submitted,

E. K. GREEN,  
Financial Secretary.

## REPORT OF FINANCE COMMITTEE.

To the Society of Pioneers of Los Angeles County:

The undersigned finance committee of your society, to whom was referred the annual reports of the secretary, financial secretary, and treasurer, for the year ending September 4, 1906, hereby report as follows:

1. That they have examined the reports, books and vouchers, and that the same as amended and now reported, are correct, except one item of \$18.12, which should await the return of the treasurer, Brother Mesmer; and the committee recommend that the same be approved.

2. That all annual reports should begin and end on the first Tuesday of September of each year.

3. That there should be added to our order of business, next after the election officers, at the annual meeting, or to fill vacancies, the words "and at the completion of the election the officers shall be immediately inducted into office."

This recommend is made so that there may be no uncertainty as to when the old officers shall retire, and the new officers shall take their places.

4. That hereafter, the secretary be directed to furnish to the financial secretary the dates of death of members, so that the proper entry can be made on the ledger account of deceased members.

5. That warrants drawn on the treasurer to pay bills presented to and allowed by the society be pinned onto the bill by the secretary, and that the treasurer, before paying any warrant, require the payee to endorse the warrant and receipt the bill.

Respectfully submitted, this second day of October, 1906.

WILL D. GOULD,  
FRANK WALKER,  
A. STRAUS,

Financial Committee.

## REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER.

BY, J. KUHRTS.

When I look at the magnificent city of Los Angeles today, it brings back to my memory the great improvements I have witnessed since the time of my arrival in this city.

In 1857, in company with John Searles, I left San Francisco with a big mule team for Slate Range and Los Angeles. The road we took was by the way of San Jose, Pacheco Pass, San Joaquin Plains, Visalia, Lynn's Valley, Green-Horn Mountains, Kern River, Walker's Pass, Indian Wells, across the desert and Borax Lake to Slate Range.

After unloading my teams at the mines, I made my way to Los Angeles. Then I had to make part of the road myself; no team had ever traveled that way before. The road I took was by the way of Bed-rock Cañon, and a place I called El Paso, where I was fortunate enough to find water. From there I went to Cane Springs, Desert Springs, the Sinks of Tehachepi, Oak Creek, Willow Springs, Elizabeth Lake, San Francisquito Cañon, over San Fernando Pass, where it took four yokes of cattle and a windlass to bring my team over the pass into the San Fernando Valley, and thence to Los Angeles.

After having some repairs made by John Goler, I left for San Pedro or Timm's Point for a load of goods for the mines in Slate Range, Timm's Point being the only port where freight was landed at that time. At that place I became acquainted with Tomlinson, who, together with Goler and Timms, were the owners of the landing. Mr. Tomlinson was then fixing up some teams to go to Salt Lake, I believe.

I found Mr. Hazard, the father of Dan, Henry and George Hazard there also, with ox-teams loading freight for some place. It is my opinion that old Mr. Hazard was the pioneer teamster of this part. He was also the pioneer teamster who hauled salt from the Salt Works near Redondo. But the boys did not stay long with him and his ox-teams. Henry T. went to study law; George commenced in the harness business, and Dan bought forty pack animals from Tomlinson and Griffith, and engaged in teaming for himself.

Ah! those were fine times, when the Hazard boys were punching oxen along the dusty roads for their father. I wonder if the Hon. Henry T. ever thinks of it now when he drives his fine automobile over the same roads at a speed of forty miles an hour instead of one mile an hour with his father's ox-teams. How times have changed!



When I stood at Timm's Point, San Pedro, not long ago, I marvelled at the change since 1857. At that time, I walked across the bar from Timm's Point to Dead-man's Island at low tide and scarcely got my feet wet; while now vessels, drawing more than twenty feet of water are crossing the same bar;—and seeing a fine fleet of vessels inside the harbor. In the early days it was a great sight to see more than one vessel in the outer harbor. It took me hours to come back to Los Angeles, whereas now a person can make the trip in forty minutes or less.

Coming back to Los Angeles—I remember Perry and Woods-worth in 1858 having their business in cabinet work on Main Street below where the Pico House now stands. I also found Louis Roeder and John Wilson working for John Goler on Los Angeles Street, and Joseph Mullally was making brick. In 1859 John Temple finished the market house for the city, which was afterwards the Court House. It stood on the site now occupied by the Bullard Block. The same year George Lehman finished his Garden of Paradise on Main Street between Third and Fourth Streets. The first German Society organized in this building in that year. Henry Hamilton was the publisher of "The Star" at that time.

I kept on teaming and mining until 1864, when our mine failed and broke us up in business. I had to go to work for Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Griffith, at the magnificent sum of \$1.50 a day in their lumber yard on Spring Street, opposite the old Court House, until 1865. In justice to Mr. Griffith, I must say he raised my wages of his own accord without my going on a strike.

In my journeys from Los Angeles to the mines, I had some Indian and outlaw experiences on the desert. The first time that I was attacked by Indians was early one morning after leaving camp and driving up hill in Bed-rock Cañon. I was sitting on the corner of the wagon box smoking my pipe and dreaming of the fine times I would have after arriving in Los Angeles, when all at once I heard a most unearthly noise, and at the same time, a lot of arrows came flying about me; but luckily for me, none of them touched me. One of my mules was hit, and it frightened the rest of them. Up the hill they went at full speed (my wagon being empty in returning from the mines to Los Angeles), and this saved me. It gave me time to unbuckle my Henry 16 shooting rifle. I blazed away at them, but could not take aim on account of the wagon shaking so much. I kept them at bay until I got over the hill to down grade. I there lost sight of them.

By this time the mules were all tangled up. I straightened them out, and cut the arrow out of the wounded mule's flank, and then drove down to El Paso (twenty miles distant), where I usually made my camping place. When I came to this place, I found George Garboro and Jud Talbert camping by the springs. I told them that I had been attacked by Indians in the morning, and that it would be

advisable to go on to Desert Springs. It would be safer to camp there than in this place where we had no show of defending ourselves in case we were attacked by the Indians.

Talbert was willing to go and got into the wagon, but Garboro stated that he would stay; was not afraid of Indians, and furthermore, that there were no Indians in sight. I told him that my belief was that they were down below us in a "wash," as I had had several glimpses of them during the day in that direction. But George pooh-poohed it and stayed. I, together with Talbert, drove on to Desert Spring.

Next day I went with two men back to El Paso. We found poor George dead,—stripped of all clothing and horribly mutilated. We buried him on the spot. It being the middle of summer, we could not take the body back with us. If some of the eastern philanthropists could have seen this sight, and that of poor Mrs. McGuire and baby, who were murdered by Indians in Inyo County, I believe it would have changed their opinion of Indians somewhat.

My next experience with Indians was at Indian Wells, where about seventy-five Indians kept us coralled for about four days. There were seven men in my party, and we had a good adobe house with loop holes to protect us, and plenty of fire-arms. My team was in a stockade back of the house. The Indians tried several times to set fire to the stockade, but we frustrated their plans. On the fifth day, they left us to find other and easier victims to murder.

At another time, I was camping on the Kern River side of Walker's Pass, when a little before dark, I observed three Indians sneaking through the woods,—all armed with rifles. I went behind my team and got my gun, expecting every moment to be attacked; but for some cause they did not shoot. I got rather uneasy, as it was beginning to get dark, so I stepped from behind my wagon and made signs for one to come to me; but all three came, and I raised my gun. They all three scampered away behind the trees. Finally I made them understand that one should come unarmed, by my laying down my gun and holding up one finger.

Finally, one came without his gun. When he came up to me, he told me by signs and a little Spanish and English, that they were hungry and wanted something to eat. As I was loaded with provisions,—some fresh meat salted down in barrels, which I had gotten at Keysville on Kern River for the mines, I had plenty to give away, if they would leave me alone. I told my visitor that I would give them all they could pack under the condition that they leave this part of the woods. He promised me that they would. The fellow all this time was looking at my gun which I always kept ready for action. I kept him about twenty steps distant.

I took out a box of crackers, a side of bacon, and a couple of chunks of meat, and laid it on the ground. I told the fellow to take it and "vamoose," which he did by packing it over to his two "com-

paneros." But they did not feel like leaving; smashed the box of crackers with their guns and commenced to eat, which was not according to agreement, so I stepped out with gun in hand, and motioned them to leave, which they did at once. I kept wondering why they did not shoot, being three to one.

That night I did not sleep at all. Laying down on top of my wagon, I watched all night, but nothing happened until morning, when a company of Uncle Sam's dragoons came trotting up. The officer asked me if I had seen any Indians. He told me that several Indians had run away from Fort Tejon and stolen guns, but no ammunition. (That accounted for the Indians not shooting.) I gave them the desired information and away they sped. I afterwards found out that they came up with them and made three more good Indians.

Not long afterwards I arrived in Slate Range with a load of goods. That night the Indians made a raid on our corral, and drove off a dozen mules. Next morning, John Searles and I armed ourselves, and with a lot of crackers, dried meat, and a two-gallon canteen of water apiece, started on the trail of the Indians. We followed them across Slate Range Mountains to Death Valley, across the same into the Armegosa Mountains, where we got track of them.

We surprised them in a hollow. They were feasting on tongues cut from the poor mules. We commenced firing, and out of the whole bunch of twenty-one that we counted, there were only four,—three bucks and a squaw,—who did not go to their "happy hunting ground" at that time. The other seventeen were all good Indians before we left. We found only two mules alive, and took them back with us.

I had another exciting time with twenty Chinamen. They were hired in San Francisco and brought by steamer to San Pedro where the agent turned them over to me. They were hired to gather sagebrush and grease-wood for our mill, there being no other fuel anywhere near. As no white man could stand the heat in summer to do that kind of work, we thought of trying Chinamen.

After they were in my charge, I got rather suspicious that they were trying to get away from me. I hired several men to watch them until I left Los Angeles. After I left the city, everything went along all right until I left Elizabeth Lake and crossed the mountains. When the Chinamen got a glimpse of the desert, they broke and ran back, scattering through the hills.

I unhitched one of my mules, and with my trusty rifle, gave chase. I caught up with some of them and told them to go back, but they kept on running away from me, so I "winged" two of them. That brought them to their senses and they turned back with me to the team, where I turned doctor and dressed their wounds. I got them all safe to Slate Range. They made pretty fair cattle. One, who had been hurt in the runaway and had lost one eye, afterwards set-

tled in Los Angeles and became a merchant. He was one of my best friends in the city, and gave presents to my children every Christmas until he went back to China.

One time I was held up on the desert between the Sinks of Tehachepi and Desert Spring. Not by Indians, but by a set of the worst "white-horse" thieves and murderers that ever disgraced our civilization. They went through my load and took as much as they could pack. They told me to keep mum and tell no one that I had seen them, or it would be my last trip. I met them frequently afterwards, but they never molested me any more.

Several inquiries were made of me by officers of the law and soldiers who were hunting for the outlaws. Of course, under the circumstances, I did not know anything of them, nor had I seen them. (I hope no one will blame me for this.) They all got their deserts in good time afterwards. Every one of them died "with his boots on."

In the party were old man Robinson and two sons, the Kelso boys, Mason and Henry, and several others. (Old-timers will recollect some of the names.) Every one of the men I have mentioned here were killed; some by soldiers and others by officers of the law. I had the pleasure of being present when old man Robinson was sent to his "happy hunting-ground" by a man in Kelso Valley. Six buck-shot struged him in the head, but he died game. His last shot, for a wonder, missed his man.

I could mention several other scrapes I got into in California, Arizona, Inyo and Nevada, but they did not amount to much. But there is one little episode that happened to me in Los Angeles while I was teaming, which changed my wild life to that of a law-abiding citizen.

Coming up one evening from Taft's Corral on Aliso Street, where I kept my team, to Los Angeles Street, I heard music in the Arcadia Block. I thought I would go in and see what it was. Upstairs I went to the box office to buy a ticket, but nary a ticket would they sell me. I told them my money was as good as theirs. They said:

"Yes, but look at your suit. We do not allow any desperadoes in here, for this is a German Ball, and people have to dress decently."

By this time, I took an inventory of myself, and found it not very inviting. Here is a picture of myself. (By the way, I have that picture hanging in my room today.) Fancy a man with his pants on the other side of his boots, partly split open from the hip down and tied with a baling-rope; a gray shirt not overly clean; a dirty handkerchief around his neck; a big sombrero on his head; not having been shaved for two months; very little soap had touched the face up to this time; and a great dragoon pistol on his hip.

I came to the conclusion that I did not look very inviting, so back to the corral I went and hunted up my friend Mike Nolan, a brother teamster. He was the only one who had a "boiled shirt and store clothes," as we called them at that time. I found Mike and he loaned

me his "duds." After arraying myself in the same, I got a shave and posted back to the hall. At the box-office, Mendel Meyer came out and told me that now they would let me in as I looked all right.

"But," said Mendel, "did you leave that pistol at home?"

"Sure, Mike," I said, "I never carry such a thing among quality folks."

But I did not feel exactly right. The clothes did not fit; the pants were about three inches short, and the collar was choking me. I made the best of it and went in. Oh! it was a fine sight that greeted my eyes. Girls of all shades and colors, arrayed in fine calico dresses, and whirling about in the mazes of the waltz.

By and by I was introduced to some of the girls. Then I was in my element, while whirling and sailing with them around the hall. You ought to have seen me "splice the main-brace," and take a "reef in a cocktail." "Shiver my timbers," if I couldn't "hoist in more top gallant yards" of soda-water than a Good Templar. (I was a sailor-boy once.)

Finally, I was introduced to a little "bunch of calico" by my friend Louis Roeder. That settled me, and I have been settled ever since by that little bunch of calico. I have it yet, and have never been sorry that I got it. That bunch of calico contained a little girl of sixteen. As soon as I found that out, I was stuck, not in the mud, but on that calico and what it contained.

I kept as near her as I could for the rest of the ball. After that, I did not borrow any more clothes from my friend Mike, but bought the finest that Mendel Meyer had in his store, and thus arrayed, I watched around the corner for my "enamorata," and so persistently I kept at it that in a short time, that bunch of calico and what it contained was mine, and as I stated before, I have it today,—my wife for over forty odd years. God bless her! for what I am today is in a great measure due to her.

I will here give a short sketch of my political career, and things that I have observed since my arrival in this city.

The most exciting times I have seen in Los Angeles were in the 60's. In 1861-1862, we had the great freshet, when it rained steadily for almost three weeks, but did not do much damage, as the city was not built up at that time. The years 1863 and 1864 were the driest years that Southern California ever experienced, I believe. Almost all the cattle died of starvation. In 1863, several outlaws were hung by the Vigilance Committee in front of the old jail on Spring Street, where the Hamburger Store now stands. The same year small-pox almost exterminated the population of Los Angeles, and no wonder, as our water supply was very poor. Carts hauled water from the zanjias and river at \$2 a month for ten buckets of water a day. Our Mexican and Indian population used the zanjias and river for washing their clothing and bathing. This accounted in a great measure for our sickness at that time.

Real estate was not very high in the 60's. I will mention one deal in which I was interested with a man by the name of Sam Mayburn, who was the owner of the property on the corner of Second and Spring Streets, where the Hollenbeck Hotel now stands, clear through to Broadway. Sam owed me \$50 at that time, and I was very anxious to get it. I dunned him for the same. He told me that he had no money to pay his debts, but he would sell me his lot. I was not very anxious to buy lots but at the same time I wanted the fifty dollars, so I asked him what he held his lot at. He stated that it ought to bring about \$2,500. That was an exorbitant price, so I offered him \$1800 for the same, and the bargain was closed.

I gave him some more money to pay for an abstract, and Sam went out. In two days he returned and stated that he was offered \$100 more than our bargain called for, and begged me to release him from the bargain, as \$100 was a fortune to him. I asked him who the fool was that had so much money to put in a lot that I thought would only be worth \$1,000 on the outside. Sam told me it was Frank Burns, an old friend of ours, who had offered him \$1900. Sam paid me my money, and I threw up the contract, thinking how lucky I was to escape that dreadful bargain.

Sam Mayburn paid for the same property \$600, and Frank Burns afterwards sold it for \$6500, and thought he had made a great fortune. What is the same property worth today?

I could mention several other cases, but they were all on the same style as the foregoing.

We had a few duels in the 60's. The first I recollect was in the Bella Union Hotel between the King Brothers and Bob Carlisle. Carlisle and one of the Kings were killed, and J. H. Landers was hit by a stray bullet, but recovered. The next was a duel between Col. Kewen and the "Flying Dutchman" on Los Angeles Street. The "Flying Dutchman" was badly hurt, but recovered. Another was between Col. Kewen and Charles Howard. This was prevented by their ladies just in the nick of time. Still another was between Charles Howard and Nichols, son of a former mayor of this city, in the Lafayette Hotel. Howard was killed. Things became a little too fast in the city at that time, and five desperadoes were hanged by the Vigilance Committee at the gate-way cross-bar back of the Downey Building.

In 1868, we got the first gas-works, the first railroad from Wilmington, and the first bank. At that time, we were a happy cosmopolitan set in the city, all like one family. One instance of a St. Patrick's day in Los Angeles comes to my mind. On a St. Patrick's celebration, everybody was Irish and wore the green, and joined in the parade, regardless of where he came from or of his belief.

One St. Patrick's Day, Governor Downey was to make the oration after the parade. Unfortunately, the Governor got slightly under the weather, and the society was without an orator. But Irish

wit is always good, and helped us out on that day. One made the remark:

"We will pick up an orator before we get to the hall," and sure enough they did.

As the parade went up Main Street, they met Frank Lecouvreur coming from the Court House, where he was Deputy County Clerk. They pressed him into the ranks, and told him that he had to make a speech for this occasion. He said that he was a German and knew nothing of St. Patrick. That made no difference, he had to make the speech, and he did. Every one said it was the best oration they had ever heard, and a good deal better than Governor Downey could have made under the circumstances.

As stated heretofore, I worked for Mr. Griffith until 1865, when I quit my job and engaged in mercantile trade on Spring Street, where the Shumacher Block now stands. Two years later, I removed to the corner of First and Main Streets, and here I have since made my home. I kept at the mercantile business until 1878, when I retired.

I will give a short sketch of the old Volunteer Fire Department of the city. In 1871 the first fire company, No. 1, was organized by all the prominent men in town, including four former mayors of this city, Henry T. Hazard, Cameron Thom, Tom Rowan and Fred Eaton. Ben. C. Truman of "The Star," Matthew Keller, C. C. Lips, Billy Wilson, E. H. Workman, Victor Ponet, and several other business men were also members. Toberman was Mayor and helped us to get the machine.

We had to draw the engine and hose-pumper by hand until 1874, when the company became tired of drawing the machines through the sand by hand. The Council persistently refused to purchase horses, and the company disbanded. Immediately after the disbanding, many of the old members of No. 1, with the addition of others to the number of thirty-eight, reorganized under the name of "Thirty-eight's No. 1."

Being a member of the Council at that time, I used all my influence to help the boys out in getting horses to draw the apparatus, and we did get them.

In 1875, two other companies organized, "Confidence No. 2," and the "Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1." Shortly afterwards "Park Hose Co." "East Los Angeles Co." and the "Morris Vineyard Co." were organized. All companies remained in service until the installation of the paid departments in 1886.

In 1879, the "Thirty-eights" gave a banquet in honor of their twenty-four exempts, the finest affair of the kind ever held in Los Angeles. It was given in the old Horticultural Pavilion on Temple Street. At about nine o'clock, the literary part of the evening proceedings began. Seated upon the stand were Mayor J. R. Tob-

erman, J. Kuhrts, Master of Ceremonies; General R. H. Chapman, Orator; L. E. Mosher and G. A. Dobinson, Poets.

Following is a list of the exempts: George P. McLain, J. Kuhrts, E. H. Workman, Thomas Atwell, Joe Breson, Fred Dohs, D. Desmond, T. Froehlinger, W. H. Green, W. T. McDonald, M. D. Madigan, Sidney Lacey, C. E. Miles, Dave Mair, H. Sheerer, Mendal Meyer, C. A. Johnson, T. W. Hill, S. J. Lynch, W. Sands, F. Toll, George E. Gard, W. R. Bettis, and L. G. Green.

At the banquet, Mr. C. C. Lipps (father of the present Fire Chief), officiated as toast-master. "The Exempts" was responded to by George E. Gard; "The Press" by J. J. Ayers; "Confidence No. 2" by Walter S. Moore; "The Judiciary" by J. D. Lynch, in the absence of Judge Sepulveda; "The Ladies" by J. D. Eastman; "Park Hose" by S. H. Buchanan; "Our City" by Col. J. F. Godfrey.

Charles E. Miles was the first Chief of the Department. He served from 1876 to 1880, when I was elected Chief, serving for three years. At that time, I was also elected President of the Exempt Fireman's Association. I was also a member of the Veteran Fireman's Association of San Francisco.

We had "heaps" of fun in the old hand-engine days. We had many fights. I never got badly hurt in any of them. Of course, I have had my teeth loosened, eyes blackened and fingers broken, but nothing serious. The boys used to start a blaze now and then, for fun or to get the best of the other companies. Then, of course, it ended with a fight. Oh! those were glorious times.

The paid fire department was created by the Council in January, 1886, by the selection of a Board of Fire Commissioners, consisting of Mayor E. F. Spence; H. Sinsabaugh, President of the Council, and J. Kuhrts, member of the Council.

I have served as a Fire Commissioner from that date until January, 1905, nineteen years. I served the City as Councilman for twelve years, and in 1889, I had the honor of being its President.

In 1883, being chairman of the Board of Public Works, the Council had to appoint a Superintendent of Streets, and there being no money in the Treasury to pay the same, Andy Ryan, a member of the Council, stated that, as I was the Chairman of the Board of Public Works, I could just as well be appointed Street Superintendent, and I was appointed. I held that office to the end of my term without pay.

I was again appointed to the same office in 1888. At that time, the Council passed an ordinance to extend Los Angeles Street through Chinatown to the Plaza, but the property owners of Chinatown objected to having their buildings removed. At that time, the buildings extended clear across Los Angeles Street to Negro Alley, so the Council instructed me to remove them. I hired about a hundred men, and on a certain morning had them on the ground by four o'clock with battering rams and other instruments, and by



ten o'clock in the morning, I had razed nearly every building between Arcadia Street and the Plaza, when an injunction was filed upon me by Col. G. Wiley Wells. But the mischief was done, and Los Angeles Street was opened as it is today.

So you see, my time has been taken up with official life for a good many years in this city, until our present Mayor, Mr. McAleer, thought I had better retire from public life for my health's sake, and he retired me (without a pension).

Having lost my fat job (no pay) I had to make a living somehow, so I took to hunting and fishing. I have been lucky enough to bring plenty home for the table, so that the "old lady" and the "kids" need not go hungry or starve at the present time.

With thanks to all for listening to the foregoing sketch, I remain,  
Your Brother Pioneer,

J. KUHRTS.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 2nd, 1906.

## HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF PLACER MINING IN CALIFORNIA.

COMPILED BY W. W. JENKINS.

From the auriferous deposits of the State of California, \$1,100,000,000 gold have been extracted during the last sixty years.

The magnitude of the mining operations required to produce this enormous yield is but little known to the general public. The continuous flow of gold bullion has, however, made the State famous and attracted the attention of political economists everywhere.

*First Mention of California:* The first mention of the name "California" occurs in connection with the supposed great island where gold and precious stones were found in abundance, described in a romance called "Las Sergus de Esplandian," published in Spain A. D. 1510. The followers of Cortez had a chimerical idea of some hidden El Dorado, and, strange to say, they applied the name "California" to that unknown country north of Mexico with which they associated the notion of a region of fabulous wealth.

*Discovery of Lower California:* The first expedition sent out by Cortez in 1534 discovered what is now called Lower California. According to Father Venegas, this expedition numbering some seven hundred souls, was fitted out at the Port of Tehuantepec in the year 1537, and sailed north to the head of the Gulf of California, but never reached the line which marks the southern boundary of the State of California.

Contemporaneously with the departure of this party, four persons named "Alvarez Nunez," "Cabeza de Vaca," "Castillo," and "Dormente," with a negro named "Estevancio," arrived at Culdiacan, on the Gulf of California, from the Peninsula of Florida. These were the sole survivors of the three hundred Spaniards who, in 1527, landed with Pamfilo Narvaez on the coast of Florida with the intention of conquering that country. Nunez subsequently conducted the expedition which discovered the Rio de La Plata and effected the first conquest of Paraguay.

*Early Explorations:* In 1542, Mendoza, Viceroy of Mexico, sent Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese, to survey the west coast of California. He explored the coast, naming numerous headlands, the most northerly of which, in latitude 40 degrees north, he called Cape Mendocino. Thence he proceeded further north to latitude 44 degrees, which he reached March 10th, 1543.

In 1578, Sir Francis Drake entered the Pacific and sailed north as high as latitude 48 degrees. According to Hakluyt's account of the

voyage, Drake spent five weeks in June and July, 1579, in a bay near latitude 38 degrees north.

*First Mention of Gold:* The narrative says: "Our General called this country New Albion. There is no part of the earth here to be taken up wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold and silver." It is difficult to reconcile this statement with the facts as known at present, since in latitude 38 degrees north, neither gold nor silver exists in "reasonable quantity" near the ocean; this is, however, remarkable as the first mention of gold in California proper.

In 1662 the Count de Monte Rey, Viceroy of New Spain, by order of the King, sent Sebastian Viscaino on an exploring expedition.

He sailed from Acapulco, May 5, 1602, with two vessels and a tender, with Admiral Gomez in command.

The expedition, composed of a large number of men, was equipped for one year's voyage. Three barefooted Carmelites accompanied the party, and the several departments were intrusted to distinguished officers, volunteers from Brittany.

After the struggle with the northwest winds, on November 10th, 1602, the fleet entered the harbor of San Diego, and, having spent a few days there, the expedition again sailed north. December 16, 1602, anchor was cast in Monterey Bay, which was named in honor of the Viceroy. January 3, 1603, the fleet weighed anchor, and a period of one hundred and sixty years elapsed before this bay was revisited. January 12, the fleet passed the Bay of San Francisco, and anchored behind a point of land called "La Punta de Reyes," but did not enter San Francisco harbor. The voyage was subsequently continued as far as latitude 43 degrees north, from which point the fleet returned to Acapulco.

*First Mission Established in Lower California:* In 1697 the first permanent Mission was established by the Jesuits at Loreta, Lower California. "These people," says the historian, "with patient art and devoted zeal, accomplished that which had defied the energy of Cortez and baffled the efforts of the Spanish monarchy for generations afterwards."

*First Mission in Upper California:* In 1768, the Jesuits were banished from Lower California. On the ninth day of January, 1769, an expedition set sail from La Paz, in Lower California, to rediscover San Diego and Monterey. The vessels stopped at Cape St. Lucas, and left that point February 15th of the said year. On the first of July, 1769, a land expedition which had started shortly after the vessel had set sail from Cape St. Lucas, under the immediate charge of Padre Junipero Serra, reached San Diego and established the first Franciscan Mission in Upper California.

Notwithstanding the facts revealed by the many expeditions, the geographers of that day still persisted in describing California as an

island extending from Capt St. Lucas at the Tropic of Cancer to latitude 45 degrees north, and it was not until after Father Pergert's map was published at Manheim, in 1771, that California was relieved of its insular character.

*Early Discoveries of Placers:* At different times between 1775 and 1828, small deposits of placer gold were found by Mexicans near the Colorado River. In 1802 a mineral vein, supposed to contain silver, was found at Alisal, in the district of Monterey. In 1828 a small gold placer was discovered at San Isidoro, in what is known as San Diego county.

Forbes, in his history of California in 1835, says: "No minerals of particular importance have yet been found in Upper California, nor any appearance of metals."

In 1834 the placers of San Francisco, Placencia and Castiac and the San Feliciana, forty-five miles northwest from Los Angeles, were discovered and were worked by the San Fernando and San Buenaventura Missions between the years of 1834 and 1838, under the supervision of Francisco Lopez for the San Fernando Mission and Jose Bernudes for the San Buenaventura Mission.

In the latter part of 1838, Francisco Garcia was piloted to and shown by Francisco Lopez the placers of San Feliciana.

Garcia then returned to Sonora, Mexico, in 1839, and in 1840 came back with thirty Mexicans, Gambacinos (placer miners) and during the latter part of 1840 and the fore part of 1841, took from the San Feliciana Gulch two hundred and twelve pounds of gold avoirdupois weight, weighed by D. W. Alexander, who in the year 1855 made an affidavit to this effect. At the time above named gold was taken from the Gulch, it was named the San Feliciana by Garcia, and has retained its name to the present day.

Jose Salazar, one of the men brought from Sonora, Mexico, by Garcia returned to the San Feliciana in the latter part of 1841, and from one tunnel took forty-two thousand dollars, after which he remained at the San Feliciana Ranch, now known as the Newhall Ranch, and married the widow of the late Jose Antonio Del Valle.

After the rush of 1855-6 to Kern River, Slate Range and Cerro Gordo and what is now known as Randsburg, many of these people drifted into the San Feliciana, Castiac and San Francisquito. During the years 1857 and 1858 there was not less than six thousand people mining for gold in the last named places.

In 1854 W. W. Jenkins and Sanford Lyon, at the instance of and with Francisco Lopez, visited the oil springs, from whence the Mission San Fernando took the oil in rawhide bags to the mission, where it was distilled for lighting purposes.

We also visited all of the gold fields referred to, and obtained all the information and history in the possession of Francisco Lopez. In the year 1858, W. W. Jenkins and Cyrus Lyon purchased from Jose

Espenosa one nugget from which was realized \$1,928, which was the largest piece known to have been taken from this locality.

In 1841, Wilkes' exploring expedition visited the coast, James B. Dana, mineralogist, accompanying the party. In the following year in his work on mineralogy, Dana mentions that gold was found in the Sacramento Valley and that "rocks similar to those of the auriferous formations" were observed in Southern Oregon.

May 4, 1846, Thomas O. Larkin, United States Consul at Monterey, said, in an official letter to James Buchanan, Esq., then Secretary of State: "There is no doubt that gold, silver, quicksilver, copper, lead, sulphur and coal mines are to be found all over California, and it is doubtful whether, under their present owners, they ever will be worked."

On the 7th day of July, 1846, the American flag was hoisted at Monterey and the country taken possession of by the United States.

*Marshall Discovers Gold at Coloma:* January 19, 1848, James W. Marshall, while engaged in digging a race for a saw mill at Coloma (thirty-five miles east from Sutter's Fort) found some pieces of yellow metal which he and a half dozen men working with him at the mill supposed to be gold. He felt confident that he had made a discovery of great importance, but he knew nothing of either chemistry or gold mining, and he could not prove the nature of the metal or tell how to obtain it in paying quantities. So Marshall's collection of specimens continued to accumulate and his associates began to think there might be something in his gold mine after all.

In the middle of February, Bennett, one of the party employed at the mill, went to San Francisco, and returned with Isaac Humphreys, a man who washed gold in Georgia, and who, after a few hours' work, declared the mines to be richer than those of his own state.

By means of a rocker, he obtained daily about one ounce of gold and soon all the hands of the mill were rocking for the precious metal.

The record of the discovery of gold, as related by Parsons in his biography of Marshall, is somewhat different from that published by Brown, and gives to Marshall alone the credit of discovery.

*Other Gold Discoveries:* Pierson B. Redding, the owner of a large ranch at the head of the Sacramento Valley, visited the mining works at Coloma and immediately resolved to commence washing on his own property, which he thought was of a similar formation, and in a few weeks he had begun mining on a bar on Clear Creek, nearly two hundred miles northwest from Coloma. His example was followed by John Bidwell, who, having seen Sutter's works, commenced prospecting on the bars of Feather River, seventy-five miles northwest from Coloma.

In February, 1848, the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo was made, and Mexico ceded California to the United States. By the end of

the same year mines were opened at far distant points. Miners were working in every large stream on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, from Feather River to the Tuolumne, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

*First Publication of Gold Discoveries:* The first printed notice of the discovery of gold appeared in the "California," a newspaper published in San Francisco, on March 15, 1848.

On May 2d, the same paper announced that its publication would be suspended, the whole population having betaken itself to the mines. In 1849, the placers of Trinity and Mariposa were opened. At this period hired men were the exception, every man worked for himself and rocker claims were very abundant. In 1850, the deposits of Klamath and Scott's Valley were discovered.

*First Attempt to Build Ditches:* The chief want of the placer mining being water, the first noteworthy attempt at ditch-building was made in March, 1850, at Coyote Hill, Nevada County.

In the spring of the same year gold was reported as lying on the banks of Gold Lake, near Downieville. This caused a tremendous excitement and a rush of miners to that locality. In a few weeks thousands returned from the lake poorer than when they started.

On September 9, 1850, California was admitted into the Union as a State. The number of persons then engaged in mining was estimated at fifty thousand. River mining at this period occupied a prominent place in the industries of the State.

*First Use of the "Long Tom":* The winter of 1849-50 was very stormy and comparatively little work was done in the rivers and creeks, but in the spring of 1850 mining was resumed on those bars which were subject to overflow only at extreme high water. The pick, shovel, rocker, and wheelbarrow were the only implements then in use. Towards the end of 1850 the "Long Tom" was introduced.

*Discovery of Gold Quartz Veins:* Extensive prospecting at this period for the source of these gravel deposits led to the discovery of gold quartz mines, the most noted of which was the Allison Ranch mine in Nevada County. In 1851 came the rush to Gold Bluff, latitude 41 degrees north.

The work on dry bars gradually led to mining the river bottoms, which was first undertaken by means of wing dams. Later the most venturesome miners turned entire streams from their courses by means of flumes or ditches.

*First Working of Deep Deposits:* Simultaneously the miners "pushed back" from shallow placers to deep deposits, which were worked by means of the "Long Tom," and with the advent of sluices in 1851 the low hill gravels were attacked and successfully mined.

Coincident with the introduction of the sluice and washing of hill gravels came the employment of hired men in placer diggings.

*Sluicing:* The deep deposits of auriferous gravel were relatively poorer than the shallow placers, and open cuts, preparatory to sluicing, these were requisite; a large supply of water ditches became a necessity, labor was in demand, but without capital nothing could be accomplished. The sluice revolutionized gold-washing. With the exhaustion of the surface diggings the river towns fell into decay, and those mountain districts where the deep auriferous beds were found soon became the prosperous counties of the State.

*First Use of the Hydraulic Method:* It was evident that the sluices ran dirt faster than the shovellers could supply it, labor was expensive, men receiving from \$6 to \$8 per diem, and the claims were poor compared with the washings of 1849-50. In 1852, Edward E. Mattison of Connecticut, with a view to economizing in labor, used a stream of water under pressure. For this purpose water was conveyed to the claim in rawhide hose and discharged through a wooden nozzle against a bank. Torn loose by water, the earth was carried into sluices, and shoveling was thus avoided.

A large saving in the cost of mining was effected, a greater amount of material being washed in a shorter time. This was the first step in hydraulic mining.

*Canvas Hose:* Mattison's experiments were immediately appreciated and his methods adopted. Hose made of canvas was widely used, the canvas being strengthened by netting and bound with rope.

*Iron Pipe:* Towards the end of 1853, pipes made of light sheet-iron were introduced as a substitute for canvas hose. The first iron pipe was used by R. R. Craig on American Hill, Nevada County.

It consisted of about one hundred feet of stove pipe. In 1858 a firm in San Francisco commenced the manufacture of wrought iron pipes for hydraulic mining and during the years 1856-57 a large sheet-iron pipe forty inches in diameter was laid for a water conduit across a depression at Timbuctoo, in Yuba County.

*Inverted Siphons:* In 1869 a wire suspension bridge across the Trinity River, near McGillivray's, was constructed by Joseph McGillivray. This bridge supported a fifteen-inch wrought iron pipe which conducted water from a ditch situated at an elevation of about two hundred and forty feet above the bridge. The length of the pipe was nineteen hundred and eight feet, and the outlet was one hundred and thirty-three feet below the level of the inlet. In the fall of 1870 the Spring Valley Company of Cherokee, Butte County, laid the first large "inverted siphon" in the mining regions. The siphon was made of wrought iron, riveted. It was thirty inches in diameter and fourteen thousand feet long, crossing a depression of nearly one thousand feet.

*Improved Nozzles:* With the substitution of sheet iron pipe for canvas, it was necessary to retain a short piece of canvas hose in order to obtain a flexible discharging piece. This was inconvenient and troublesome. The ingenuity of the miners was aroused, and the

result was the introduction of a nozzle called the "Goose Neck," which was flexible iron joint formed by two elbows working one over the other.

*First Riffle:* The radius plate, or riffle, was patented by C. E. Macy in 1863, and was subsequently introduced and used in all metallic jointed discharge pipes which had elbows.

The next improved hydraulic nozzle was invented by the Messrs. R. R. and J. Craig of Nevada County. It was called Craig's Globe Monitor. This nozzle proved a success and was adopted at once by the miners. Subsequently the Hydraulic Knuckle Joint and Nozzle was invented by H. Fisher of Nevada County, and took the place of the Craig machine. In 1870, Mr. Richard Hoskins patented the nozzle called the little Giant, which was an improvement on the Dictator, and has to a great extent superceded the older inventions.

*Deflector:* The next advance in hydraulic discharge machines was an attachment to the nozzle called the "deflector," the invention of Mr. C. H. Perkins, and patented in May, 1876. This is a short piece of pipe, about an inch larger in diameter than the nozzle attached to the latter by a gimbal joint and operated with a lever.

This improvement has been followed by the invention of the Hoskin's Deflector. This latter is a flexible semi-ball joint between the end of the discharge pipe and the nozzle. It is operated by a lever.

In 1852-53 placer mining was at the height of its prosperity. Labor was well paid and employment was easily obtained by all who sought it. At this period, there still remained a few of the rich surface deposits which had formerly been so numerous.

*First Drift Mining:* The first extensive drift mining in the old river channels was commenced in 1852 at Forest Hill, Placer County, though in 1851 a surface claim at Brown's Bar, on the middle fork of the American River was drifted out by Joseph McGillivray.

In 1854, in consequence of the reported discovery of gold diggings in Kern County, California, numbers of miners flocked to the southern part of the State, only to find there poor deposits on a very limited area.

*Table Mountain:* Some miners engaged in sinking a shaft near Jamestown, Tuolumne County, where the gravel had been washed away, discovered gold at Table Mountain. Simultaneously other miners traced a seam of gravel containing gold along its sides, and it was found that this seam ran into a deep, rocky channel lying under the mountain. The presence of water in great quantity frustrated all attempts to work this deposit.

*Deep Tunnels:* Further explorations developed the existence of channels running under this ridge, which was found to have a westerly course and to pitch deeper as work advanced. After several ineffectual attempts to drain the deposit, the gravel, which proved later to be exceedingly rich, was finally bottomed by a deep tunnel.



"Ten feet square, superficial measurement, yielded \$100,000, and a pint of gravel frequently contained a pound of gold."

An impetus to deep gravel mining or drifting was given by these developments, and extensive explorations of a similar character was undertaken subsequently in other parts of the State.

During the years 1856-57, river, bar and gulch mining were less productive, but quartz and ditch interest became more valuable.

The Frazer River excitement of 1857 caused a stampede of miners and speculators to British Columbia. The subsequent developments of these gravel fields occasioned loss to those who had been attracted thither by the desire of gain.

In 1859-60 came the exodus to the Comstock, and in 1862 the rush to Idaho followed.

Hydraulic mining gained ground steadily from 1852 to 1856. As the river bars and surface diggings, one after another, became exhausted, the working of the old river deposits by the hydraulic process became a necessity. At the present time it is by this modern method of mining that the bulk of the gold of this State is produced, and in this business nearly \$100,000,000 of capital are invested.

The hydraulic process is now carried on upon such a gigantic scale and to so vast an extent as to require the assistance of the science of hydraulics and engineering. Heretofore, apart from the construction of ditches and tunnels necessary for washing the gold-bearing dirt, engineers have had but little to do with the management of hydraulic claims.

The primitive placer mining of 1852 to 1865 has passed into history. Forty-inch wrought iron pipes have been substituted for canvas hose and stove pipes, and with the replacing of nine-inch nozzles under 450-foot pressure, the last remnant of the early methods have disappeared.

In the early days placer mining was only profitable when values ran high, but such improvements have been made in means and methods that the hydraulic Giants profitably handle gravel banks that have values of not to exceed seven cents per yard.

While hydraulic mining has been bringing the large gravel deposits to a producing stage the dredgers have been placed on the rivers and sloughs and are handling the deep deposits at great profits when they have value of as low as six cents per yard, one dredge often handling as much as five thousand cubic yards a day.

These great improvements have been most marked in the placer fields where water is plenty and easily available.

In the dryer portions of California are enormous gravel deposits that carry values of one dollar per yard and higher, and these have never been worked except by the dry washer, for the reason that water was not available. But science has again come to the rescue and now it has been demonstrated that what was supposed to be

desert mountains is now the covering to great inexhaustible deposits of water, and modern pumps are now pouring this water on this rich gravel and washing out its riches.

Cañon Diablo, San Feliciana, La Palomas, Castiac, San Francisco, Dry and Texas Cañons in Los Angeles County are all coming forward as producers and will add millions to the wealth that has been taken from the placer mines of California.

"Water is King and that King bringeth forth, for his use Crown-ing Gold."

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

---

F. W. PESCHKE.

F. W. Peschke was born in Saxony, September 18, 1826. At the age of twenty years he came to the United States. He spent some time at New Bedford, and, later at Cincinnati. In April, 1852, he sailed via the Isthmus for California. He engaged in business for a while at Sacramento, and from there he went to Weaverville in 1854, where he opened the Union hotel. He sold out in 1857, and then went to Trinity River, buying mining property, including a water privilege, etc., doing a good business, but losing everything by the great floods of November, 1861. The next year he went to British Columbia and the Cariboo mines. After enduring many hardships he finally returned to Portland, Oregon.

In the spring of 1863 he went to the Boise mines in Idaho, where he met with some success at mining. In the fall of 1864 he returned to San Francisco. Finally, in 1865, after many vicissitudes, he came by steamer to Wilmington and passed through Los Angeles on his way to Arizona, but because of the hostility of the Indians, he returned to Los Angeles and engaged as clerk with Don Mateo Keller, the wine merchant and vineyardist, with whom he remained six years. Afterward he carried on a mercantile business on his own account until 1877, when he sold out and retired from active business.

In 1876 he visited Europe, spending a year in travel. In January, 1879, Mr. Peschke married Miss Emilia Burckhardt, a native of Baden, Germany. Mr. Peschke died June 6, 1906, in his eightieth year.

Mrs. Peschke died only a few weeks after her husband.

A son and a daughter survive them.

H. D. BARROWS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
HENRY MERZ,

Committee.

## ELIJAH H. WORKMAN.

In the death of Elijah H. Workman yesterday one of the oldest and most popular pioneers of Los Angeles passes into the history of the early pueblo days. Mr. Workman, who was a brother of W. H. Workman, city treasurer, had been ill some time. He passed away at his home, 1815 East Second street, July 17, 1906.

Mr. Workman, son of David Workman, was born in New Franklin, Mo., October 20, 1835. Fifty-two years ago he crossed the plains with relatives and upon arriving here he was engaged with the Banning Transportation Company.

Later he went to Fort Tejon, where he was employed by the government. He returned to Los Angeles in 1858, when he entered into a partnership with his brother, W. H. Workman, in the harness business, in which they continued twenty-five years. Each realized a fortune from the business. They furnished the harness materials for the large mule teams which did all the transportation work before the advent of the railroads.

During that time Mr. Workman purchased a farm, which is now the block between Tenth and Eleventh, Broadway and Hill. Mr. Workman went east and arrived in New York the day Fort Sumter fell. In Booneville, Mo., Mr. Workman was married to Miss Julia Benedict, and returned later in the year with his bride to California. There were two children from this union; one died in infancy and the other at the age of fourteen years. Mrs. Workman died in 1870. Three years later Mr. Workman was married to Miss Gilla Corum in this city. Miss Gilletta Workman, who was her father's constant attendant in his last years, and Mrs. Laura Workman Kreb of Salem, Ore., were the issue of this union. Mrs. Workman died in 1882 and two years later Mr. Workman was united in marriage to Mrs. A. K. Webb of San Francisco, who died in 1900.

Mr. Workman was active in the early politics of Los Angeles. In 1864 he was a member of the Board of Education, and again from 1880 to 1882. From 1865 to 1869 Mr. Workman was councilman for what is now the Fifth ward.

During the time of his public office Mr. Workman was active in laying out public parks, and the Central park of today stands as a monument largely to his energetic work. He planted a large number of seedlings which are now the mammoth trees of the park; many of the seeds were brought from Missouri. The Plaza park also shared in his endeavors, where he also planted trees.

In 1884 Mr. Workman retired from business. He was an active member of the Odd Fellows lodge. Mr. Workman is survived by his two daughters and one brother, W. H. Workman.

He was a kind husband and an indulgent father and a true friend.

In every relation of life he was honest and fearless for the truth and the right.

In his death the city loses one of its earliest progressive citizens. One who helped to lay broad and deep the foundations of this great metropolis and who aided in building it to its present magnificence. The Society tenders to his daughters and his brother its condolence and sympathy in their affliction.

JOHN L. SLAUGHTER,  
J. M. GUINN.

Committee.

---

#### DR. DE WITT CLINTON FRANKLIN.

Dr. De Witt Clinton Franklin was born August 8, 1835, in Hunterdon county, New Jersey, and died at his home in Los Angeles, California, July 10, 1906.

He lived a varied and useful life, and leaves a widow and five children and a large circle of friends to honor his memory and mourn his departure.

Dr. Franklin graduated with honors from the Ohio Medical College in 1856, and immediately began the practice of his chosen profession.

When the civil war began, he enlisted for three months in the Twenty-first Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, at the end of which time he was honorably discharged. He immediately re-enlisted for a term of three years in the Eighty-seventh Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, whom he served with credit to himself until the close of the war, when he received an honorable discharge.

During his last enlistment, he served as hospital steward, and at the end of his term he was presented by his regiment with a sword in recognition of his bravery in the battles of Bull Run and Gettysburg.

After the war he crossed the plains and arrived at Los Angeles in July, 1865. He was soon placed in charge of the hospital at Drum Barracks, Wilmington.

He settled in Los Angeles and took up the practice of his profession, dentistry, surgery and medicine. He was one of the first resident dentists in the city, and had his office in a building that preceded the Downey building, where the Government is now preparing to build the postoffice building.

In 1866 he married Miss Mary Anderson of this city, who now survives him.

The names of their five children are as follows: Virgil R., Homer B., Florian H. and Chester N. Franklin, and Mrs. Sadie Norton, all now residing in Los Angeles.

Because of failing health, he withdrew from active practice of his profession more than twenty years ago.

He gave considerable attention to new enterprises, and particularly to the introduction of the process of burning lime with crude petroleum.

He was a pioneer in silk culture, and believed that the production of silk in this county could be made a paying industry.

He was a faithful member of this society, and an honorable record to his memory should be preserved in our archives.

Dated Los Angeles, California, September, 1906.

WILL D. GOULD,

E. K. GREEN,

Committee.

---

NATHANIEL JOHNSON CLARKE.

Dear Sir:—I herewith hand you brief sketch of Mr. N. J. Clarke, where born, etc. The elder daughter will probably be able to give some details of his experiences as a Pioneer. Have written her this morning.

Nathaniel Johnson Clarke, son of Jonathan and Charlotte Clarke, was born in Northwood, New Hampshire, December 20, 1820. Died September 30, 1906. Married Eleanor B. Withington July 2, 1868, at Ione, Amador county, California. Five children were born to them, two daughters surviving. Moved to Los Angeles in 1875 and engaged in the oil business. His wife passed away September 30, 1884, since which time he has made his home with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. S. Welch. Came to California in sailing vessel around the Horn in 1849; landed in Southern California. Was agent for Pico Spanish Grant in Amador county, California, which position he held about ten years. Was brother of Henry Clarke, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, and George J. Clarke, who was well known as a notary public, with an office opposite the old court house, where the Bullard block now stands. There is still one brother living, Webster Clarke, who resides at Providence, Rhode Island. You will notice Mr. Clarke passed away on the anniversary of his wife's demise, and about the same hour of the day as near as I can calculate.

As soon as Mrs. Babcock can give further history I will communicate with you. Courteously yours,

W. H. S. WELCH.

## JOHN M. GRIFFITH.

One of the founders of the Society of Los Angeles County Pioneers, who died in this city October 16, 1906, was a native of Baltimore, Md., December 27, 1829, being the date of his birth.

Mr. Griffith came west in 1852, settling first at Vancouver. In 1857 he came to Sacramento and engaged in freighting with the California Steam Navigation Company. He married that year Miss Sarah A. Tomlinson, a sister of John J. Tomlinson, the latter and Mr. Griffith afterwards becoming very prominent and energetic citizens of Los Angeles county.

Mr. Griffith came to this city in 1861, and soon after engaged with his brother-in-law in the passenger and freighting business between Los Angeles and the Port of San Pedro, which then and before the railroad was built was very extensive. The competition was keen between Tomlinson & Co., and Banning & Co. for several years, or until the advent of the local railroad in 1869.

Both Griffith and Tomlinson were men of undaunted energy and fighting qualities. They made things very lively for the equally irrepressible General Phineas Banning.

In later years Mr. Griffith engaged in the lumber business on an extensive scale, of which he was long the manager, and in which he was interested till his death.

Mr. Griffith was a strong character. He was possessed of many amiable qualities and he had a host of friends, by whom in his passing he was sincerely mourned.

H. D. BARROWS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
Committee.

---

HERMAN W. HELLMAN.

Herman W. Hellman was born September 25, 1843, in Bavaria, Germany. He came to Los Angeles May 14, 1859. Soon after his arrival he engaged in the stationery business, which he continued successfully for several years. Disposing of his business in 1870, he visited Europe and spent a year in travel. In 1871 he returned to Los Angeles, and in company with Jacob Haas, founded the wholesale grocery house of Hellman, Haas & Co., which did an extensive business in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico.

In 1890 Mr. Hellman retired from the grocery firm and became the vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank, of which institution he was for several years the very successful manager. Later he resigned and became the president of the Merchants' National

Bank. In 1905 he erected the eight-story magnificent "Herman W. Hellman Block" on the corner of Fourth and Spring streets.

Mr. Hellman was married in Italy, July 26, 1874 to Miss Ida Herman, who with two sons and two daughters, survive him.

Mr. Hellman died in this city on the 19th of October, 1906, being universally mourned by all who knew him for his many sterling qualities.

H. D. BARROWS,  
Committee.

---

#### OLIVER R. DOUGHERTY.

Oliver R. Dougherty, whose death occurred at Long Beach, was one of the members of the original Indiana Settlement, afterwards and now known as Pasadena. Mr. Dougherty was born in Indiana, May 31, 1826. He studied law in the interval of other occupations, while still in his teens, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one by the Supreme Court of Indiana. Soon after he was elected to the State Legislature from Morgan county. In 1875 he married Margaret Polk, of Georgetown, Ky. The couple visited on their wedding tour, Southern California. Two years later they returned and made their permanent home at Pasadena.

Mr. Dougherty during all his residence in Los Angeles county was a prominent and active and useful citizen. He was a man of sturdy character, of more than usual intellectual ability. He is survived by a widow and five children.

H. D. BARROWS,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
Committee.

---

#### A. H. JUDSON.

About October, 1873, A. H. Judson established his law office in Temple Block, corner Market and North Spring streets. That winter J. W. Gillette (county recorder-elect), with Mr. Judson, started an abstract business which in January, 1887, became the foundation for what is now the Title Insurance & Trust Co.

Mr. Judson was an eminent authority on land titles, and as he prospered acquired large holdings.

Early in 1887 he sought a well earned rest and recuperation in the east, but returned to find himself (like many) threatened with disaster. He strove manfully to meet obligations easily incurred a year before, but values had so far declined that one by one choice



properties (now of great value) passed from his hands. Having honorably met all claims, he conveyed his home and an adjacent lot to his wife to assure his family protection. In failing health he bravely resumed such law practice as keen competition did not intercept and such as his old friends could bring. The struggle with adversity and isolation, and an innate pride even in disaster, was too great for his once powerful nature. Four companions of his boyhood bore his bier to the grave and testified to his lovable character in home regions, and we pioneers of California know how honorable has been his career among us. He left a widow and three sons, all residing in Los Angeles.

J. W. GILLETTE,  
E. A. DE CAMP,  
LOUIS ROEDER,  
Committee.

---

#### JOSEPH MULLALLY.

Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, December 18, 1826; died at Los Angeles, California, December 4, 1906. His father was a Virginian, his mother from Pennsylvania, being types of the frontier that produced the men that peopled this western world.

In 1850, a bright, sturdy young man, he left his home for California by the overland route, reaching Hangtown (Placerville) August 5th. For a short time he mined at Spanish Bar on the middle fork of the American river. The following spring he reached San Francisco, and worked at his trade (brick making) until 1854, when he journeyed to Los Angeles.

Excepting Captain Jesse Hunter, he was the first to make a business of brick making in this city—a calling characteristic of the man, producing the material to found the magnificent structures we find today. Two school houses, one at Second and Spring on the present site of Bryson Block, the other on Bath street (now East Main) are structures familiar to a number of us now present, many of whom as boys and girls in these houses, received their first education. Henry Dalton's two-story building, southeast corner of Second and Main (Cathedral lot) was one of the show points that came from Joe Mullally's brick yard. The old court house and market (on the present site of the Bullard Block) and the Arcadia Block, Los Angeles street (still standing), one built in 1857, the other in 1859, and costing \$80,000—a vast outlay then—are evidences that outlive the maker.

Prior to 1864 he had no competitor in the business of brick-making. In 1888 he produced nine million bricks—with little or no competition, except from Thomas Goss, afterwards his business and

political partner—he (Goss) being the Republican and Mullally the Democratic representative of the combination.

In various positions, in council, etc., he served the city from 1857 to 1883, and the idea of graft was never thought of in his affairs.

These reminiscent ideas have brought to mind a fact almost forgotten. Joe Mullally was notable by such youngsters as myself (DeCamp) and when George George, his old brick boss of Mill Creek, a near relative of ours, Wm. Scudder, joined the same party, but not being made of the same persevering stuff, in a few years later drifted back.

Not all whom Mullally knew were his friends, but those who had his confidence surely possessed a true friend. That he was generous to a fault is evidenced by the fact that he died in easy circumstances, comfortable, not wealthy.

His domestic life was commendable. He lived fifty-two years in one neighborhood. As mourners at his largely attended funeral were persons bowed by age and labor that had leaned on Joe as the child looked to its father for support.

His third wife, Mrs. Emma B. Mullally, survives, and now lives at the home on College street, where she is ever ready to welcome her husband's old associates and furnish proof of the quiet home life that lasted to the end.

E. A. DE CAMP,

LOUIS ROEDER,

Committee.

---

#### GEORGE W. LECHLER.

*Whereas*, in view of the loss we have sustained by the decease of our friend and associate pioneer, George W. Lechler, and of the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearest and dearest to him;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

RESOLVED, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased in the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them, and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

RESOLVED, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our departed friend and brother by the secretary of this association.

George W. Lechler died at Piru City, December 10, 1906.

M. T. COLLINS.

## JOHN W. MYERS.

John W. Myers was born in Virginia. When he was a small boy his parents moved to Indiana, where he grew to manhood. He was educated in the common schools and completed his education in a collegiate institution at Madison, Wisconsin. He engaged in teaching. In January, 1864, he enlisted in the Seventeenth Indiana Infantry. That regiment was what was known as mounted infantry; that is, infantry acting as cavalry. The Seventeenth was part of Wilders' Lightning Brigade. It earned this name by the celerity of its movements. It frequently came down upon the enemy when he least expected it, and struck like a thunderbolt. It lost heavily in killed and wounded in its battles and skirmishes. Mr. Myers served to the end of the war. After he was mustered out he again resumed teaching.

In the fall of 1873 he came to California. He arrived in Los Angeles, January 1, 1874. He tried farming for a time at Richland, now Orange, Orange county. He was not successful, and drifted back to his old profession, teaching. He secured a school at Elizabeth Lake, a stage station in the northern part of the country on the borders of Mojave desert. His district was about as large as the State of Rhode Island, with a population of about one person to a township.

He was instrumental in getting a postoffice established. He was also justice of the peace. After the completion of the railroad he moved to Newhall and taught the school there. His health failed and he sold his property at Elizabeth Lake and moved to Los Angeles, where he resided to his death, which occurred March 17, 1907.

He was twice married. His first wife died in Indiana. He married his second wife, who survives him, while at Elizabeth Lake. He left one child, a daughter, the widow of Louis Lyons a deceased pioneer.

E. A. DE CAMP,

J. M. GUINN,

Committee.

---

JESSE YARNELL.

Though known to many, Jesse Yarnell, who died in this city January 19, 1906, was best understood and most esteemed by those who had the privilege of close acquaintance. These appreciated his unswerving integrity. Wise and conscientious, he impartially considered every problem of general interest, and fearlessly stood for the right. In early environment, physique, character and conversation he was of the type so nobly portrayed in the great Lincoln. Yarnell was a product of the "Western Reserve," born Jan. 20,

1837, at Gratiot, Licking Co., Ohio. His father, Ellis Yarnell, was a lineal descendent of Oliver Cromwell, and among his forbears one was an assistant surveyor of the great Washington in Colonial days, receiving in payment lands about Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

Jesse's mother, Hannah Taylor, was a relative of the hero of Buena Vista, President Zachary Taylor, and also of the gifted author and traveler, Bayard Taylor. Truly an illustrious ancestry.

Living on the home farm until eleven years old, Jesse left to become a printer, a craft he adorned by the reflection in his journalism of a pure and successful life.

The West (more than its Gold) lured him "across the Plains" to Placerville, California, an eventful journey in which while crossing the Rockies, a misstep caused him to slide (as estimated) three-fourths of a mile uninjured, down the vast frozen slope of snow.

Ere he emerged from these wilds he encountered a lone man whom he had never met, but proved to be he first cousin.

Jesse loved the open, was a boon in any camp, and in his home affection pervaded all. At Placerville he founded the Placerville Republican, Jan. 18, 1866 (having sold his business) he married Miss Susan Caystile, and accompanied by her father, brother and sisters, came to Los Angeles, where not only did he fully provide for all those, but also for the children born to him,—Ellis, Jessie, Katherine, Esther and Ramona (recently deceased), who reflect in their lives the example and tutelage of a vigilant father and a loving mother, now their tender care.

In 1867, Mr. Yarnell started the Los Angeles Republican, but soon disposed of his interest, and with his brother-in-law, Thos. Caystile, established the Mirror Printing and Binding House in Downey Block. Their little "Mirror" weekly preached truth and soberness, enlarging with the business and the town, until it was a large and welcome journal. About 1882 The Times-Mirror Company purchased the plant, Mr. Yarnell retiring to a life more in harmony with his inclinations and desire to develop his property.

He was one of Nature's noblemen. He has gone to his rest. We will no more meet him on life's devious path; but his example should be cherished and emulated as that of a modest Pioneer, adorned by the virtues that are the strength and glory of American citizenship.

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. GILLETTE,

H. D. BARROWS,

GEO. W. HAZARD,

Committee.

## In Memoriam

---

### Deceased Members of the Pioneers of Los Angeles County.

---

Abernethy, Laura Gibson.....Died May 16, 1901  
Abernethy, William Blackstone.....Died November 1, 1898  
Anderson, John C. ....Died January 25, 1902.  
Ayres, James J. ....Died November 10, 1897  
Baker, Francis .....Died May 17, 1899  
Ballade, Pascal .....Died December 4, 1904  
Bayer, Joseph .....Died July 27, 1900  
Bell, Alexander T. ....Died October, 1904  
Bent, H. K. W. ....Died July 29, 1903  
Binford, Joseph Baker.....Died September 2, 1905  
Brode, Charles .....Died August 13, 1901  
Brousseau, Julius .....Died October 15, 1903  
Bullis, Omri .....Died August, 1904  
Carter, Nathaniel C. ....Died September 4, 1904  
Cowan, D. W. C. ....Died January 22, 1905  
Craig, James .....Died December 30, 1899  
Crimmins, John .....Died November 24, 1904  
Cummings, George .....Died December 6, 1903  
Desmond, Daniel .....Died January 23, 1903  
Dotter, John Charles.....Died March 3, 1902  
Dunkelberger, Isaac E. ....Died December 5, 1904  
Dunlap, Jonathan D. ....Died June 26, 1904  
Ensign, Elizabeth Langley.....Died September 20, 1901  
Fickett, Charles B. ....Died October 10, 1905  
Fleishman, Henry F.....Died October 20, 1900  
Foster, Stephen C. ....Died January 27, 1898  
Foy, Samuel Calvert.....Died April 24, 1901  
Gard, George E. ....Died March 10, 1904  
Gephard, George .....Died April 12, 1901

Gibson, Frank A. ....Died October 11, 1901  
 Glassell, Andrew ....Died January 23, 1901  
 Glidden, Edmund Cermv.....Died March 2, 1903  
 Green, M. M. ....Died September 10, 1904  
 Griffin, John Strother.....Died August 23, 1898  
 Grosseer, William Frederick.....Died April 12, 1901  
 Hargitt, Godfrey .....Died November 14, 1901  
 Hass, Mrs. Sarepta S. ....Died March 13, 1905  
 Heinzeman, Carl Felix.....Died April 29, 1903  
 Hiller, Horace .....Died May 23, 1898  
 Hough, A. M. ....Died August 23, 1906  
 Huber, C. E. ....Died June 10, 1904  
 Illich, Jerry .....Died September 5, 1903  
 Johnson, Micajah D. ....Died June 6, 1903  
 Jenkins, Joseph W. ....Died August, 1901  
 Kipp, Nicolas .....Died November, 1900  
 La Dow, Stephen W. ....Died January 6, 1890  
 Lecouvreur, Frank .....Died January 17, 1901  
 Lembecke, Charles Ernst.....Died February 26, 1905  
 Levy, Michael.....Died March 3, 1905  
 Lyon, Lewis H. ....Died May 29, 1904  
 McDonald, E. N. ....Died December 30, 1904  
 Meyer, Samuel .....Died March 25, 1903  
 Morris, Morritz .....Died June 10, 1903  
 Mott, Thomas D. ....Died February 13, 1904  
 Moulton, Elijah .....Died January 23, 1903  
 Mulrein, David .....Died December 13, 1904  
 Nadeau, Mrs. Martha.....Died January 7, 1904  
 Osborne, John .....Died October 31, 1905  
 Parker, Joel B. ....Died January 20, 1906  
 Peck, George Huntington.....Died April 12, 1903  
 Proctor, A. A. ....Died May 2, 1904  
 Raab, David M. ....Died July,, 1904  
 Raphael, Herman .....Died April 19, 1899  
 Reavis, Walter Scott .....Died October 21, 1905  
 Rendal, Stephen Arnold.....Died December 15, 1905  
 Roberts, Henry C. ....Died August, 1905  
 Rose, Anderson .....Died August 30, 1903  
 Rose, Leonard John.....Died May 17, 1899  
 Rowan, Thomas E. ....Died March 25, 1901

Sabichl, Francisco .....Died April 13, 1900  
 Salisbury, John Caleb.....Died July 10, 1902  
 Scott, Palmer Milton.....Died January 3, 1900  
 Sentous, Jean .....Died April, 1903  
 Shaffer, Cornelia R. ....Died July 28, 1904  
 Shieck, Daniel .....Died January 20, 1901  
 Stoltzenberg, Joseph .....Died June 25, 1901  
 Stoll, H. W. ....Died April 5, 1905  
 Teed, Mathew .....Died March 31, 1904  
 Town, Robert Miller.....Died April 24, 1900  
 Ulyard, Augustus .....Died August 5, 1900  
 Ulyard, Mary .....Died April 5, 1901  
 Wartenburg, Louis .....Died January 9, 1906  
 Weld, Ivar A. ....Died August 25, 1903  
 Weyse, Alice W. B. ....Died November 6, 1903  
 White, Caleb E. ....Died September 2, 1902  
 Wiley, Henry Clay.....Died October 25, 1898  
 Wood, Fred W. ....Died May 19, 1900  
 Yarnell, Jesse .....Died January 20, 1906  
 Klockenbrink, William .....Died April 10, 1905  
 Weston, Benj. S. ....Died April 19, 1905  
 Durrell, Josiah F. ....Died April 25, 1905  
 Russell, R. B. ....Died April 25, 1905  
 Russell, Wm. H. ....Died March, 1905  
 Raab, David M. ....Died March, 1905  
 Mahon, P. J. ....Died August 17, 1905  
 Compton, George D. ....Died October, 1905  
 Lockhart, Levi J. ....Died November, 1905  
 Culver, Francis S. ....Died September 27, 1905  
 Felix, Dennis L. ....Died December, 1905  
 Garrett, Robert L. ....Died October 19, 1905  
 Peschke, F. W. ....Died June 6, 1906  
 Workman, Elijah H. ....Died July 17, 1906  
 Franklin, De Witt C. ....Died July 10, 1906  
 Clarke, Nathaniel J. ....Died September 30, 1906  
 Griffith, John M. ....Died October 16, 1906  
 Dougherty, Oliver R. ....Died October 20, 1906  
 Hellman, Herman W. ....Died October 19, 1906  
 Judson, A. H. ....Died November 8, 1906  
 Mullally, Joseph.....Died December 4, 1906  
 Stoll, Simon .....Died November 22, 1906  
 Goldsworthy, John .....Died November 8, 1906  
 Clark, James A. ....Died December 2, 1906  
 Lechler, George W. ....Died December 10, 1906  
 Bush, Charles H. ....Died July 20, 1905

# Membership Roll

.....OF.....

## PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth- place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Anderson, L. M.	Los Angeles	Collector	Pennsylvania	1873	July 4, 1873
Anderson, Mrs. David	2838 S. Hill	Housewife	Kentucky	1852	Jan. 1, 1853
Austin, Henry C.	3118 Figueroa	Attorney	Massachusetts	1869	Aug. 30, 1869
Adams, Julia A. T.	1314 W. 29th	Housewife	Arkansas	1843	July 14, 1888
Barclay, John H.	Fernando	Carpenter	Canada	1869	Aug., 1871
Barrows, Henry D.	724 Beacon	Retired	Connecticut	1852	Dec. 12, 1854
Barrows, James A.	236 Jefferson	Retired	Connecticut	1868	May, 1868
Bilderbeck, Mrs. Dora	1009 E. 8th	Dressmaker	Kentucky	1861	Jan. 14, 1861
Bixby, Jotham	Long Beach	Capitalist	Maine	1858	June, 1866
Bicknell, John D.	1115 W. 7th	Attorney	Vermont	1868	May, 1872
Bouton, Edward	1314 Bond	Real Estate	New York	1868	Aug., 1868
Brossmer, Sig.	3841 S. Main	Builder	Germany	1867	Nov. 28, 1868
Burns, James F.	Melrose Junction	Agent	New York	1853	Nov. 18, 1853
Butterfield, S. H.	Manhattan Beach	Farmer	Pennsylvania	1868	Aug., 1869
Biles, Mrs. Elizabeth S.	141 N. Olive	Housewife	England	1873	July, 1873
Biles, Albert	141 N. Olive	Contractor	England	1873	July, 1873
Brossmer, Mrs. E.	1712 Brooklyn	Housewife	Germany	1865	May 16, 1868
Baldwin, Jeremiah	721 Darwin	Retired	Ireland	1859	April, 1874
Barclay, Henry A.	602 Frost Bldg.	Attorney	Pennsylvania	1874	Aug. 1, 1874
Bright, Toney	218 Requesa	Liveryman	Ohio	1874	Sept., 1874
Barham, Richard M.	1143 W. 7th	U. S. Gauger	Illinois	1849	Feb. 23, 1874
Braly, John A.	Van Nuys	Banker	Missouri	1849	Feb., 1891
Bales, Leonidas	1492 Lambie	Farmer	Ohio	1847	1866
Blumve, J. A.	2101 Hoover	Merchant	New Jersey	1874	Dec. 28, 1875
Buffum, Rebecca E.	144 W. 12th	Housewife	Pennsylvania	1850	Sept. 19, 1864
Baker, Edward L.	Los Angeles	Miner	New York	1866	Dec. 1866
Baxter, William O.	Santa Monica	Broker	England	1847	May, 1847
Burke, Joseph H.	Rivera	Farmer	Tennessee	1853	April 23, 1853
Booth, Edward	740 W. 17th	Salesman	Ohio	1875	1875
Binford, Henry M.	310 N. Belmont av.	Agt. W. F. Co. Ex.	Missouri	1874	July 14, 1874
Barton, John W.	El Monte	Farmer	Michigan	1854	1882
Bryant, Barney S.	Azusa	Constable	Georgia	1854	Nov. 12, 1854
Beck, John R.	El Monte	Retired	Indiana	1854	1854
Brown, George T.	Irwindale	Fruit Grower	New York	1862	Feb. 26, 1885
Bradshaw, T. T.	1638 S. Vermont av.	Landlord	England	1854	1876
Breer, Louis	215 San Pedro	Blacksmith	Germany	1858	1858
Bryant, Mrs. M. J.	Azusa	Housewife	Arkansas	1854	Nov., 1854
Bush, Amandus L.	Eacondido	Tinner	Pennsylvania	1872	1872
Burleson, Janetta	1425 Court	Housewife	New York	1874	June, 1877
Bosshard, John	729 Wall	Carpenter	Switzerland	1865	1870
Burke, Mary	Rivera	Housewife	Illinois	1849	1852
Brode, Clara	Olive st.	Housewife	Germany	1873	Jan. 20, 1873
Borchees, Charlotte	1133 Figueroa	Housewife	Germany	1877	Aug. 23, 1877
Burke, Alonzo M.	Rivera	Box Maker	Missouri	1875	May 8, 1875
Bell, Robert L.	1201 S. Bonnie Brae	Contractor	Wisconsin	1875	Oct., 1875
Cohen, Isaac	956 S. Hope	Merchant	Germany	1868	March 9, 1868
Collings, Benj.	Fruit Land	Orchardist	England	1863	April, 1868
Cerelli, Sebastian	Temple st.	Restaurateur	Italy	1847	Nov. 24, 1874
Caswell, Wm. M.	514 W. 5th	Cashier	California	1869	Aug. 3, 1867
Conkelman, Bernard	310 S. Los Angeles	Retired	Germany	1864	Jan. 3, 1867
Cohn, Kaspare	2601 S. Grand av.	Merchant	Germany	1859	Dec., 1859
Crawford, J. S.	211 W. 1st	Dentist	New York	1858	1866



## PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth-place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Currier, A. T.	Spadra	Farmer	Maine	1861	July 1, 1869
Clark, Frank B.	Hyde Park	Farmer	Connecticut	1869	Feb. 23, 1869
Conner, Mrs. Kate	1054 S. Grand av.	Housewife	Germany	—	June 23, 1871
Chapman, A. B.	San Gabriel	Attorney	Alabama	1855	April, 1857
Cunningham, Robt. G.	1801 W. 2nd	Dentist	Indiana	1873	Nov. 15, 1873
Carter, Julius M.	Pasadena	Retired	Vermont	1875	March 4, 1876
Cable, Jonathan T.	116 Wilhardt	Farmer	New York	1861	April 10, 1861
Crane, W. H.	738 W. 7th	Architect	New York	1859	1886
Cook, Alonzo G.	Long Beach	Physician	Maine	1874	1874
Coulter, Frank M.	1015 S. Figueroa	Merchant	Tennessee	1877	Sept., 1877
Crowell, T. Caleb	901 S. Union	Lumber Dealer	Mississippi	1871	June, 1871
Cleminson, James	El Monte	Farmer	Missouri	1852	July 4, 1857
Clemenson, Emma	El Monte	Housewife	Iowa	1872	1872
Clark, Mrs. S. J.	788 Central av.	Capitalist	Illinois	—	Nov. 5, 1873
Cooper, Wm. P.	Whittier	Farmer	Tennessee	1857	1857
Cole, G. W.	1614 Pleasant av.	Retired	Illinois	1864	1865
Cooper, Daniel J.	Los Angeles	Printer	Nevada	1878	March 23, 1880
Collins, Michael T.	2930 Stephenson av.	Merchant	Canada	1873	April, 1873
Dalton, W. T.	1900 Central av.	Fruit Grower	Ohio	1851	1851
Davis, A. E.	904 Vermont	Real Estate Dealer	N. Y.	1857	Nov., 1865
Davis, John	University	Carpenter	New York	1872	April, 1872
Dooner, P. W.	1626 Ingraham	Lawyer	Canada	1872	May 1, 1872
Doha, Fred	614 E. 1st	Capitalist	Germany	1858	Sept., 1869
Dodson, Wm. R.	El Monte	Hotel-keeper	Arkansas	1868	Sept., 1868
Desmond, C. C.	724 Coronado	Merchant	Massachusetts	1870	Sept., 1870
Durfee, Jas. D.	El Monte	Farmer	Illinois	1855	Sept. 15, 1858
Davis, Emily W.	2904 Vermont	Housewife	Illinois	1856	1865
Davis, John W.	333 E. Ave. 33	Publisher	Indiana	1872	Dec. 10, 1872
Davis, Virginia W.	333 E. Ave. 33	Housewife	Arkansas	1852	Sept., 1852
Delano, Thos. A.	Newhall	Farmer	New Hampshire	1850	April, 1850
Davis, Phoebe	797 E. 17th	Housewife	New York	1863	Dec. 15, 1863
De Turk, James G.	2418 Edwin	Farmer	Pennsylvania	1875	April 14, 1875
Dilley, Louis	1055 S. Figueroa	Carpenter	Germany	1875	Dec., 1875
Dol, Victor	Venice	Retired	France	1868	Oct. 11, 1876
De Camp, Edgar A.	316 W. 4th	Rancher	Ohio	1874	June, 1874
Dacker, Henry	204 N. Union	Stage Carpenter	Kentucky	1855	1875
Dunsmoor, John M.	233 1/2 N. Grand av.	Physician	Minnesota	1872	June 16, 1872
Dusoe, Robt. M.	617 S. Olive	Clerk	Massachusetts	1875	July 6, 1875
Durfee, Diantha B.	El Monte	Housewife	Missouri	1851	1851
Dodson, Wm. R.	El Monte	Hotel-keeper	Arkansas	1868	Sept., 1868
Dolland, John	Norwalk	Farmer	Ireland	1852	1854
Dodson, Minerva	El Monte	Housewife	Arkansas	1852	1852
Eaton, Benjamin S.	433 Sherman	Hyd. Engineer	Connecticut	1850	1851
Ebinger, Louis	755 Maple	Merchant	Germany	1866	Oct. 9, 1871
Elliott, J. M.	914 W. 28th	Banker	South Carolina	1870	Nov., 1870
Evarts, Myron E.	Los Angeles	Painter	New York	1852	Oct. 26, 1853
Ellsworth, Daniel	629 S. Flower	Oil Producer	New York	1875	Sept., 1875
Elsen, Theodore A.	2626 S. Figueroa	Architect	Ohio	1853	March, 1857
Eddleman, J. J.	El Monte	Harnessmaker	Illinois	1863	March 1, 1892
Earle, C. N.	3307 Downey av.	Engine Inspector	New York	1877	Nov., 1877
Egleston, F. M.	1415 S. Hill	—	—	1875	1875
Englehardt, Geo.	Santa Monica	Customs Inspector	Germ.	1865	Sept., 1866
Eberle, Chas. H.	Downey	Editor	Penn.	1849	March, 1880
Ferguson, Wm.	158 Rampart	Retired	Arkansas	1850	April, 1869
Furrey, Wm. C.	1103 Ingraham	Merchant	New York	1865	Aug., 1872
Franklin, Mrs. Mary	253 Avenue 32	Seamstress	Kentucky	1852	Jan. 1, 1853
Fisher, L. T.	Los Angeles	Publisher	Kentucky	1873	March 24, 1874
Foy, Mrs. Lucinda M.	Garvanza	Housewife	Indiana	1850	Dec. 24, 1850
French, Chas. E.	141 1/2 N. Broadway	Retired	Maine	1869	April, 1871
Flood, Edward	1315 Palmer av.	Cement Worker	New York	1859	April, 1859
Fogle, Lawrence	435 Avenue 22	Farmer	Massachusetts	1855	Dec., 1855
Foulks, Irving	404 Beaudry av.	Farmer	Ohio	1852	Oct. 13, 1870
Frankel, Adolph	428 Colyton	Janitor	Germany	1852	May, 1867
Frankel, Samuel	818 S. Hope	Farmer	Germany	1865	1865
Frost, Frank A.	El Monte	Farmer	Germany	1866	April, 1866
Farwell, Wm.	540 S. Figueroa	Plumber	Ireland	1865	Aug. 25, 1867
Foster, Geo. S.	738 S. Olive	Retired	Maine	1853	March 15, 1875
Ferguson, Mrs. M. L.	760 W. 7th	Housewife	Missouri	1869	1869

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

98

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth-place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Frissell, Joseph	620 W. 16th	Farmer	Massachusetts	1859	1869
Fulton, James	Pomona	Orange Grower	Indiana	1849	Jan., 1880
Fischer, F. A. W.	St. Elmo Hotel	Miner	Germany	1863	Jan. 1, 1867
Garvey, Richard	San Gabriel	Farmer	Ireland	1858	Dec., 1858
Gage, Henry T.	1146 W. 28th	Attorney	New York	1874	Aug., 1874
Gillette, J. W.	322 Temple	Inspector	New York	1858	May, 1862
Gillette, Mrs. E. S.	322 Temple	Housewife	Illinois	1864	Aug., 1868
Gould, Will D.	Temple Block	Attorney	Vermont	1872	Feb. 28, 1872
Gollmer, Charles	1520 Flower	Merchant	Germany	1868	1868
Geller, Margaret F.	2306 Budlong av.	Housekeeper	Missouri	1860	Nov., 1860
Greenbaum, Ephraim	1817 Cherry	Merchant	Poland	1851	1852
Griffith, Jas. R.	Glendale	Stockraiser	Missouri	1845	May, 1881
Green, E. K.	1504 W. 8th	Manufacturer	New York	1872	May, 1872
Green, Floyd E.	Imperial	Manufacturer	Illinois	1872	May, 1872
Guinn, James M.	5539 Monte Vista	Author	Ohio	1864	Oct. 18, 1869
Gilbert, Harlow	1288 W. 22nd	Fruit Grower	New York	1869	Nov. 1, 1869
Gerkins, Jacob F.	Glendale	Farmer	Germany	1854	Jan., 1854
Grebe, Christian	811 San Fernando	Restaurateur	Germany	1868	Jan. 2, 1874
Gower, George T.	Colegrove	Farmer	Hawaiian Islands	1868	Nov., 1872
Grosser, Eleanore	1311 Newton	Housewife	Germany	1873	Jan., 1874
Golding, Thomas	Golden av.	Contractor	England	1868	1868
Glass, Henry	1713 Union	Bookbinder	Germany	—	June 22, 1875
Gordon, John T.	Azusa	Farmer	D. C.	1868	1868
Grow, G. T.	718 S. Rampart	Contractor	Vermont	1862	1871
Giese, Henry	1944 Estrella	Merchant	Iowa	1873	1873
Gosper, John J.	103 E. 2nd	Mining Broker	Ohio	1876	1876
Glover, Nellie	W. Avenue 53	Housewife	Massachusetts	1879	April 1, 1879
Glynn, John	San Gabriel	Farmer	Nevada	1867	Aug., 1867
Germain, Eugene	953 S. Hope	Merchant	Switzerland	1867	May 12, 1867
Guess, John	El Monte	Farmer	Arkansas	1852	1852
Guess, Sarah C.	El Monte	Housewife	Alabama	1870	1870
Gilmore, Fred J.	300 E. 25th	Merchant	Massachusetts	1874	June, 1874
Giese, F. J.	103 N. Main	Druggist	Iowa	1874	Oct. 5, 1874
Gay, Leslie F.	2889 Idell st.	Farmer	Illinois	1874	Dec., 1874
Gleason, Nellie D.	728 W. 2nd	Housewife	Iowa	1853	May 1, 1883
Green, Sarah Brown	1197 E. 33d	Nurse	England	1863	July 5, 1870
Gilmore, A. F.	La Brea	Farmer	Illinois	1875	March 6, 1875
Gower, Harry C.	Hollywood	Farmer	Hawaiian Islands	1869	Oct. 8, 1869
Goss, Mary T.	437 W. 9th	Dressmaker	Wisconsin	1851	Jan., 1892
Grelck, Celestine M.	217 E. 28th	Teacher	France	1870	Feb., 1870
Harper, Arthur C.	1128 W. 28th	Mayor	Mississippi	1868	May, 1868
Holton, George M.	227 S. Bunker Hill	Attorney	Michigan	1872	March, 1877
Howland, Sarah A.	1910 La Salle	Housewife	Australia	1856	Aug., 1856
Howes, Clara F.	2920 Figueroa	Retired	Maine	1876	Oct., 1876
Hanly, George T.	Alhambra	Merchant	West Virginia	1871	April 15, 1882
Haines, Rufus R.	218 W. 27th	Telegrapher	Maine	1857	June, 1871
Harris, Emil	1026 W. 8th	Detective	Prussia	1857	April 9, 1867
Harper, C. F.	Laurel	Merchant	North Carolina	1863	May, 1868
Harris, Leopold	935 S. Hill	Merchant	Prussia	1853	Feb. 4, 1854
Hazard, Geo. W.	1801 Arlington	Clerk	Illinois	1854	Dec. 25, 1854
Hazard, Henry T.	2826 S. Hope	Attorney	Illinois	1854	Dec. 25, 1854
Hunter, Jane E.	—	—	New York	—	Jan., 1866
Hamilton, A. N.	611 Temple	Miner	Michigan	1872	Jan. 24, 1872
Holbrook, J. F.	1035 S. Westlake av.	Manufacturer	Indiana	1873	May 20, 1873
Heimann, Gustave	727 California	Banker	Austria	1871	July, 1871
Hutton, Aurelius W.	Los Angeles	Attorney	Alabama	1869	Aug. 5, 1869
Hiller, Mrs. Abbie	147 W. 23rd	Housewife	New York	1869	Oct., 1869
Herwig, Henry J.	729 Wall	Farmer	Prussia	1853	Dec. 25, 1853
Hubbell, Stephen C.	512 Bullard Bldg.	Attorney	New York	1869	1869
Hays, Wade	Colegrove	Miner	Missouri	1853	Sept., 1853
Hamilton, Ezra M.	310 Ava. 23	Miner	Illinois	1853	Sept. 20, 1875
Hewitt, Roscoe E.	337 S. Olive	Miner	Ohio	1853	Feb. 27, 1873
Houghton, Sherman O.	311 Trust Bldg.	Lawyer	New York	1847	July 1, 1886
Houghton, Eliza P.	Los Angeles	Housewife	Illinois	1846	July 1, 1886
Haskell, John C.	Fernando	Farmer	Maine	—	Oct., 1870
Herwig, Emma E.	729 Wall	Housewife	Australia	1856	Aug., 1856
Hunter, Asa	Los Angeles	Farmer	Illinois	1849	1852
Hunter, Jesse	Rivera	Farmer	Iowa	1849	1852
Hauch, Isaac	524 Temple	Tailor	Germany	1865	April 14, 1865

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth-place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Hopkins, Susan Clisby	2913 W. 12th	Farmer	Massachusetts	1876	Jan., 1876
Hewitt, Leslie R.	1212 Alvarado	Attorney	Washington	1876	March 21, 1876
Hartnick, John	648 Maple	Cooper	Germany	1872	Aug., 1872
Herrick, John	621 Main	Hackman	Massachusetts	1859	Feb. 27, 1859
Hudson, J. W.	Puente	Farmer	New York	1868	1868
Holt, Martha A.	San Gabriel	Housewife	Tennessee	1856	1856
Hosmer, Nathan H.	Sierra Madre	Fruit Grower	Mass.	1878	April 27, 1878
Haas, John B.	Alhambra	Retired	Germany	1854	May, 1884
Huffstutler, H. H.	El Monte	Farmer	Missouri	1865	1865
Hartnack, Mrs. F.	648 Maple	Housewife	Germany	1872	1872
Holtz, Rosetta	1437 N. 41st	—	Michigan	1875	Aug., 1875
Hazeltine, Geo. W.	761 New High	Carpenter	Ohio	1865	Oct., 1865
Hoel, John Thomas	Azusa	Cabinet Maker	Ohio	1852	July, 1855
Hewitt, Randall H.	1815 Hoover	Author	New York	1876	March, 1876
Hewitt, Mrs. Ellen L.	1815 Hoover	Housewife	New York	1876	March, 1876
Hill, Mrs. Matilda	704 College	Housewife	Sweden	1875	April, 1876
Hosmer, Clymena W.	Sierra Madre	Housewife	Maine	1878	April, 1878
Jacoby, Nathan	739 Hope	Merchant	Prussia	1861	July, 1861
Jacoby, Morris	Los Angeles	Merchant	Prussia	1865	1865
James, Alfred	101 N. Bunker Hill av.	Miner	Ohio	1853	April, 1868
Jenkins, Charles M.	1158 Santee	Miner	Ohio	1851	March 19, 1851
Jordon, Joseph	Los Angeles	Retired	Australia	1855	June, 1855
Johansen, Mrs. Cecilio	Los Angeles	Housewife	Germany	1874	1874
Jenkins, Wm. W.	Newhall	Miner	Ohio	1851	March 10, 1851
Jones, John J.	Hollywood	Farmer	Germany	1875	1875
Johnson, Edward P.	947 S. Hope	Retired	Indiana	1876	June, 1876
Jordan, Rose	206 1/2 S. Main	Housewife	Kentucky	1854	1859
Jacoby, Herman	156 W. Pico	Real Estate	Germany	1863	June 20, 1863
Junkins, Emma J.	2136 S. Los Angeles	Housewife	New York	1875	1875
Juden, Geo. Washington	Azusa	Farmer	Missouri	1850	Oct., 1867
Keyes, Charles G.	209 N. Workman	County Clerk	Vermont	1852	Nov. 25, 1859
Kuhrts, Jacob	107 W. 1st	Merchant	Germany	1848	May 10, 1857
Kurtz, Joseph	Douglas Bldg.	Physician	Germany	1867	Feb. 2, 1868
Kutz, Samuel	217 S. Soto	Dep. County Clerk	Pa.	1874	Oct. 29, 1874
Kuhrts, Susan	107 W. 1st	Housewife	Germany	1862	May, 1863
King, Laura E.	412 N. Breed	Housewife	Florida	1849	Nov. 27, 1849
Knighten, Will A.	1717 Court	Minister	Indiana	1849	Oct., 1859
Kiefer, Peter P.	240 N. Hope	Retired	Germany	1860	Jan. 15, 1872
Kearney, John	728 E. 8th	Zanjero	Canada	1871	Sept. 18, 1871
Kurrie, Frederick	3893 S. Maple av.	Retired	Germany	1877	May 12, 1877
Kingsley, John A.	428 Solon av.	Publisher	Michigan	1880	Aug., 1880
Kenealy, John	1121 W. 9th	Dep. City Treas.	Ireland	1870	March, 1875
Kinney, Abbott	Ocean Park	Capitalist	New Jersey	1873	March, 1880
Lambourn, Fred	840 Judson	Grocer	England	1859	Dec., 1859
Lankershim, J. B.	Hotel Lankershim	Capitalist	Missouri	1854	1872
Lazard, Solomon	607 7th	Retired	France	1851	1851
Loeb, Leon	1521 Westlake av.	Merchant	France	1866	Feb., 1866
Leck, Henry Vander	2309 Flower	Merchant	California	1859	Dec. 14, 1859
Lamoreaux, C. L.	577 Wall	Retired	New York	1857	July 3, 1878
Loosmore, Isabella F.	3407 Loosmore st.	Housewife	Connecticut	1877	Jan. 1, 1877
Lockwood, George H.	763 Merchant	Deputy Sheriff	Michigan	1868	Feb., 1868
Lenz, Edmund	2907 S. Hope	Insurance	Germany	—	June 17, 1874
Ling, Robert A.	Bryson Bldg.	Attorney	Canada	1873	Sept., 1873
Lockhart, Thomas J.	1929 Lovelace av.	Real Estate	Indiana	1872	May 1, 1873
Lockwood, James W.	Water st.	Plasterer	New York	1856	April 1, 1875
Lechier, Abbie J.	Rich st.	Housewife	Illinois	1853	Dec., 1853
Loosmore, James	3407 Loosmore st.	Farmer	England	—	Jan. 16, 1875
Loyhed, Mollie A.	Winfield	Housewife	Illinois	1853	1856
Lanning, Samuel W.	750 S. Olive	Stair Builder	New Jersey	1859	Sept., 1886
Lewis, Wm. Robert	Los Angeles	Contractor	Alabama	1871	Sept., 1871
Lockhart, Otis P.	1423 Rich	Farmer	Indiana	1873	April 2, 1873
Lamb, Chas. C.	Pasadena	Real Estate Agent	Illinois	1874	1874
Livermore, P. P.	491 N. Alvarado	Clerk	New York	1875	Sept. 16, 1876
Low, Julia A.	El Monte	Housewife	Utah	1859	Oct., 1887
Lazzarevich, Tripkon	1504 Kearny	Retired	Austria	1850	1870
Macy, Oscar	Pasadena	Farmer	Indiana	1850	1850
Mappa, Adam G.	Los Angeles	Searcher of Records	N. Y.	1864	Nov., 1864
Mercadante, N.	429 San Pedro	Grocer	Italy	1861	April 16, 1869

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

95

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth-place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Measmer, Joseph	1706 Manitou av.	Merchant	Ohio	1859	eSept., 1859
Mitchell, Newell H.	1618 W. 24th st.	Hotel-keeper	Ohio	1863	Sept. 26, 1863
Moore, Isaac N.	Cal. Truck Co.	Retired	Illinois	1869	Nov., 1869
McKone, Bernard	222 N. Beaudry av.	Bartender	Ireland	1878	Aug., 1880
McLain, Geo. P.	916 Park View	Merchant	Virginia	1867	Jan. 2, 1868
McLean, Wm.	561 S. Hope	Contractor	Scotland	1869	1869
McMullin, W. G.	502 N. Ave. 66	Farmer	Canada	1867	Jan., 1870
McComas, Jos. E.	Pomona	Retired	Virginia	1853	Oct., 1872
Mellus, Jas. J.	157 W. Adams	Insurance	Massachusetts	1853	1853
Miller, William	Santa Monica	Carpenter	New York	—	Nov. 22, 1860
Marxson, Dora	212 E. 17th	Housewife	Germany	1873	Nov. 14, 1873
Meade, John	203 W. 18th	Retired	Ireland	1869	Sept. 6, 1869
Moran, Samuel	Colegrove	Painter	D. C.	1873	May 15, 1873
Maier, Simon	1137 S. Grand av.	Butcher	Germany	1876	1876
Melville, J. H.	465 N. Beaudry av.	Attorney	Massachusetts	1874	Aug., 1876
Montague, Newell S.	122 E. 28th	Farmer	Illinois	1856	Oct. 2, 1856
Merz, Henry	1707 New Jersey st.	Retired	Germany	—	Aug., 1874
Moody, Alexander C.	125 Ave. 25	Carpenter	Nova Scotia	—	Jan. 9, 1866
Moore, Mary E.	1467 E. 20th	—	New York	—	1866
Morgan, Octavius	1819 Westlake av.	Architect	England	1874	May, 1874
Moore, Alfred	708 S. Workman	Express	England	1874	July 21, 1874
Morton, A. J.	315 New High	Machinist	Ireland	—	1874
Morton, John Jay	Compton	Farmer	Michigan	1867	Aug., 1867
McArthur, John	1909 S. Figueroa	Miner	Canada	—	1869
McArthur, Catherine	1909 S. Figueroa	Housewife	New York	—	1872
McGarvin, Robert	H. W. Hellman Bldg.	Real Estate Agent	Canada	1875	April 5, 1875
McDonald, James	1509 E. 20th	Engineer	Tennessee	1853	Oct., 1867
McCreery, Mary B.	911 S. Hope	Housewife	New York	—	Nov. 3, 1869
McCreery, Rufus K.	911 S. Hope	Retired	Maryland	—	Nov. 3, 1869
McIlmoll, John	1129 1/2 San Julian	Capitalist	New York	1862	May 20, 1880
McDonald, Mrs. J. G.	1509 E. 20th	Housewife	Missouri	1859	Jan. 1, 1859
Marsh, Martin C.	502 N. Boylston	Contractor	Canada	1876	Jan. 10, 1876
Magee, Hugh	Los Angeles	Teamster	Ireland	1859	1859
Martin, Wm. T.	Pomona	Farmer	Texas	1853	1853
Meserve, Alvin R.	3054 Eagle	Retired	Maine	1877	1877
Meserve, Elizabeth H.	3054 Eagle	Housewife	Missouri	1877	1877
McDonald, Luella M.	1137 W. 41st	—	Pennsylvania	1874	March 8, 1876
McAnany, Philip	La Dow	Farmer	Ireland	1863	1868
Milner, Anna	Washington st.	Housewife	Germany	1861	March 5, 1874
Moyor, Frank	Whittier	Farmer	Louisiana	1876	June 7, 1876
Meserve, Mrs. S. H.	3054 Eagle	Florist	Missouri	1856	March 8, 1877
McIlmoll, Alma L.	1129 1/2 San Julian	Housewife	Canada	1862	May 20, 1880
McKinnon, Theo. A.	233 E. 4th	Rancher	Ohio	1856	Oct. 18, 1868
McMullen, Julia M.	502 N. Ave. 66	Housewife	Maine	1874	Aug. 1, 1874
Millard, G. A.	2716 La Salle	Dentist	Illinois	1875	Nov., 1875
McNemer, Peter Henry	Florence	Farmer	Vermont	1869	1875
Morrison, George	Rivera	Farmer	Vermont	1871	1871
Mereditth, R. A.	Covina	Fruit Grower	Alabama	1868	Oct., 1868
McDonald, Norman Angus	2018 Downey av.	Retired	Canada	1858	Sept., 1868
Mesnager, Geo. F.	254 Douglas	Notary Public	France	1867	Oct., 1872
Myers, Mrs. L. A.	319 Stockton	Housewife	Ohio	1878	Dec., 1878
Mahstedt, Martha	1371 S. Figueroa	Housewife	Maryland	1861	March, 1878
Mers, Bertha	1707 New Jersey	Housewife	Germany	1877	Aug., 1877
Norton, Isaac	1364 Figueroa	Sec. Loan Assn.	Poland	1869	Nov., 1869
Newmark, Harris	837 S. Westlake	Merchant	Germany	1853	Oct. 22, 1853
Newmark, M. J.	1045 Ingraham	Merchant	New York	1853	Sept., 1854
Newell, J. G.	2417 W. 9th	Laborer	Canada	1850	July, 14, 1858
Nichols, Thomas E.	Glendora	Farmer	California	1858	1858
Newell, Mrs. J. G.	2417 W. 9th	Housewife	Indiana	1852	June, 1852
Nadeau, Geo. A.	Florence	Farmer	Canada	—	1868
Newmark, Mrs. H.	837 S. Westlake	—	New York	1854	Sept. 16, 1854
Nittenger, Edward	415 S. Hope	Real Estate Broker	Conn.	1874	Dec., 1874
Newell, J. G.	2417 W. 9th	Laborer	Canada	1850	July, 14, 1858
Neltske, Ernst Fred	1061 Temple	Undertaker	Germany	1868	Nov., 1868
Orme, Henry S.	309-10 Douglas Bldg.	Physician	Georgia	1868	July 4, 1868
O'Melveny, Henry W.	Wilcox Bldg.	Attorney	Illinois	1869	Nov., 1869
Owen, Edward H.	Garvanza	Clerk U. S. Court	Ala.	1870	Oct., 1870

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth-place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Orr, Benjamin F.	1812 Burlington	Undertaker	Penn.	1858	May, 1875
O'Sullivan, John	Cor. Hollenbeck & Lorena	Dairyman	Canada	1875	Nov., 1875
Otis, Harrison Gray	2401 Wilshire blvd.	Editor The Times	Ohio	1876	App., 1880
Parker, Robert	1338 W. 3rd	Printer	Pennsylvania	1875	April 10, 1875
Pike, Geo. H.	Los Angeles	Retired	Massachusetts	1858	1867
Ponet, Victor	Sherman	Capitalist	Belgium	1867	Oct., 1869
Pridham, Wm.	Alameda, Cal.	Supt. W. F. Co.	New York	1854	Aug. 28, 1868
Pilkington, W. M.	218 N. Cummings	Gardener	England	1873	1873
Proffit, Green L.	1512 W. 12th	Retired	Missouri	1853	Nov., 1887
Perry, Harriet S.	1723 S. Bonnie Brae	Housewife	Ohio	1875	May 15, 1875
Peschke, Emil	940 Summit av.	Merchant	Germany	—	Nov. 30, 1875
Pye, Thomas	Pasadena	Farmer	England	1849	1877
Preston, John E.	1247 Temple	Merchant	England	1876	July 7, 1877
Parker, Wm. S.	El Monte	Farmer	Oregon	1869	1876
Place, Geo. E.	Los Angeles	Solicitor	New Hamp.	1870	1876
Pogson, Robt. M.	Hollywood	Rancher	England	1870	July, 1870
Parsons, Alfred H.	631 W. 30th	Contractor	England	1872	Feb. 15, 1877
Page, S. L.	Alhambra	Farmer	Pennsylvania	1860	May, 1870
Peyton, Alfred W. H.	Ocean Park	Retired	England	1880	July, 1880
Phillips, Alonzo	Long Beach	Retired	Vermont	1873	Nov. 5, 1873
Quinn, Richard	El Monte	Farmer	Ireland	1861	Jan., 1861
Quinn, Michael F.	El Monte	Farmer	New York	1859	March 3, 1859
Quinn, Mrs. Richard	El Monte	Housewife	England	1852	Jan., 1860
Rich, Francisca	2327 W. 9th	Housewife	Germany	1876	Aug. 9, 1876
Ritchie, Mary F.	69th st.	Housewife	Illinois	1861	Nov. 9, 1869
Raynes, Frank	Pomona	Lumberman	England	1871	Aug., 1871
Riley, James M.	1105 S. Olive	Manufacturer	Missouri	1857	Dec., 1866
Richardson, E. W.	Tropico	Dairyman	Ohio	1871	Sept., 1871
Richardson, W. C. B.	Tropico	Surveyor	New Hampshire	1868	1868
Roeder, Louis	1187 Westlake av.	Retired	Germany	1856	Nov. 28, 1856
Robinson, W. W.	117 S. Olive	Clerk	Nova Scotia	1851	Sept., 1868
Rinaldi, Carl A. R.	Fernando	Horticulturist	Germany	1854	April, 1864
Rogers, Alex H.	1152 Wall	Retired	Maryland	1852	Aug., 1873
Ready, Russell W.	San Pedro st.	Attorney	Missouri	1873	Dec. 18, 1873
Ross, Judge Erskine M.	Glendale	U. S. Judge	Virginia	1868	June 19, 1868
Ruxton, Albert St. G.	Redondo	Surveyor	England	1873	Sept., 1873
Reavis, Wm. E.	1405 Scott	Liveryman	Missouri	1873	April 22, 1873
Reiston, Wm.	El Monte	Farmer	Illinois	—	1872
Read, Jennie Sanderson	1153 Lerdo	Vocal Soloist	New York	1868	June 20, 1876
Roques, A. C.	City Hall	Clerk	France	—	Aug. 16, 1870
Raphael, C.	Los Angeles	Retired	Germany	1869	May 8, 1869
Rice, Geo.	5308 Pasadena av.	Publisher	Ohio	1879	Aug. 13, 1879
Schmidt, Gottfried	1029 S. Main	Farmer	Denmark	1864	Aug., 1864
Schmidt, August	710 S. Olive	Retired	Germany	1869	May, 1869
Shaffer, John	200 Boyle av.	Retired	Holland	1849	March, 1872
Shorb, A. S.	652 Adams	Physician	Ohio	1871	June, 1871
Stewart, J. M.	512 W. 8th	Retired	New Hampshire	1850	May 14, 1870
Stephens, Daniel G.	Santa Monica	Retired	Maine	1859	April, 1861
Stephens, Mrs. E. T.	Santa Monica	Housewife	Maine	1866	1869
Smith, Isaac S.	1157 E. 45th	Notary Public	New York	1856	Nov., 1871
Strong, Robert	Pasadena	Broker	New York	1872	March, 1872
Slaughter, John L.	1022 W. 20th	Retired	Louisiana	1856	Jan. 10, 1861
Scott, Mrs. Amanda M.	687 S. Burlington	Housewife	Ohio	1859	Dec. 21, 1859
Summer, C. A.	1301 Orange	Broker	England	1873	May 8, 1873
Smith, Mrs. Sarah J.	Temple st.	Housewife	Illinois	1860	Sept., 1872
Starr, Joseph L.	2815 Arlington	Dairyman	Texas	1863	1871
Schmidt, Frederick	Los Angeles	Farmer	Germany	1873	1873
Shelton, John	Azusa	Farmer	Texas	1854	Sept. 28, 1854
Spence, Mrs. E. F.	445 S. Olive	Housewife	Ireland	1860	1870
Smith, Simon B.	132 N. Ave. 22	Insurance	Connecticut	1876	May 17, 1876
Sharp, Robert L.	2618 N. Workman av.	Funeral Director	England	1869	May, 1876
Slaughter, Frank R.	Los Angeles	Horticulturist	New York	1859	Nov., 1874
Saenz, Jesus	Palmas	Merchant	Mexico	1851	March, 1857
Shafer, Austin C.	1801 Church av.	Real Estate	Ohio	1872	April, 1876
Sittel, Mary T.	1st st.	Matron	Germany	1871	June, 1876
Skinner, John K.	1360 W. 29th	Contractor	Nova Scotia	1866	June, 1867
Slotterbeck, Katie	622 Bunker Hill	Milliner	Pennsylvania	1871	July, 1871
Stovell, Thomas	Long Beach	Farmer	England	1870	July, 1872

## MEMBERSHIP ROLL

97

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth- place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Storme, George	429 S. Hill	Painter	Sweden	1880	Feb., 1882
Staub, George	Los Angeles	Farmer	New York	1873	1873
Smith, W. J. A.	820 Linden	Draughtsman	England	1874	April 12, 1874
Shearer, Mrs. Tillie	1124 El Molino	Housewife	Illinois	1882	July, 1878
Short, Cornelius R.	1417 Mission blvd.	Farmer	Delaware	1859	Aug. 8, 1869
Staples, John F.	St. Elmo Hotel	Drover	Maryland	1849	March, 1859
Stewart, Melissa A.	812 W. 30th	Housewife	New York	1865	March, 1871
Steere, Robert	260 S. Olive	Retired	New York	1859	March, 1875
Schroeder, Hugo	1810 S. Figueroa	Sign Painter	Illinois	1875	April, 1875
Schroeder, Adelmo	1257 Hoover	Sign Painter	Illinois	1874	Dec., 1874
Schutte, Augusta	1019 W. 2nd	Housewife	Germany	1874	Nov., 1875
Slotterbeck, Sophia	523 Buena Vista	Housewife	Germany	1870	Aug., 1875
Spencer, Amanda H.	Los Angeles	Housewife	New York	1868	July, 1868
Strauss, Ben A.	3311 Temple	Clerk	Kentucky	1876	Oct. 31, 1876
Switzer, C. P.	Georgia st.	Carpenter	Virginia	1854	Feb. 12, 1854
Straus, Adolph	223 1/2 N. Grand av.	Miner	Tennessee	1875	Oct., 1875
Steele, Roland R.	Compton	Farmer	West Virginia	1860	1867
Smith, Roland R.	Duarte	Rancher	Nova Scotia	1875	1875
Short, Floretta F.	528 S. Eastlake av.	Housewife	Texas	1868	Sept., 1869
Safford, Geo. S.	Los Angeles		New York	1872	Nov., 1872
Slack, W. T.	San Gabriel	Butcher	Ohio	1852	June, 1860
Toberman, J. R.	Hollywood	Farmer	Virginia	1859	April, 1863
Thom, Cameron E.	Santa Monica	Attorney	Virginia	1849	April, 1854
Taft, Mrs. Mary H.	Hollywood	Housewife	Michigan	1854	Dec. 25, 1854
Thomas, John M.	Monrovia	Farmer	Indiana	1859	Dec. 7, 1868
Thurman, S. D.	El Monte	Farmer	Tennessee	1852	Sept. 15, 1852
Truman, Ben C.	Pasadena	Author	Rhode Island	1866	Feb. 1, 1872
Turner, Wm. F.	608 N. Griffin	Grocer	Ohio	1858	May, 1858
Thayer, John S.	147 W. 25th	Merchant	New York	1874	Oct. 25, 1874
Tubbs, Geo. W.	1643 Central	Retired	Vermont	1869	Oct., 1871
Thurman, R. M.	Pomona	Farmer	Tennessee	1852	Sept. 15, 1852
Thurman, S. D.	El Monte	Farmer	Tennessee	1852	Sept. 15, 1852
Torr, Agnes	411 E. 29th	Housewife	New York	1878	Oct., 1878
Tilly, Joseph	Los Angeles	Retired	England	1866	1876
True, Cyrus S.	2749 W. Pico	Dep. Col.	Maine	1863	1872
Thurman, John S.	516 E. 5th	Farmer	Tennessee	1852	Sept. 2, 1852
Thurman, A. L.	Burnett	Farmer	Tennessee	1852	1852
Taylor, Peter	Santa Monica	Retired	Scotland	1860	1873
Tweddy, Mrs. Ada	Riversa	Housewife	Texas	1854	1865
Taylor, Mrs. Martha	Riversa	Housewife	Illinois	1849	1849
Tibbets, James M.	129 S. Ave. 21	Contractor	Indiana	1873	March 16, 1881
Venable, Joseph W.	Downey	Farmer	Kentucky	1849	July, 1869
Vawter, E. J.	Ocean Park	Florist	Indiana	1875	April 12, 1875
Vawter, W. S.	Santa Monica	Farmer	Indiana	1875	July 10, 1875
Van Valkensburg, Amelia	1153 S. Main	Retired	Illinois	1868	Feb. 15, 1868
Vaughn, Claiborne	Covina	Fruit Grower	Indiana	1859	March, 1871
Workman, Wm. H.	357 Boyle av.	Banker	Missouri	1854	1854
Wise, Dr. Kenneth D.	1351 S. Grand av.	Physician	Indiana	1872	Sept., 1872
Williamson, Geo. W.	Los Angeles	Capitalist	Illinois	1872	1872
Weyse, Rudolph G.	339 Bunker Hill	Bookkeeper	California	1860	Jan. 29, 1860
Wright, Charles M.	Spadra	Farmer	Vermont	1859	July, 1859
White, Charles H.	1137 Ingraham	S. P. Co.	Massachusetts	—	Nov., 1872
Wilson, C. N.	Fernando	Lawyer	Ohio	1870	Jan. 9, 1871
Ward, James F.	1121 S. Grand av.	Farmer	New York	—	Jan., 1872
Workman, Alfred	212 Boyle av.	Broker	England	—	Nov. 28, 1868
Wiggins, Thomas J.	El Monte	Farmer	Missouri	1854	Sept., 1854
Woodhead, Chas. B.	852 Buena Vista	Dairyman	Ohio	1873	Feb. 21, 1874
Wern, August W.	1345 W. 30th	Retired	Germany	1859	1885
Wright, Edward T.	1322 W. 20th	Surveyor	Illinois	1875	March, 1875
Wohlfarth, August	1604 Pleasant av.	Saddler	Germany	1870	Sept., 1874
White, J. P.	989 E. 55th	Well Borer	Kentucky	1870	May, 1870
Wyatt, Mary Thompson	Downey	Housewife	Texas	1852	Sept., 1852
Wyatt, J. Blackburn	Downey	Farmer	Virginia	1849	1849
Wolf, George W.	4332 Vermont av.	Farmer	Indiana	1873	Oct. 5, 1873
Wolfskill, John	1419 S. Grand av.	Rancher	Missouri	1854	Dec. 12, 1854
Widney, Robert M.	Fernando	Fruit Grower	Ohio	1857	March, 1868
Wetzel, Martin	2114 Pasadena av.	Engineer	Kentucky	1867	Aug. 27, 1867
Willard, Cyrus	802 W. Washington	Retired	Maine	1853	March 1, 1875

Name.	Address.	Occupation.	Birth- place.	Arrived in State.	Arrived in County.
Wadsworth, Jas. M.	El Monte	Mason	Pennsylvania	1874	1877
Walker, Frank	748 W. 1st	Retired	Canada	1864	Oct., 1875
Wilson, W. R.	1517 Maple av.	Carpenter	Indiana	1875	March 20, 1875
Wolfram, Gustave P.	820 E. 17th	Harness Maker	Penn.	1869	Aug., 1879
Wright, J. C.	Azusa	Horticulturist		1870	Before 1870
Wadsworth, C. E.	Florence	Bookkeeper	New York	1865	1865
Walters, Peter	Los Angeles	Miner	Scotland	1875	Feb., 1875
Wilson, Mrs. Arabel A.	1068 W. 30th	Nurse	New York	1877	Oct., 1877
White, Frank H.	2242 Le Grande	Dep. Tax Collector	N. Y.	1865	Oct., 1865
Waldron, S. A.	509 California	Landlord	Michigan	1859	April 10, 1873
Walsh, D. F.	1829 Orange	Contractor	Ireland	1870	June 6, 1870
Wetzel, Julia	2114 Pasadena av.	Housewife	New York	1871	July 5, 1872
Wheeler, Sophia A. P.	2161 E. 1st	Cham. of Com.	Mass.	1881	May 11, 1881
Williams, Jos. Lee	139 1/2 N. Spring	Manufacturer	Michigan	1867	Sept. 13, 1868
Young, John D.	2607 Figueroa	Farmer	Missouri	1853	Oct., 1853
Yarnell, Mrs. S. C.	1808 W. 1st	Housewife	Wisconsin	1856	April, 1877
Young, Robert A.	Los Angeles	Miner	Ireland	1866	1866
Young, O. K.	Lordsburg	Farmer	Illinois	1879	1879
Zobelein, George	3950 Figueroa	Brewer	Bavaria	1868	1868

Organized November 1, 1883  
PARTS II-III

Incorporated February 12, 1891  
VOL. VII.

## ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

# HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

---

---

1907-1908

---

---

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
J. B. WALTERS, Printer  
105 East First Street  
1909





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

Portrait of H. D. Barrows.....	
Officers of the Historical Society, 1907-1908.....	102
The Battle of San Diego.....	Millard F. Hudson... 103
Architecture of the Missions.....	Wm. L. Judson... 114
Portrait of J. M. Guinn .....	
California Under the Rule of Spain and Mexico.....	J. M. Guinn... 119
The Historical Society of Southern California.....	H. D. Barrows... 129
The Mission Indians of the San Jacinto Reservation, .....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson... 134
The Pioneer Directory of Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn... 144
Biographical Sketches of the Founders of Our Society, H. D. Barrows...	151
Twenty-five Years of Local History Work.....	J. M. Guinn... 155
Trade Conditions at San Pedro in 1850.....	A Memorial to Congress... 164
Las Salinas.....	J. M. Guinn... 169
Reminiscences of Early California, 1831 to 1846.....	J. J. Warner... 176
The Battle of San Jacinto (Texas).....	Anonymous... 194
A Forgotten Landmark.....	J. M. Guinn... 198
Yuma Depredations on the Colorado in 1850.....	A Deposition... 202
Letter to General Bennett Riley, 1849.....	Stephen C. Foster... 204
Letter Asking License to Hunt Sea Otter, 1831.....	A. B. Thompson... 205
Whig Political Document, 1851 .....	John Wilson et al... 206
Songs from a California Songster.....	D. E. Appleton... 207
From Pueblo to Ciudad.....	J. M. Guinn... 216



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

Portrait of H. D. Barrows.....	
Officers of the Historical Society, 1907-1908.....	102
The Battle of San Diego.....	Millard F. Hudson... 103
Architecture of the Missions.....	Wm. L. Judson... 114
Portrait of J. M. Guinn .....	
California Under the Rule of Spain and Mexico.....	J. M. Guinn... 119
The Historical Society of Southern California.....	H. D. Barrows... 129
The Mission Indians of the San Jacinto Reservation, .....	Mrs. M. Burton Williamson... 134
The Pioneer Directory of Los Angeles.....	J. M. Guinn... 144
Biographical Sketches of the Founders of Our Society, H. D. Barrows...	151
Twenty-five Years of Local History Work.....	J. M. Guinn... 155
Trade Conditions at San Pedro in 1850.....	A Memorial to Congress... 164
Las Salinas.....	J. M. Guinn... 169
Reminiscences of Early California, 1831 to 1846.....	J. J. Warner... 176
The Battle of San Jacinto (Texas).....	Anonymous... 194
A Forgotten Landmark.....	J. M. Guinn... 198
Yuma Depredations on the Colorado in 1850.....	A Deposition... 202
Letter to General Bennett Riley, 1849.....	Stephen C. Foster... 204
Letter Asking License to Hunt Sea Otter, 1831.....	A. B. Thompson... 205
Whig Political Document, 1851 .....	John Wilson et al... 206
Songs from a California Songster.....	D. E. Appleton... 207
From Pueblo to Ciudad.....	J. M. Guinn... 216

# Officers of the Historical Society

## 1907

### OFFICERS

WALTER R. BACON.....President  
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....First Vice-President  
HON. HENRY E. CARTER.....Second Vice-President  
EDWIN BAXTER .....Treasurer  
J. M. GUINN.....Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Walter R. Bacon	H. D. Barrows
J. M. Guinn	Henry E. Carter
Edwin Baxter	Dr. J. D. Moody
Mrs. M. Burton Williamson	

---

## 1908

### OFFICERS

WILLIAM F. JUDSON.....President  
MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.....First Vice-President  
MILLARD F. HUDSON.....Second Vice-President  
EDWIN BAXTER.....Treasurer  
J. M. GUINN.....Secretary and Curator

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

William F. Judson	Robert McKee
J. M. Guinn	Edwin Baxter
Dr. J. D. Moody	H. D. Barrows
Mrs. M. Burton Williamson	



**HENRY DWIGHT BARROWS**

**PIONEER OF 1854**

**ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

**Member Board of Directors 1883 to date.**

**Vice-President 1883-1886.**

**President 1888-1889.**



# Historical Society

OF

## Southern California

Los Angeles, California

1907-1908

---

### THE BATTLE OF SAN DIEGO.

BY MILLARD F. HUDSON.

The Southwestern corner of the United States, though never the scene of large military operations, has nevertheless the unique distinction of having been the scene of two important and interesting episodes: Its metropolis, San Diego, saw the first armed conflict between Spaniards and Americans, and near it was fought the battle of San Pasqual, the bloodiest engagement, in California, of the Mexican War. The first named event, forming the subject of this sketch, occurred in 1803, and was a pitched battle between the officers and crew of the Boston brig, *Lelia Byrd*, then on a trading voyage round the world, and the entire force of the Spanish military establishment of San Diego intrenched behind earthworks at the entrance to San Diego Bay. The result was a victory for the American ship, and although the conflict was brief, the resourcefulness and courage which so highly distinguished the American sailor of that day were highly exemplified. The story is one which deserves to be better known as a plain indication of manifest destiny.

The trouble was all about some otter skins.

On the coming of the first Spanish settlers, late in the Eighteenth Century, this valuable marine animal was found to be abundant along the bays and coves of the Pacific, from San Francisco to Cape St. Lucas. The Indians utilized its fur to some extent, paddling out on their *bolsas* made of tule and shooting an otter now and then with their bows and arrows; but they were not sufficiently expert or zealous hunters to capture many of the alert little animals, which

---



continued to increase in numbers. The Franciscan missionaries, however, were enterprising and successful traders, and they soon taught the Indians improved methods of hunting and stimulated them to greater activity. They thus became the fathers of the fur trade in both the Californias, and were directed in the royal *cédula* of 1785 to collect the skins from the natives and deliver them to the royal commissioner sent to take charge of the traffic, at a fixed tariff of prices.

This commissioner was Don Vicente Basadre y Vega, and he came up to the Californias from San Blas in 1786 to take charge of the government monopoly in the fur trade, consistently with Spain's traditional policy of reserving for the royal treasury all the most valuable resources of her colonies. It was designed to open a trade between the Californias and China, buying the furs at low prices from the missionaries and shipping them to the Philippines, there to be exchanged with the Chinese for quicksilver. On his first trip Don Vicente secured 1600 skins and in four years bought and shipped to Manila 9729 skins at a total cost of \$87,699—almost exactly \$9 each; but in 1790 the enterprise was abandoned and the commissioner returned home to Spain.

The reasons for this failure were several, but it was largely due to the lack of experience and skill of the Spaniards in handling the furs. It is said, also, that the quality of the furs was slightly inferior to those found in colder climes. The opening of this market, however, even though for but a short time, greatly stimulated the business of otter hunting. Many of the Indian neophytes became fairly expert in the chase, and the missionaries continued to buy the pelts, which they sent to San Blas for transport to the Philippines.

Early in the Nineteenth Century the Yankee trader began to cast his shadow before him and his advent caused a thrill of terror in the breasts of the Spanish officials. They were struggling with the difficult problem of holding unbroken a long, thin line of weak military posts, menaced on the north by the Russians, and from the ocean, as they believed, by England. Knowing their own weakness, they looked with jealousy and suspicion upon the infrequent visiting ships of other nations and were inclined to enforce rigidly the strict trade regulations against them. In 1792, 1793 and 1794, Captain George Vancouver, of the British navy, paid the Spanish establishments three several visits and explored the Pacific Coast from Cape Mendocino to San Diego, creating consternation in officialdom by his demands upon their courtesy and by his unavoidable discovery of the defenseless condition of the country. After this event the question of strengthening the military was taken up again with renewed vigor and the viceroy was prevailed upon to make some

concessions. Among other things, he authorized the construction of a fort on Point Guijarros, a long, low, sand-spit commanding the entrance to San Diego Harbor. Vancouver's quick eye had noted the absence of fortifications at this place, and he had expressed his wonder thereat, shrewdly and correctly opining that it was the strategic point for the command of the harbor. These works were commenced in 1795 and continued in a leisurely way for several years.

The first foreign vessel to enter San Diego Bay was that of Vancouver, in 1793. Five years later there suddenly appeared four American sailors, who had been left by a Boston vessel on the Lower California coast and came to the northern port in search of passage home. While waiting for a vessel to take them to San Blas, they earned board by working on the fortifications. These were the first Americans to set foot on the shores of San Diego Bay. The first American ship to appear was the *Betsy*, Captain Charles Winship, which came in August, 1800, remained ten days and obtained wood and water. The next was the *Enterprise*, of New York, Captain Ezekiel Hubbell, which put in for supplies in June of the following year. After these, visitors began to be comparatively frequent at all the California ports, most of them Americans, and the Spanish officials were often driven to their wits ends to temper official severity with personal courtesy. The English ships were feared because of the uncertainty about the designs of the English, frequent rumors of war with that country percolating to the far-off frontier and keeping it in a state of alarm and suspense. But the Yankees were not so much feared as regarded with alarm and suspicion; they were an unknown quantity, people whose motives were hard to fathom and who, for that and other reasons, were to be kept at arm's length. One of the most disturbing things about these amazing Yankees was the fact that all their ships carried guns, in some cases heavier and more numerous than any of which the harbor forts could boast. For example, the *Enterprise*, carried ten guns and twenty-one men; and though her errand seemed harmless enough, who could tell what mischief she might be contemplating?

But if the beginnings of this foreign trade alarmed and annoyed the officials, the effect upon the *frailies* and the scanty civil population was far otherwise. The lives of the former, associated as they were year after year almost exclusively with Indians, was inexpressibly monotonous and trying, and endurable only to men consecrated to missionary labors. The lives of the soldiers and of the few civilians were scarcely less narrow and monotonous. The annual supply ship from Mexico, while eagerly looked forward to, was but a nine days wonder, and nothing to compare with the coming of the mysterious Yankees, with their strange dress and

language. The Spanish *frailes*, too, were as a rule men of education and refinement, while the military were uneducated peasants with the exception of the few officers, who were mostly soldiers of fortune. It was, therefore, a source of joy to these cultured missionaries when men of education, intelligence, and refinement began to visit the country, even though of an alien race and a different religion. The Yankee ships, laden with the products of New England ingenuity, were bound for any port where bargains might be found; and it was small wonder if it soon began to be whispered about, outside official circles, that they carried Yankee notions which they were willing to exchange for otter skins, on the sly. The royal *cédula* of 1785 had forbidden all trade in furs by private persons, and declared it contraband. When the commissioner was withdrawn, the missionaries continued to collect and ship the furs; and while they made a fair profit in the trade, it would have been strange, indeed, if, while casting a speculative eye upon the Yankee ships, the possibility of finding a better market in them, with quicker returns, had not occurred to them. The *frailes* were but men, and liked to drive a good bargain, while the soldiers were miserably paid and glad of any chance to make a small addition to their incomes. In brief, it was not long before a flourishing contraband trade sprang up with these ships, in which missionaries, soldiers, civilians, and Indians were interested, and which the officials strove in vain to check—when they did not wink at or privately engage in it themselves.

The first ship to do a thoroughly satisfactory stroke of business in this line was the *Dromio*, of Boston, which anchored in the bay of Todos Santos, where the city of Ensenada now stands, in 1807, and where swarms of Indians came from the near-by mission of San Miguel bearing otter skins to trade. Lower California soon became the headquarters of this trade, the otters being plentiful and the administration lax. But before the *Dromio* made this lucky haul, at least two American ships (the first to try the fur trade at that port) had suffered loss and damage at the hands of a San Diego commandant and the "Battle of San Diego" had been fought.

On the 26th day of February, 1803, the ship *Alexander*, of Boston, Captain John Brown, dropped anchor in San Diego Bay and asked permission to remain for a time, on the plea that members of the crew were sick with scurvy. Eight days were granted them by the commandant, the sick were allowed to land at a little distance from the fort, and fresh provisions were supplied. All went well for a time, and Captain Brown did a thriving trade with soldiers and Indians in otter skins; but on the evening of the fifth day the commandant, who seems to have known pretty well, or at least to have had strong suspicions, of what was going on, suddenly sent on

board an officer with an armed force and searched the ship. This raid was made, so Captain Brown complained, by an armed rabble, without first demanding the surrender of the skins; and he also claimed that he was treated roughly by the soldiers, who helped themselves to all the furs they could find, whether taken on board at San Diego or elsewhere, and who also carried away a quantity of merchandise which was not contraband and to which they had no right—in short, that his ship was plundered. But the search brought to light four hundred and ninety-one otter skins, which were clearly contraband, and were at once confiscated. There is some ground for the suspicion that the Yankee Captain's touching tale of sailors sick with scurvy was only a Yankee trick. But although he complained, grumbling could not save him from the loss of the skins nor from having to leave San Diego Bay immediately, by the commandant's orders.

The commandant of the San Diego presidial establishment at that time was Don Manuel Rodriguez, who had come to California as a young *alférez*, or lieutenant, and risen to the command of the port. He was a vain, pompous, and officious man, intent on keeping the foreign captains strictly within the limits of their few privileges, and especially zealous in trying to suppress private trading in furs. With the skins seized from the *Alexander* and those previously gathered from other sources, he now had on hand about a thousand confiscated otter skins.

The *Lelia Byrd* was the property of Captain Richard J. Cleveland, a native and resident of Salem, Massachusetts. He had been a sailor from his youth and in 1799 started on a four years' voyage to China and India and back, by way of the Northwest Coast, in which he made a fortune. Upon returning from this cruise, he became the owner of the *Lelia Byrd*, fitted her out at Hamburg, loaded her with merchandise, and started on another voyage with William Shaler as captain and himself as second officer. Both Cleveland and Shaler were fine types of the American captains of the day, enterprising and resourceful; and Cleveland, in particular, was a man of quite unusual refinement, fortitude, and moral courage. At a port to the south they heard that the commandant at San Diego had some otter skins which they could probably buy. They had succeeded in securing sixteen hundred skins on the lower coast and, being on their way to China, were anxious to increase their stock, and accordingly sailed for San Diego in the hope of doing some business at that place.

On the evening of the 17th day of March, the *Lelia Byrd* sailed boldly past Fort Guijarros and came to anchor in the harbor. The following morning the commandant came down on the shore abreast of the ship, with an escort of twelve dragoons, and requested that

a boat be sent to take him on board. To the surprise of the Americans, he crowded all his escort into the boat and brought them on board, and probably "regretted the necessity of leaving on shore his horses," as Cleveland sarcastically remarked. Having come over the ship's side and saluted, he waited while his escort formed in two lines, with doffed hats in one hand and drawn swords in the other, and then passed ceremoniously through the lines to the companionway. "His dress and every movement," declares Cleveland, "evinced the most arrant coxcomb," and he seems to have made himself, from the first, very offensive to the plain Americans. Having inquired as to their home port, destination, and the objects of their cruise, he had a minute taken of the supplies which they required and which he agreed to furnish; he added, however, that he should expect them to quit the port immediately upon their wants being supplied, and gave warning that no trading would be permitted; he forbade the Americans to visit the town, but gave them leave to go on shore in the neighborhood of the anchorage. With this he pompously took his leave and went ashore, but left behind five of his escort, whom he detailed to remain on the ship and act as a guard to prevent contraband trading.

The officers and crew of the *Lelia Byrd* availed themselves of the permission to go on shore and, finding no one at the fort, examined it with some care. It was an earthworks with plank and stone magazine at the rear. The battery consisted of eight brass nine-pounder guns, in working order and with plenty of ammunition. Returning to the ship, they made the acquaintance of the sergeant of the guard, who proved communicative, related the incident of the *Alexander*, and told them about the store of confiscated skins in the possession of the commandant. This was encouraging and led the Americans to hope their visit might not be fruitless; but when they applied to Rodriguez to purchase the furs, he not only refused to consider their proposals, but made it plain that he expected a literal compliance with his demand that they should leave the harbor without delay. This turn of affairs surprised and disgusted the Americans, who had come with the intention of doing open, legitimate trading.

But another visit on shore raised the hope that a few skins might be had, if not with the consent of the commandant, then without it. The corporal in charge of the battery at the fort, Jose Velasquez, informed the Americans that a few skins might be obtained from private parties, if taken on board at night, and this the Americans arranged to do. Two boats were sent to appointed places on shore that night, one which returned safely with a few furs, but the other, with the mate and two men, failed to return.

The supplies, consisting of three head of cattle, two dozen poultry, and a quantity of flour and salt, had been taken on board, and during

the day Commandant Rodriguez had paid the ship a second pompous visit to receive his pay for them; at the same time he ordered the Americans to leave the next day, and wished them a pleasant voyage. But the commandant was an active and suspicious man, and after his experience with the *Alexander*, the *Lelia Byrd* lay heavily on his mind. That evening, at the head of a party of horsemen, he set out to make a round of that part of the beach in the neighborhood of the anchorage and fort. His vigilance was soon rewarded, for in the darkness he came upon the crew of one of the ship's boats in the act of bartering with a civilian for some otter skins. The sailors were at once arrested, bound hand and foot, and left lying on the sand all night in charge of a guard of three men. The commandant proceeded on his way and at the fort found some goods which had been left there in payment for a lot of forty otter skins, and these goods he seized.

The action of the commandant in leaving the prisoners lying on the beach all night was barbarous, notwithstanding the pleasant weather and the mildness of the climate; for, even though they did not suffer from cold, their limbs became much cramped and chafed from the roughly-tied cords. There was a guard-house at the Presidio, three miles away, where it would have been easy to take the prisoners and where they might have been freed from their bonds, even though they were not given beds. But the most amazing thing was, that the commandant should leave his prisoners so near the ship, apparently without a thought of what their comrades would do when they discovered their predicament. Apparently he had so contemptuous an opinion of the Americans as to suppose that they would tamely submit to whatsoever indignity he might choose to inflict. Had he taken the precaution to remove the prisoners to the guard-house, it would have given him an advantage in the conflict which followed and the outcome might have been very different, as Cleveland and Shaler would scarcely have departed without rescuing their men, either by force, or strategy.

When morning came and the plight of the second boat's crew was discovered, the officers of the *Lelia Byrd* took energetic action.

The choice presented them was, as they conceived it, between submission to plundering and indignant treatment, and hazarding the consequences of resistance. Without a moment's hesitation they adopted the latter alternative. While the commandant was assembling the outward symbols of his state and preparing to ride over and search the ship at his leisure, Cleveland and Shaler formed and executed their plans. The Spanish guard on the ship were first of all disarmed and compelled to go below; then Captain Cleveland got into a boat with four men, each armed with a brace of loaded pistols, and pulled ashore. The guard, judging by Cleveland's account, seem to have been taken completely by surprise and to have made

no resistance whatever: "On landing (he wrote), we ran up to the guard, and, presenting our pistols, ordered them instantly to release our men from their ligatures. \* \* \* This order was readily complied with by the three soldiers, who had been guarding them; and, to prevent mischief, we took away their arms, dipped them in the water, and left them on the beach."

Everybody, from the commandant down, seems to have rested serenely in the assumption that the Americans could not and would not make any resistance, and all were completely taken by surprise. By the time the commandant hove in sight, the Americans were safe on board the ship. One of the guard had the presence of mind to run to the fort and give warning that the Americans were about to escape without putting the guard on shore. The alarm quickly spread, and soon the commandant himself came raging down to the fort, with the whole population, both soldiers and citizens, at his heels.

It was now necessary for the Americans to make their escape as quickly as possible. The crew were full of fight, but they were only fifteen all told, and the ship's armament consisted of only six three-pounders, far inferior in both range and effectiveness to the guns in the fort. They knew they were taking desperate chances, and that the battery, if efficiently handled, was sufficient to sink the ship. The service was not efficient, however, as the sequel proved. There were probably forty soldiers at the Presidio, and the total population in 1800 was returned as one hundred and sixty-seven men, women, and children. The greater part of this population now came running from the town to the fort; but the members of the battery were the only ones who counted, the remainder being mere sightseers.

The difficulties and disadvantages with which the Americans had to contend in running the battery were many. The channel is narrow and they would be obliged to pass within musket shot of the fort. Some precious time was necessarily consumed in hoisting the anchor and getting up sail, and this gave the Spaniards plenty of time to prepare for the conflict. There was only a light land breeze blowing, the tide was running in, and the brig was slow in getting under way. As soon as the sailors had loosed the sails and began to heave up the anchor, a blank shot was fired from the fort and the Spanish flag hoisted. This having no effect, a nine-pound solid shot was fired across the ship's bows; but, with all sail set, she continued to draw near the fort.

In the hope of restraining the fire from the fort and thus preventing bloodshed, the Americans now compelled the Spanish guard, in their uniforms, to stand in the most exposed and conspicuous stations in the ship, where they frantically but vainly pleaded with

their countrymen to cease firing, and fell upon their faces on the deck at each discharge. This continued, according to Cleveland's estimate, for three-quarters of an hour, before the slow-moving ship came within range of the fort and opened fire. The Americans then fired two broadsides; at the first, they saw numbers of people scrambling up the wall at the back of the fort and running away, and at the second, they were no longer able to see anyone in the fort, except one soldier, who stood on the ramparts and waved his hat.

Safe out of the harbor, preparations were made for putting the guard on shore. While their arms were being tied in bundles and the boat hoisted out, the poor fellows were making a ludicrous exhibition of their fears and never ceased to implore for mercy. Upon being set on shore unharmed, they seemed transported with joy, and proceeded to relieve their feelings by embracing each other, crossing themselves, falling on their knees in prayer, and finally springing up and shouting: "*Vivan, vivan los Americanos!*"

There is no record of any blood being shed in this "Battle of San Diego," but the *Lelia Byrd* was considerably damaged. Her rigging was struck several times early in the action, and while abreast of the fort several balls struck her hull; one of these pierced her "between wind and water." There is no doubt that Corporal Velasquez and his men did everything in their power to sink the ship. Besides the stimulating presence of the fiery commandant, the corporal probably thought it prudent, in view of his previous conduct, to make a record of extenuating zeal. Cleveland expressed the opinion that the corporal offered them the skins treacherously, by order of the commandant; or, as he says, "expressly to decoy us, that he might have an apology to plunder us." But Rodriguez, notwithstanding his officiousness and pomposity, was hardly a man of such bad character as Cleveland believed. It is also a fact (of which Cleveland was probably not aware) that Velasquez was arrested for his complicity in the contraband trading. This arrest was on commercial and not legal grounds, the bone of contention being the goods found in the fort and confiscated by the commandant. The corporal contended there had been merely a little exchange of gifts between himself and the sailors, and that the commandant himself had accepted similar gifts; but the goods were sold for a sum equivalent to \$212. It is somewhat amusing to find, in the voluminous correspondence over this affair, the venerable Fray Antonio Peyri, founder of the Mission of San Luis Rey, writing to ask for the return of one hundred and seventy otter skins which his Indian neophytes had smuggled on board the *Alexander*—perhaps by his own direction—and that this request was refused. But it gives one a shock, even at this late day, to learn that the furs which were the cause of so much trouble never did anyone any good, but rotted before they could be legally dis-



posed of, and were thrown into the sea! How much better to have allowed the poor otters to swim the sea unmolested!

The Americans now returned to the Lower California coast and put into San Quintin for repairs, where they found Captain Brown and the *Alexander*, and had an "experience meeting" at which the adventures of the two ships were related at length and mutual grievances discussed. The *Alexander* soon departed for the Northwest coast, and a few days later there appeared at San Quintin a jolly company of *frailes* from different missions in the vicinity, who came for the privilege of talking with the Americans, and camped on the shore. So pleasant was their company found that the *frailes* persuaded the Americans to prolong their stay a week after they were ready to sail, and, finding that they were becoming short of water, sent their Indian servants a long distance into the interior to bring a fresh supply. So far from blaming the Americans for their part in the affair at San Diego, the *frailes* sympathized heartily with their view of the case and were loud in their denunciation of the San Diego commandant. It seems that a courier had been dispatched to the various missions along the coast with a letter containing an account of the affair, in which, strangely enough, the commandant was blamed and the gallantry of the Americans, as well as their magnanimity in ceasing their fire and in setting the guard safely on shore, were highly eulogized. This letter preceded the ship down the coast, so that the Americans found that the noise of their exploit had gone before them, and always in a form very much to their credit. Indeed, the excitement caused by the affair had not yet died out when Richard Henry Dana came to the Pacific Coast thirty-three years later, as he afterward bore strong testimony.

The *Lelia Byrd* went on her way at last and circumnavigated the globe. Captain Shaler died in 1830, while United States Consul at Havana, and Cleveland was Vice-Consul under him at that time. The latter lived to see the otters exterminated by the eager American hunters, and other battles between Americans and Spaniards fought at San Diego and elsewhere, as the result of which Upper California became one of the United States. In 1842 he published his reminiscences, in which the story of the "Battle of San Diego" was vividly told. He lived to be almost eighty-seven, and died at Danvers, Massachusetts, in 1860. He and Shaler may be said to have been among the finest types of the American sea captains of an heroic age. Their old antagonist, Rodriguez, was sent to Mexico in 1807, and died there in 1810. The otters are all long since gone, and only crumbling ruins mark the scenes of the labors of the devoted missionaries. Today there stands on old Point Guajarras, now called Ballast Point, a government lighthouse, and,

near by on the mainland, the new Fort Rosecrans, forming part of the defenses of San Diego Harbor. In the construction of these works the old Spanish fort was demolished, and even the old stone magazine in the rear removed. Probably few of those whose homes now look out across the beautiful land-locked harbor know the story of the "Battle of San Diego," and it is needful that the heroic deeds of the men of the past should be remembered.

## THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE MISSIONS.

BY WILLIAM L. JUDSON.

One of the most precious bequests which any age can leave to its successors is the charm of its own characteristic spirit. One of the most valued possessions of any age is the flavor of the traditions and the relics of bygone times telling their story of struggle and conquest, of decay, of defeat, of peace and war, of the evolution of a people, of a culture, of an epoch.

For two generations the old missions of California have moaned to the desert breezes the pathetic tale of defeat, disaster, and of a noble purpose almost carried to its fulfillment through the incredible sacrifices of a half century of heroic struggle.

Fifteen years ago California was dotted at intervals with the ruined witnesses to the self-devotion of the mission fathers. For fifteen years, and probably longer, there has gone up a chronic wail that the old missions were passing away. Fire or decay or the necessities of neighbors had destroyed the wooden portions of the unprotected buildings. Roofs had consequently disappeared, and the soluble and friable adobe walls were exposed to the disintegrating action of summer sun and winter rain. In many cases the imperfectly burned bricks of columns and arches had disintegrated until they seemed almost ready to fall of their own weight. The picture was saddening, as ruin and decay must always be, but it was unspeakably picturesque.

The few artists who had the privilege of seeing the missions in that state revelled in their romantic beauty, and, happily, many beautiful transcriptions were made and still exist to prove the truth of these words.

The picturesque beauty of the old missions was passing. Alas! it has passed. What the elements had spared, the restorer has finished.

Henry Sandham, the Boston artist, illustrated Helen Hunt Jackson's book on Father Junipero and his work, in which he vividly indicates the beauty and dignity and the elaborate intricacy of plan and design, as well as the weird picturesqueness of the ruin. I mention this book merely to contrast it with a recent one in which the illustrations are made from photographs, "The Missions of California," by Jesse S. Hildrup.

Here we have the same mission buildings, newly shingled, plastered, painted, perky, neat, comfortable, modern houses. Truly, the old missions are passing; many of them have passed.

The architecture of the California missions has exercised a singular and potent influence on the architectural composition of our time. It is not to be wondered at that the builders of California should adopt and adapt a mode of expression so well suited to the climate and landscape of this southwestern coast, but it is a little singular that its fascination should lay hold of the architects of the cloudy and humid East. The influence of the beautiful mission architecture has been such that it may truly be said to have been the origin of a new and distinct style, if not an order of architecture. The Fathers builded wiser than they knew. Everywhere nowadays we see in domestic, civic and ecclesiastic buildings traces of mission influence; The complicated curving parapet or gable; the generous, wide-spreading, cloistered corridor; the patio; the small-domed, square tower; the embrasure-like arched windows so largely adopted in eastern and even in European plans, are all features borrowed from the missions. And while we contemplate this welcome addition to the art knowledge of the world, it is interesting to trace the sources through which the friars received their ideal.

Undoubtedly the first attempts at formal architecture in Spanish-America were a reflex of the debased renaissance then in vogue in Spain. The simple pedimented form of the Greek temple had been modified to meet the requirements of Christian worship. A belfry had been added in the shape of a square tower on one side, and later on each side of the facade. The dome with which it was crowned was a concession to climate and to architectural effect. In the case of the missions it was easier to cover a small space with a dome of bricks made on the spot than to carry timbers on human shoulders a distance of ten to fifty miles from the mountains; and the dome form, while adding an element of variety and grace to the design, was better adapted to a warm and rainless land than either the hip roof or the spire.

When we question the stones themselves for information, we find the most surprising discrepancy between the mature completeness of the plan and the execution of the detail.

I have not been able to find any record of, or even an allusion to the origin of the plan of the buildings, but the maturity of design, the richness of elaboration in the plan, and the adaptation of parts to each other and to their uses seem convincing evidence that master minds and experienced hands first conceived and drew the plans.

It is more reasonable to believe that these plans were brought ready made from Spain or Mexico than that the priests themselves were trained architects. Even then we have to credit the fathers with an almost supernatural knowledge of building, for there is

no record of skilled artists in the outfit. And there were bricks and tiles to be moulded and fired, difficult and complicated blacksmithing to be done, lime to be quarried and burned, and plaster to be made and applied. There were bricks to be laid, sometimes in beautiful and complicated forms; and, most difficult of all, there were arches to be built, elliptical and circular, and these sometimes occurring side by side in the same wall. There was much woodwork, requiring an intimate knowledge of carpentry, and there was stone masonry and stone carving in cornices and mouldings which would do credit to the advanced knowledge and appliances of our own time.

Doubtless the actual labor presented no problem. The Indian converts in great numbers worked industriously, if not willingly, without payment or reward. There are evidences in all the missions of the barbaric taste in ornament in decoration, and of the untrained hands of the neophyte. The record of the Indian could not be eliminated.

With all this, even supposing that the retinue may have embraced a number of expert workmen, there still remains a great wonder how and by whom these remarkable works were directed.

In the San Carlos Mission at Carmel Bay there was a remarkable piece of engineering in the walls and roof of the main building. The roof was doubtless originally of tile supported by poles laid on wooden rafters. The remarkable thing about it is that this customary arrangement was reinforced with nerves or groins of stone; that is, narrow arches, a single stone in width spanning the nave from side to side. This daring device is an adaptation from the Gothic style, and proves an intimate knowledge of the resources of art in the builder. In fact, it is scarcely possible that the roof could have been so planned by an architect who could not possibly foresee the conditions under which the work must be done. In order to give further stability to the heavy roof, instead of using corbels, as in the Gothic, the inner surface of the massive walls were curved inward at the top, giving an air of exceeding grace to the general effect. The tall elliptical form of its domes also adds an element of grace to the exterior which makes them unique in California. This arrangement is clearly shown by Henry Sandham in the drawings already alluded to.

This same Mission of San Carlos was not only a gem among the missions, but was a remarkable work of art in itself, one which would command the attention of architects anywhere in the civilized world for its simple dignity, for its mass and line, for the perfect proportion of its parts and the beauty of its contours.

I speak in the past tense because the restorer has got in his deadly work since I first saw it. Recent photographs show that

it has been plastered, painted and crowned with a high pitched roof of shingles utterly out of proportion with the buildings and out of harmony with the climate and spirit of California.

These criticisms are made, not in a spirit of blame or fault-finding, but rather in a spirit of regret for the necessity of so great a sacrifice of beauty to utility.

The most elaborate of the California missions was doubtless San Juan Capistrano. Happily, there are a few fragments still remaining to prove what a beautiful and imposing structure it must have been when the seven domes of its great nave were still intact; with its long lines of carved cornices and sculptured pilasters, its multiple arched shrines and niches, and its walls glowing with barbaric design and color. One of the most interesting architectural features of this mission is the stone carving, some of which is still in place and seems to have been done after the masonry was in place. Certain sandstones and some limestones are quite soft when first quarried and may be chiseled and carved readily.

Fifteen years ago, in the glory of its ruin, its great enclosure was an entrancing picture, with its old olive mill, its infinite lines of arches with their floors of square bricks, its red-tiled roofs and quaint terra cotta chimneys.

Time is the great beautifier, the master painter. It will be many long years before the restorations will blend and seem to belong to their place as a part of the story of the past.

Although the mission buildings differ widely in treatment and detail, there is a general family resemblance as if they had been designed by a single mind; usually the facade of a central roman- esque pedimented gable with pilasters supporting the pediment, with a square tower or belfry pierced with roman- esque windows flanking each side, the arched entrance in the center being usually sur- mounted by a square projecting cornice. Sometimes one of the towers has been omitted, as at Santa Inez; sometimes partly miss- ing, as at San Luis Rey, or wholly missing, as at San Gabriel, where the entire facade has been destroyed.

In some cases the gable is treated as a parapet, with complicated lines and this is one of the features seized upon as characteristic in adapting this style to modern uses. The excessive massiveness of the walls which so excites the wonder of the tourist is difficult to account for, unless they were so built to counteract the effect of the frequent temblors of those early days.

During the fifty or sixty years of neglect and decay which the missions suffered, one only seems to have preserved its original appearance. Santa Barbara, one of the richest and most extensive, perhaps owing to the proximity of an important city, has been, at least in part, fairly well preserved. A visit to the belfry and an outlook over the roofs will give the visitor a good idea of the

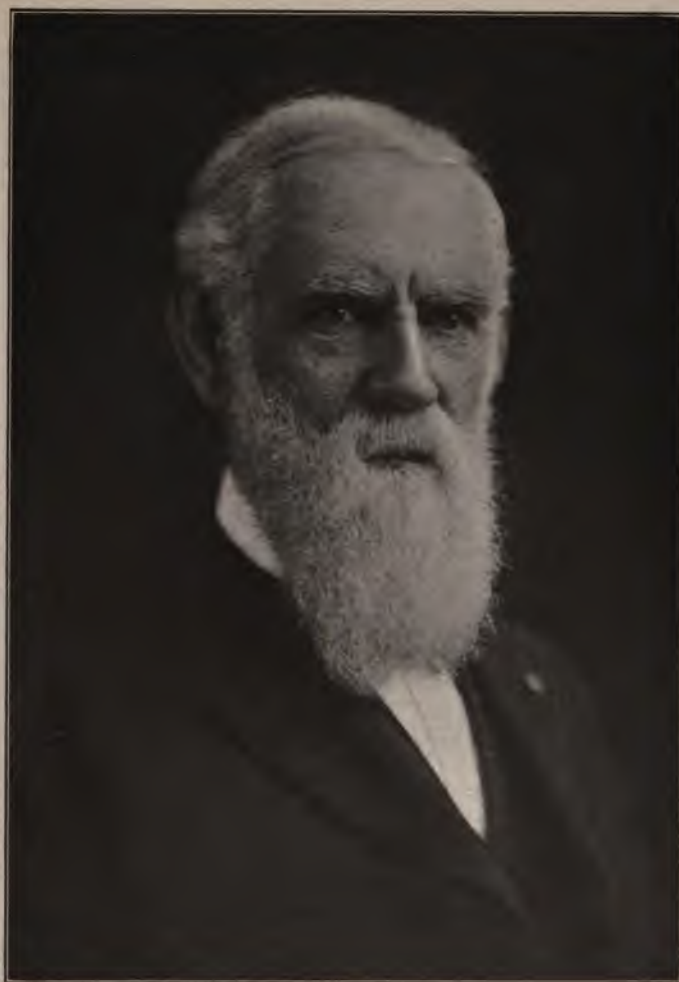
massive construction and the strange mixture of materials used in the building. It is an example of mission architecture exemplary of what may be considered as the central type. The huge fountain in front of the building, clumsy and crude in execution, has still a certain dignity and grace of form, the one quality speaking for its aboriginal and unskilled builders, the other for the cultured mind of its designer.

While none of the California missions can vie with those of Arizona and Texas in point of magnificence of design or in the barbaric splendor and richness of ornamentation, the most notable buildings, like San Luis Rey, the richest of them all, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Barbara, San Carlos, etc., all possess some architectural qualities, like size, beauty of design, intricacy of plan or ingenuity of construction, which must excite admiration and wonder.

On the other hand, some of the mission buildings, like Santa Inez and San Miguel, are conventional and common-place. Still others are mere collections of adobe huts with no pretensions to architecture. There is one redeeming instance in this latter class, however, pathetic in its silent testimony to a desire for beauty amid surroundings of squalor and poverty; this is the belfry of Pala, an isolated bit of brick and stone masonry pierced by two arches, one above the other. It is perfect in its outline and having the crowning quality of artisanship, a perfect adaptability to its use.

Another instance which seems to me a pathetic misdirection of worthy intention is in the facade of San Francisco de Asis, where massive pillars of noble proportions are superimposed in a manner opposed to all the laws of art, beauty, good taste and gravity.

Father Junipero Serra was the moving spirit in the founding and building of the nine principal missions of the south, and, so far as we know, no other force was pervasive enough to impress a style on all this work. It is probable, then, that, although the plans may have been drawn by other hands, the directing mind was that of this remarkable man, and although this fact is not mentioned in the books, it is very reasonable that to his many other great qualities the gift of artistic insight was added, if not the accomplishment of architectural training.



JAMES MILLER GUINN

ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Treasurer 1883-1890.

President 1890-1891.

Secretary and Curator 1892 to date.

Member Board of Directors 1883 to date.





## CALIFORNIA UNDER THE RULE OF SPAIN AND MEXICO.

BY J. M. GUINN.

California, generally speaking, is regarded as a new country, and our eastern friends are accustomed to refer to it as "Out West"—a term significant of recent settlement. Yet in point of discovery California ranks among the earliest made on the North American continent, and in time of settlement it antedates all the other States west of the Alleghany Mountains except four.

What was named by the Spaniards Alta California was discovered by Cabrillo in 1542—fifty years almost to a day after the discovery of the New World by Columbus.

Our easy victory over the Spaniards in our recent war with them, in which we wrested from Spain the last vestige of her former vast possessions in America, has bred in us a contempt for the Spanish soldier and sailor; and in our overmastering Anglo-Saxon conceit we are inclined to consider our race the conservator of enterprise, adventure and martial valor, while on the other hand we regard the Spanish Celt as lacking in energy, deficient in enterprise and destitute of courage; and yet there was a time when these race conditions seemingly were reversed. There was a time when the Spaniards were the most enterprising, the most adventurous and the bravest of the nations of Europe.

A hundred years before our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, Spain had flourishing colonies in America. Eighty-five years before the first cabin was built in Jamestown, Cortez had conquered and made tributary to the Spanish crown the empire of Mexico, a country more populous and many times larger than Spain herself. Ninety years before the Dutch had planted the germ of a settlement on Manhattan Island—the site of the future commercial metropolis of the New World—Pizarro, the swineherd of Truxillo, with a handful of adventurers had conquered Peru, the richest, most populous and most civilized empire of America. In less than fifty years after the discovery of America, Balboa crossed the Isthmus of Panama, discovered the Pacific Ocean, and took possession of it for the Spanish crown; Magellan, sailing through the straits that still bear his name and across the wide Pacific, circumnavigated the globe; Cabeza de Vaca, with three companions, after nine years' wandering among savage tribes, crossed the continent overland from the Atlantic to the Pacific; Coronado, searching for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola and the mythical Quivera, penetrated the

interior of the North American continent to the plains of Kansas; and Cabrillo, the discoverer of Alta California, explored the Pacific Coast of North America to the 44th parallel of north latitude; and all these discoveries had been made by the Spaniards in fifty years. Was there ever a half century in the world's history so crowded with mighty events? Was there ever a people more daring?

While the English and the French were cautiously feeling their way along the North Atlantic coast of America and taking possession of a few bays and harbors, the Spaniards had possessed themselves of all of the South American continent and more than one-third of the habitable portion of the North American.

When we consider the clumsy and imperfect arms with which they made their conquests, and the lumbering and unseaworthy ships in which they explored unknown seas, we are surprised at their success and astonished at their enterprise and their daring.

The ships of Cabrillo were but little better than floating tubs—square rigged, high decked, broad bottomed, they sailed almost equally well with broadside as with keel to the wave. Even the famous galleons of Spain compared with the ships of today were caricatures of maritime architecture—huge, clumsy, round-sterned vessels with bulwarks four feet thick and built up at stem and stern like castles. Whether in storm or fair weather, they rocked and rolled continually.

Nor were storms and shipwrecks on unknown seas the mariner's greatest dread, nor were they his deadliest enemies. That fearful scourge of the high seas, the dreaded escorbuto or scurvy, always made its appearance on long voyages, and sometimes exterminated the entire ship's crew.

\* \* \*

Two hundred and twenty-seven years have passed since that autumn day when Cabrillo, the discoverer, sailed into San Diego Bay. In all the centuries that have gone by since that eventful day, California has remained a terra incognita—an unknown land.

Out beyond the Channel Islands, freighted with the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind," year after year the Manila galleons sailed down the coast on their return voyages. Storm-tossed and scurvy-scourged, there was no harbor of refuge prepared for them on the California coast. The kings and nobles of Spain must revel in luxury and there was no money to spare from the royal treasury to explore an unknown coast when the only return might be the saving of sailors' lives.

For two centuries and a half Spain has held her vast colonial possessions in America, but her grasp is loosening. As the years have gone by, defeat and disaster have come upon her and she has

fallen from her high estate. Her power on sea and land has weakened. Those brave old sea kings, Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, have destroyed her Invincible Armada and burned her ships in her very harbors. English and Dutch privateers have preyed upon her commerce on the high seas, and buccaneers have robbed her treasure ships and devastated her settlements on the islands and the Spanish Main; while freebooters of many nations have time and again captured her Manila galleons and ravished her colonies on the Pacific Coast.

The bravery, the energy and the enterprise that had been a marked characteristic of her people in the days of Cortez and Pizarro were ebbing away. The immense wealth that flowed into her coffers from her American possessions engendered habits of lavish expenditure and official corruption among her rulers, demoralized her army and prostrated her industries. While her kings and nobles were reveling in luxury, her poor were crying for bread. Proscriptive laws, religious intolerance and haunting fear of her Holy Inquisition had driven into exile many of her most enterprising and most intelligent people.

These baneful influences had palsied the bravery and spirit of adventure that had been marked characteristics of the Spaniards in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Other nations stood ready to take advantage of Spain's decadence. Her olden-time enemy, England, who had gained in power as Spain had lost, was ever on the alert to take advantage of her weakness; and another power, Russia, almost unknown among the nations of Europe when Spain was in her prime, was threatening her possessions in Alta California. To hold this vast country it must be colonized, but her restrictions on commerce and her proscriptive laws against foreigners had shut the door to her colonial possessions against colonists from other nations. Her sparse settlements in Mexico could spare no settlers. The native inhabitants of Alta California must be converted to Christianity and made into citizens. Poor material indeed were these degraded savages for Christians or citizens, but Spain's needs were pressing and missionary zeal was powerful. The scheme for the occupation and colonization of Alta California was to be jointly the work of the Church and the State—of the Sword and the Cross. The State was to send its soldiers to protect the missionaries while engaged in the work of conversion, and punish the natives when they rebelled. The church, besides converting the natives, was to train them to habits of industry, teach them to be self-supporting and fit them for citizenship.

Early in 1769 two ships were dispatched from ports in Lower California to San Diego, which had been selected as the initial point for beginning the work of conversion, and two land expeditions

began their march from Loreto to San Diego. With the second land expedition came Gaspar Portola, the Governor of the Territory, and Father Junipero Serra, the President of the Missions.

On the 16th day of July, 1769, the first mission, San Diego de Alcalá, was founded; and during the same year Governor Portola explored the country as far north as the Bay of San Francisco, which his expedition discovered and named.

During the fifty-two years of Spanish domination in California, *i. e.*, from 1769 to 1821, twenty missions were established, four presidios or military posts built, and three pueblos or towns founded. The chain of missions extended from San Diego to San Francisco. Into these the coast Indians were gathered, either by persuasion or by force. They were taught the religious observances of the Catholic Church and were trained to labor. Little or no attempt was made to educate the native converts. A few of the brightest were taught to sing in the mission choirs, but the great mass of the neophytes, after three generations of mission training, were as ignorant of book learning as were their ancestors who gathered acorns for food in oak forests of the California foothills.

Under Spanish domination in California the missions were all powerful. From San Diego to San Francisco they absorbed all the best land between the Coast Range and the sea. There was but little left for settlers. A colonist could not obtain a grant of land if the padres of the nearest mission objected.

Few forms of land monopoly have ever exceeded that of the mission system of California. Take, for example, the San Gabriel Mission. At the zenith of its power it controlled 24 ranchos, containing about a million and a half acres of the most fertile land in California. San Gabriel Mission reached its highest neophyte population in 1817. It then had 1701 Indians under its control. Its average neophyte population for the first three decades of the past century, when it was most prosperous, was about 1500. It took a thousand acres of fertile land to support an Indian—even the smallest papoose of the mission flock. It is not strange that the people clamored for a subdivision of the mission estates.

The three pueblos established in California under Spanish rule were San Jose, founded in 1777; Los Angeles, or to give it its full title, El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora La Reina de Los Angeles. The town of our Lady the Queen of the Angels founded in 1781, and Branciforte, founded in 1797. The growth of these pueblos or agricultural colonies, which they really were, was slow. Exclusive of the soldiers the white population of California in the year 1800 did not exceed six hundred souls, although three decades had passed since the first settlement was made. The people lived in the most primitive manner. There was no commerce and no man-

facturing, except some coarse cloth and a few crude articles made at the missions. The houses were adobe huts roofed with tule thatch. The floors were the beaten earth and the scant furniture home-made. There was a scarcity of cloth for clothing. Padre Salazar relates that when he was at the Mission San Gabriel in 1795, a man who had a thousand horses and cattle in proportion came there to beg cloth for a shirt, for none could be had at the pueblo of Los Angeles, nor at the presidio of Santa Barbara.

Hernanagildo Sal, the commandante of San Francisco, writing to a lady friend at Monterey in 1799 says, "I send you by the wife of the pensioner, Jose Barbo, one piece of cotton goods and an ounce of sewing silk. There are no combs and I have no hope of receiving any for three years." Think of waiting three years for a comb. What a blessing to be a bald headed man in those primitive days.

John Gilroy, the first English speaking resident of California, says at the time of his arrival (1814), there was not a saw mill, whip saw or spoked wheel in California. Such lumber as was used was cut with an axe. Chairs, tables and wood floors were not to be found except in the governor's house. Plates were rare unless that name could be applied to the brick tiles used instead. Money was a rarity. There were no stores and no merchandise to sell. There was no employment for a laborer. The neophytes did all the work and all the business of the country was in the hands of the friars. They were supreme. They had everything their own way. The government and the military were expected to do whatever the friars requested. The missions contained all the wealth of the country.

Wheat, barley and beans, the chief agricultural products, had no market. Nearly everything consumed by the people was produced at home. There was no foreign trade. Here was socialism exemplified,—there was no capitalistic class to rail at; no monopolies to dissolve, and no trusts to burst.

Centuries of oppression at length drove the native born inhabitants of Mexico and the South American provinces to revolt. The offices of honor and profit in church and state were filled by natives of Spain. These treated the mixed bloods of American birth with contempt and cruelty. Even the child of pure Spanish ancestry born in America was regarded as an inferior to the child who first saw the light of day in the Mother Country—Spain. As Spain declined in power the hatred to the Spanish aristocrats increased among the natives of Mexico.

On the 15th of September, 1810, the patriot priest Miguel Hidalgo, a creol by birth, raised the standard of revolt and struck the first blow for Mexican independence. He soon found himself at the

head of a motley army, undisciplined and poorly armed, but its numbers swept away all opposition. Over-confidence brought reverses, and the patriot army met a crushing defeat at the bridge of Calderon.

Hidalgo was captured and shot. Though suppressed for a time the cause of independence was not lost. For eleven years a fratricidal war was waged—cruel, bloody and devastating. Alende, Aldama, Moreles, Mina, Rayon and other patriot leaders met their death on the field of battle or were captured and shot as rebels.

Through the long and bitter struggle for Mexican independence the people of California remained loyal to the Spanish crown, although through Napoleonic wars and the political upheavals that shook the mother country, Spain, they must at time have been in doubt who was wearing that crown. Sola, the Spanish born governor of California, was bitterly opposed to the revolution—even going so far as to threaten death to any one who dared to utter a word in its favor. The mission friars were loyal to Spain. The success of the republican cause in Mexico meant the downfall of their domination in California. They hated republican ideas and regarded their dissemination as a crime. Under Spanish rule they were the ruling power in California.

In September, 1821, under the leadership of Agustin de Iturbede, who had been a royalist general but who had deserted that cause and joined forces with those of the brave old patriot, Guerrero, who in its darkest hour had sustained the flickering light of the revolution—the cause of Mexican independence was won at last. The government of the country did not pass at once from monarchy to republicanism. There was an interregnum of empire. In an outburst of enthusiasm among the soldiers and common people, congress was forced to elect Iturbede, emperor. He was crowned with the imposing title of His Most Serene Majesty, Agustin I, by Divine Providence and by the Congress of the Nation first Constitutional Emperor of Mexico."

The people of California, isolated from the world and seemingly forgotten during the long years of intermittent war in Mexico have heard rumors of a change of government but of what nature the change has been they do not know. In the waning days of September, 1822, a vessel floating a strange flag cast anchor in the bay of Monterey. The gunners at the old Castillo trained their pieces on her and the drummer at the presidio beat to arms, but her mission is a peaceful one. A pompous personage bearing a strange flag comes ashore. He announces himself as a *comisionado* of his imperial majesty Agustin I. Emperor of Mexico, and comes to command the allegiance of the Californians to the empire.

The troops are assembled; the flag of Spain—the flag of Castile

and Leon—with all its old time glories, that for half a century had floated over California, is lowered and in its place floats the imperial banner of Mexico. It is greeted with salutes of artillery and shouts of Viva el Emperor Agustin I. A few months pass and another change comes. The emperor proving himself unfit to rule an unruly people is deposed and banished to Italy, returning he is declared an enemy to the republic and shot as a traitor. The flag of the empire is lowered and the tri-colored banner of the republic waves over the palacio of the governor. In the short space of a twelve month the inhabitants of California have successively been the citizens of a monarchy, an empire, and a republic, and have pledged their allegiance to three different flags. Governor Sola, from a most extreme Spanish loyalist, has been transformed into a Mexican republican.

The transition from the rule of a monarchy to that of a republic at first brought but little change to the people of California. The missions were still all powerful. The revolution had not shorn them of their prerogatives nor of their possessions, but the Republican government of Mexico had in keeping for them a day of reckoning. The war of the revolution had engendered in the Mexican patriots a bitter hatred to the gachapines or tories—Spanish loyalists. The frairs were nearly all Spanish born and had been loyal to the Spanish crown throughout the revolution, most of them had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Republic, and some had been banished from the country.

The neophyte population of the missions was steadily declining. The sanitary conditions at them were bad and the death rate high. In some of them as high as seventy per cent of the children died in infancy. In the mission at San Fernando during its existence as a mission, 1,367 Indian children were baptised—of these 965 died in childhood—leaving only 400 to grow up to maturity. The birth rate at the missions never equalled the death rate and when the gentiles or wild Indians could not be brought into the missions their population began to decline. Even without secularization the decline from the high death rate would have depopulated them in a few decades.

In 1834-35 the Mexican Government enforced its decree of secularization. The neophytes were colonized in pueblos on the mission lands—given the right of citizenship and a share of the personal property of the mission to which they belonged. The pueblo scheme was a failure. The Indians had never been taught self reliance or self control. They had always been worked under masters, their industry was enforced. Left to themselves they were incapable of the management of property. They wasted their substance and then flocked to the towns and became the pariahs of society. They sank



lower and lower in dissipation until their excesses put an end to their existence. A few fled to the mountains and joined the wild Indians there and became expert horse thieves. These were shot on sight like wild beasts by the rancheros, whose horses they stole.

What became of the vast mission estates? As the cattle were killed off of the different ranchos of the mission demains, settlers petitioned the Ayuntamientos for grants. If upon investigation it was found the land asked for was vacant the petition was referred to the governor for his approval. In this way the mission lands passed into private hands. The mission padres had no title to the lands—they held them in trust for the Indians, when that trust ended the lands reverted to the public domain. California improved more in wealth and population between 1836 and 1846 than in the previous fifty years. Secularization was destruction to the missions, but it was beneficial to the country at large.

After the inauguration of a republican form of government in Mexico some of the most burdensome restrictions on foreign commerce were removed. The Mexican congress of 1824, enacted a colonization law which was quite liberal. Under it foreigners could obtain land from the public domain. The Roman Catholic religion was the state religion and a foreigner before he could become a permanent resident of the country, acquire property or marry was required to be baptized and embrace the doctrines of that church. After the Mexican Congress repealed the restrictive laws against foreign commerce a profitable trade grew up between the New England ship owners and the Californians.

Ships called hide dróghers were fitted out in Boston with assorted cargoes suitable for the California trade. Making the voyage by way of Cape Horn they reached California,—stopping at the various ports along the coast they exchanged their stocks of goods and Yankee notions for hides and tallow. It took from two to three years to make a voyage to California and return to Boston, but the profits on the goods sold and on the hides received in exchange were so large that these ventures paid handsomely. The arrival of a hide drógher, with its department store cargo was heralded from San Diego to San Francisco. It broke the monotony of existence, gave the people something new to talk about and stirred them up as nothing else could do unless possibly a revolution.

"On the arrival of a new vessel from the United States," says Robinson in his *Life in California*, "every man, woman and boy and girl took a proportionate share of interest as to the qualities of her cargo. If the first inquired for rice, sugar or tobacco, the latter asked for prints, silks and satins; and if the boy wanted a Wilson jack knife, the girl hoped that there might be some satin ribbons for her. Thus the whole population hailed with eagerness an ar-

rival. Even the Indian in his unsophisticated style asked for Pañas, Colorados and Abalaris—red handkerchiefs and beads.

When the ship's cargo was sold, or rather, exchanged, the hold was filled with dried hides for the New England market. Cattle then were slaughtered for their hides and tallow. The meat was left for the Indians and coyotes.

As I have said before, the transition from monarchy to republicanism made but little change in the people of California at first, but as the years passed and their commerce increased and immigration drifted in more enlightened views prevailed. The restraint in which church and state had held them in the days of Spain's domination relaxed, or rather were loosened, by themselves. With increasing independence came the desire to have a voice in their own government. The population was largely native born and the most active and progressive men among them were of the hijos del país—sons of the soil.

Mexico ignored the claims of these men to political preferment and sent her broken-down politicians and generals out of a job to California to fill the offices of profit and trust. These Mexican dictators, as the native sons called them, brought with them a staff of place hunters who were greedy for the spoils of office and insolent and overbearing to the people. All this was hard to bear. The natives resented this affront put upon them and revolutions followed.

Callow historians have seized upon the fact of the numerous political uprisings of the Californians as a proof that they were unfit to govern themselves, and thus attempt to justify the seizure of the country by the United States. Commodore Stockton, in his proclamation to the people at the time of the first conquest, excuses his usurpation of the governorship of the territory by denouncing Castro as a usurper because he aided in driving out of the country the Mexican-born Governor Micheltorena.

These historians forget that our own Revolution was brought about by the tyranny of the royal governors sent over by England to govern the colonies. During the twenty-five years that California was under the rule of Mexico only one native son was made Governor without a revolution, and that was Arguello, who was appointed under the empire. Castro, Alvarado and Pico, native sons, secured their appointments to the governorship by driving out of the country the Mexican dictators who held that office. These revolutions were for the most part bloodless affairs. The aggregate loss in killed and wounded in the half a dozen so-called battles would not equal the loss of life of a single encounter between Kentucky feudists.

It is perhaps useless to speculate upon what might have been the destiny of California had not the United States acquired it,

partly by conquest and partly by purchase, sixty years ago. It is not probable that in all the years since then Mexico would have continued to hold possession of it. Some one of the nations of Europe—England, France or Russia—that have been chronically afflicted with land hunger would long since have snapped the tempting morsel from her weakening grasp.

It is both pleasing and profitable for us, its inhabitants, to contemplate what California is and has been to the Union. Eliminate from the wealth of the country the billion of dollars in gold from her mines that in the past sixty years California has poured into the treasury of the nation and the marts of trade; take away, too, the income from such an investment and you would turn back the hands on the dial plate of our civilization half a century.

Eliminate from the map of our country all of the territory south of the 40th parallel and west of the Rocky Mountains down to the Mexican line, and turn it over to a foreign nation, and you would cripple our people in peace and war and put a ban on our progress that would be insurmountable. Yet all this vast territory came to us with our acquisition of California. No State in the Union has done more for the progress and prosperity of the nation than ours, and yet no people in all of the commonwealths of the Union are so ashamed of their history as are the Californians. There is not, to my knowledge, a State or Territory, except California, but what expends from its public funds money to support a State Historical Society—to collect and preserve its history, to perpetuate the name and fame of its pioneers.

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY H. D. BARROWS.

[An address delivered before the Sixth District California Library Association at Santa Monica, June 19, 1908.]

The relations existing between the Southern California Public Libraries and the Historical Society of Southern California are not altogether unlike those of first cousins. In a limited sense they supplement each other. Having, to a certain extent, common aims, they can in many ways be helpful to each other.

While the field of activity of the latter organization is practically restricted to the gathering and recording of local history, and to the making of the same (sometime), accessible to our own people and to the world, the Public Libraries have a much wider mission; that is, to gather and make accessible to their several local communities, universal history; in other words, to collect and classify, so far as they may, records of both the past and current achievements of the human race.

I once said,—I do not remember just where or when,—that “no community can claim to be highly enlightened that is content to remain ignorant of its own antecedents; in other words, uninformed as to the prime causes that have made it what it is”; which sentiment may, in this connection, be given a wide significance, thus: No community can claim to be highly enlightened that is content to neglect the riches of literature, in which are crystalized, with greater or lesser fullness, the records of human history.

I suppose the members of the Sixth District of the California Library Association, here assembled, would like to know something about the history, achievements and resources of our Historical Society, which has now been in existence nearly twenty-five years, and which has issued twenty-three annual publications, or seven volumes of local history, aggregating nearly 2000 octave pages. Seven thousand copies of these publications have been distributed among the libraries and Historical Societies of the world. That these publications have received appreciation in our own country and abroad is attested by the many requests that have been received asking for complete files.

It may surprise some of you perhaps to learn that the expense of the publication of these annuals during all these years has been borne exclusively, with one exception, by a comparatively small membership. The material of the second volume, consisting of

valuable historical documents relating to the discoveries and subsequent early history of California, in both Spanish and English, was found by Mr. Adolph Sutro in the royal India Archives in Seville, Spain. Mr. Sutro donated these documents to our Society, and he generously contributed fifty dollars towards defraying the cost of their publication. They were translated by one of our members, the late Mr. George Butler Griffin, who was a very thorough Spanish scholar. Perhaps I should add to this exception the fact that the expense of photos of deceased members, for insertion in the annuals, was paid by surviving relatives.

With these exceptions, our Society, I believe, has not received financial aid from any source whatever, outside of its own membership, in the form of annual dues. Neither the State, nor have any of the counties or cities of Southern California, contributed one dollar towards the maintenance of our or of any Historical Society, although other States, counties and municipalities in nearly every part of the country tax themselves voluntarily for the support of local Historical Societies. In many States it has come to be an almost universally-received canon that these Societies are a necessary equipment of every enlightened community, and moreover, that, unless they are endowed by generous private interests, they must, as a matter of course, as in the case of public schools and libraries, be maintained at public expense.

California has an extremely rich history, from a romantic, economic and social standpoint. Only those who lived in this blessed land of sunshine in the pastoral days before and immediately after the Gringo came, can have any adequate idea of the charm of the life that was lived here by the Spanish Californians, and by the few Americans who first came and who readily assimilated themselves to the genial and often, to them, seemingly romantic ways of the better class of the native Californians.

Many tourists and new-comers not infrequently express a wish to learn something about life here in California in the olden times, when purely Spanish and Mexican laws and customs prevailed. And I know of no writer from whom one can better gain picturesque glimpses of that life than from the late Stephen C. Foster, who came to Los Angeles in 1847 as interpreter for the "Mormon Battalion," under the command of Col. Philip St. George Cooke. Mr. Foster was a graduate of Yale College, of the class of 1840; he was once the Alcalde and twice the Mayor of Los Angeles, and a State Senator from 1851 to '53.

Will the Library delegates here present today permit me to earnestly urge them to familiarize themselves with the fascinating pictures of early California life as sketched by Mr. Foster in two papers contributed to our Historical Society Annual for 1887 (Vol.

I, pp. 30 and 46), and also to a paper contributed by him to a local journal in 1876, on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial anniversary of our national independence, and quoted in the "Central California" history of the coast counties (pages 113-117)?

These sketches are models in their way; for my part, I consider them classics. In Vol. V, His. Soc. Pubs., fronting page 12, there is a photo of Mr. Foster, and on page 91 there is a brief memorial sketch of his life, written on the occasion of his death, January, 1898, and a fuller account in Vol. IV, pp. 179-83.

Another picturesque writer concerning life in Los Angeles and vicinity early times was Judge Benjamin Hayes. A very interesting paper of his was published in a pamphlet issued in 1876, but which is now out of print.

From both these writers one may obtain vivid glimpses of the romantic social life of the native Californians in the early pastoral period under the Spanish and Mexican regimes; and if new-comers in your respective Libraries ask for information on this subject, you will be prepared to point them the way whereby their requests may be gratified. As to the wonderful economic history of California, what State can offer a parallel to the flocking hither of the hordes from every portion of the civilized world, on the discovery of the most extensive placer gold mines ever known in all history? The extent of that vast migration was only equaled by the Crusades of the middle ages.

The original settlement of California by the Franciscan Friars and the history of their labors, which have also their economic phases, are full of interesting episodes. Although the missions which they established were founded and built upon a religious basis, they nevertheless, nearly all of them, became independently rich, in spite of themselves, through the increase of their flocks and herds, as well as by reason of the fertility of the land. Some of these missions, especially San Gabriel, had immense vineyards, as well as olive and other orchards.

The material which our Historical Society has gathered during the last quarter of a century was for years kept in the County Court-house, but at present it is boxed up and stored in a warehouse lately built by the county on New High street. A ton or more of newspapers and documents which we had accumulated was turned over to the City Library because we had no room wherein to store it. Don Antonio Coronel, who in his lifetime was an active and enthusiastic member of our Society, desired to donate his extensive and very valuable historical collection to the Historical Society. But as we had nowhere to store or display it, Mrs. Coronel, after

his death, turned it over to the care of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and it is now on exhibition in their building in Los Angeles.

I append here a list of the principal possessions of the Historical Society:

About 5000 titles, books, pamphlets, etc.; about 1500 bound volumes.

One volume "Southern Californian" (newspaper published here from July, 1854, to July, 1855).

"Los Angeles Star," January, 1855, to 1860, complete.

"Los Angeles Star" for 1861, 1862, 1863 and to July, 1864.

"Los Angeles Star" from May, 1868, to December, 1870.

"Los Angeles Star" from 1873 to 1877.

"San Francisco Call," Vol. II (1855).

"San Francisco Bulletin," two volumes.

"San Francisco Alta California" (incomplete) for the '60's.

A complete set Bancroft's Histories.

#### RARE BOOKS.

Bloom From the Golden Land, by the Austrian Archduke, Salvator, who spent a winter, incognito, in Los Angeles.

Also by the same royal author, several magnificent bound volumes with elaborate descriptions and maps of certain important islands in the Mediterranean. These highly artistic works His Highness caused to be sent to our Society, of his own volition.

Laws of New York State, published in 1607.

Debates in the first California Constitutional Convention in 1849.

A large number of Spanish documents.

Files of Los Angeles City Directories, from 1871, nearly complete to 1905.

The only copy of the first City Directory in existence—that published in 1871—is owned by the Historical Society.

Portraits of Governor Pio Pico, Col. J. J. Warner, Dr. W. B. Osborn, and a collection of photographs of various historical persons.

Views—Los Angeles in 1854; Los Angeles in 1857; Los Angeles in 1869.

A map of California in 1846.

The Society has still a limited number of Vols. II, III, IV, V and VI of its own publications, which are for sale to Libraries—\$5.00 for five volumes. Vol. I is entirely out of print.

Probably sets of Historical Society Annuals, and possibly copies of the "Centennial History" of 1876 might be obtained at Jones' book store on First street, Los Angeles, or at Dawson's book shop, 516 South Hill street.

The State of Wisconsin several years ago voted the expenditure

of \$600,000 for the purpose of housing the State Historical Society and the Library of the University under one roof.

When, when, will California show, with its rich history, equal enlightened public spirit?

We, members of the Historical Society of Southern California, believe we are justified in stating, not in any spirit of boasting, but as the simple truth, that our work has and will have in the future some value for the community in which we have labored, and that it will be appreciated sometime—sometime!—if it is not today.



## THE MISSION INDIANS ON THE SAN JACINTO RESERVATION.

BY MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

---

\*Note.—Part of this paper was published in *Out West* for February-March—double number—1909, under the title "Saboba Indians of Southern California."

---

When our government, in its treaty with Mexico, in 1848, paid fifteen million dollars and assumed a million and a half more for debts due to citizens of the United States, Mexico ceded to us a territory of over half a million square miles, covering what is now known as California, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, Utah and parts of Colorado and Wyoming.

But these vast stretches of territory were not deeded alone, for in this treaty, known as the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, named from the little town where it was made, Mexico turned over to our care a race of people born on the soil, yet, not recognizable as citizens of either the Old, or the New World. The Spaniards and Mexicans inhabiting the territory could become citizens, but the Indians could only be classified as "Wards of the Nation."

From time to time many of these Indian tribes revolted, as the standing army of the United States, and many battles testify, but the tribes known as the Mission Indians were accustomed to subjection and were not by nature war-like, or independent. Yet, they claimed some rights, and their struggle to maintain these rights shows how ignorant we were of the wrongs endured by the first inhabitants of this sunny land.

In 1852, President Fillmore, appointed the Hon. B. D. Wilson, the first mayor of Los Angeles, as Indian Agent for the Southern District. (1)

According to Wilson, this Indian district included, "Tulareños, Cahuillos, San Luisenos and Diegoños. All of these were attached

---

(1) As there is some dispute as to who was the first mayor of Los Angeles the following note from Wilson's narrative may give some light upon this subject: "When the town of Los Angeles was incorporated as a city, the people elected me its first mayor. I only served a few months, and then resigned." Narrative, MS., of B. D. Wilson, A. D. 1841-1878.

to the Missions, more or less. The Yumas and Mojavos," Wilson says, also belonged to this district, but, "were never much under mission influence—if at all, as nations." (2)

In writing of the Cahuillos he says of their numerous rancherías, "I am unable, just now, to give the number and names of all their villages, San Gorgonia, San Jacinto and Coyote are among the best known though others even nearer the desert are more populous."

"Associated with the Cahuillos may sometimes be put the Serranos," and, Wilson adds, that he was "not prepared to say" that these two were "not the same people, to all intents and purposes at this day." He quotes Hugo Reid as locating the "Serranos along the upper water of the Santa Ana river, and between the Los Angeles County Indians (whom he calls Gabrielinos) and the Cahuillos."

Of this branch of the great Shoshonean family, Wilson says, "The Cahuillo chiefs, and many of the people speak Spanish. Many still claim to be 'Christians'; the majority of them are not, while the reverse is the case with San Luiseños and Diegoñños. A greater part of the *neophytes* of San Gabriel, the wealthiest of the missions, were Cahuillos. Their name means 'Master' in our language, or as some of them render it the 'Great Nation.' Their entire number now scarcely exceeds 3,000 souls."

This is what he wrote of the Mission Indians, "These Indians can be trained to self government in a short time. \* \* \* But let them be governed with the least possible violence to their personal independence and freedom; and so that, in all measures, they may be able to discover the strict justice of the government." This was not the dictum of a sentimentalist but the opinion of one who had been doomed to die a cruel death at the hands of Apaches from whom he later escaped. (3)

The following extracts from Wilson's report shows how serviceable the Indians had become to the Spanish settlers:

"These same Indians had built all the houses in the country,

---

(2) The report of the Hon. B. D. Wilson on the Indians made to the Interior Dept. in 1853, from which the following quotations are taken, was never published by that Dept., and the office has "none in its library." The report was later published in the *Los Angeles Star* for July 18 to Sept. 12, 1868. Mr. Geo. S. Patton informs me that Mrs. Helen Jackson quoted from these copies of the *Star* when writing her report as special Indian agent, with Abbot Kinney; Mrs. Wilson having loaned her the papers for that purpose.

(3) In Wilson's Narrative, MS., he gives several instances where life was in jeopardy during Indian skirmishes in New Mexico and California.

planted all the fields and vineyards. Under the Mission they were masons, carpenters, plasterers, soap-makers, tanners, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, millers, bakers, cooks, brickmakers, carters and cart-makers, weavers and spinners, etc., etc."

"Considered in their relation to agriculture in this part of California," he adds, "these Indians are the only farmers living here, besides the Americans who have come into the country since the war, and a very few who were here before. The Californian Spaniard, so to speak, loves his fiery steed—not the plough. Many such a ranchero rich in cattle and goodly acres by the ten thousand, must go to his Indian neighbor, hard by on the rancho, if he would dine today, on his maize or frijole!"

He thus describes the Indians: "A spendthrift, yet willing to work if paid; never a beggar, save when old age or infirmity has overtaken him; humble, without servility; skilled in a great many useful things; yet full of vices, I am afraid, because he has so few encouragements to virtue. He always adheres to the truth, cost what it may; still many are petty thieves."

I may be pardoned this general introduction to the subject as we will be better able to understand the position of the Saboba, or any other Mission Indians after we review their status when first becoming wards of this nation.

As we have seen, the Hon. B. D. Wilson, in his report included San Jacinto among the Cahuilla, or Coahuilla, settlements and for this reason, I have referred to this Indian tribe, or sub-family.

The late Dr. Otis T. Mason, head curator, Department Anthropology, U. S. National Museum, groups the following tribes under the "Shoshonean family, Coahuilla, Karvia, Kauvuya, Agna Caliente, Santa Rosa, Cabazon, Torres, twenty-nine Palms and Cahuilla reservations; also Saboba Southern California." Saboba (School) Tahktam village." (4)

(4) In the report made by Special Agents Helen Jackson and Abbot Kinney to the Department of the Interior, July 13, 1883—Senate Document 1883-1884, Vol. 1,—also published as an appendix in "A Century of Dishonor," the "Saboba Indians," are mentioned as belonging to the "Serrano Tribe," but the late O. T. Mason while including them in the Shoshonean family makes the following distinction: "Saboba (School), Shoshonean family, Tahktam village, San Jacinto valley." "Serrano, Shoshonean family, Morongo, San Manual, the Serrano or Mountaineers, formerly Tahktam, a division of Tabikhar." Tahktam (Men), Shoshonean family called Serranos, dialect Coahuillo." "The Serranos live on a small reservation at San Bernardino and on the Morongo Reservation in the San Gorgonia Pass in Southern California." Aboriginal American Basketry, by Otis Tufton Mason.

While the "Coahuillas," or Cahuillas, "were and are the most powerful and best known of all these tribes," according to Dr. David Prescott Barrows, (5) the Indians of the Saboba, or San Jacinto Reservation, have many claims upon us, besides, being more accessible.

The little Indian town of Saboba rests quietly on low foothills crossed by a narrow wagon-road passing through the rancheria. These foothills rise and fall in rapid succession against higher hills that boldly outline themselves against a tall background of mountain spurs and peaks in the San Jacinto range of Riverside County.

The Saboba settlement adjoins a beautiful and fertile valley, dotted here and there with American homes and thrifty ranches, orchards and orange-groves that extend to the little towns of San Jacinto and Hemet. When we glance over the foothills occupied by these wards of the nation, knowing, as we do, the possibilities of the land when subjected to the leveling forces of grading-teams supplemented by miles of water pipes, we are glad that the government is on the side of the Indian. Were it not so, how soon these picturesque hills planted by nature—excepting where the green, fern-like pepper-trees shade the simple homes—would be appropriated by the white man. We are also glad the Indians accept the enlightened aid of the schools in order to have and to hold the free land of their fathers. For a little white church and a frame school house with the stars and stripes floating over it with the attendance bell calling for promptness and regularity conspicuous in the foreground, mark the influence of civilization upon these primitive people.

When Venegas, over one hundred and fifty years ago, wrote of the natives of Lower California, that they might "be called a nation who never arrive at manhood," he described life in its pastoral simplicity, but with education and time-values as dominant factors, the Indians learned they must either perish or adjust themselves to the demands of the ruling nation.

Less than five and twenty years ago these Saboba Indians were threatened with ejectment from the land their fathers had occupied for over a hundred years. They were but a remnant of a tribe, less than one hundred and sixty in number. But their village, or rancheria, was within the boundary of the Mexican grant patented to José A. Estudillo in 1842, and as the greater part of this grant had been sold to a company, the purchaser of the Saboba site proposed to eject these natives unless the government would buy all of his (Byrnes'—the purchaser's), allotted share, about 700 acres.

---

(5) The Ethno-Botany of the Coahuilla Indians of Southern California. David Prescott Barrows, the University of Chicago Press, 1900.

When Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote her "Century of Dishonor," these wards of the nation were still uncertain of their fate, although, as she said, their right to the tract they had so long occupied and cultivated was beyond question.

Even the children of these dispirited Indians felt the red man's burden of homeless sorrow, and two of them just entering their teens felt impelled to appeal to the President of the United States for his aid in keeping the white man from ejecting them from the home of their ancestors, one little fellow making the pathetic plea for the land that, "We think it is ours, for God gave it to us first."

As we know, this case was brought before the courts, and, no one appearing for the Indians, it went against them by default. But the American people are not altogether unmindful of responsibilities toward these natives, and the friend of the Sabobas in their hour of need was the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, which assumed the responsibility of paying the necessary fees and had the case put again upon the calendar, with the result that the Saboba Reservation was secured to these Indians by possessory rights under the Mexican Treaty known as the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty. (6)

While the Saboba Reservation covers some 2,960 acres, only a small part of it, 150 acres, is under irrigation from a reservoir fed by springs.

After the aboriginal jacals, the first homes of the Sabobas were of adobe, but these are now supplanted by little frame houses of one, two or three rooms. Here and there are the ruins of a former adobe. Prominent among these are the ones, leveled by the earthquake on Christmas morning in 1899. (7) The Indians were celebrating in one adobe, but when the earthquake had passed over it, six were dead and as many injured.

This reservation has the honor of having had the first Indian teacher employed by the government in Southern California. This school was established in 1880, with Miss Mary Sheriff as teacher. Miss Sheriff had been a teacher of the freedmen, and when she opened her school in a little adobe, 11 by 18, she willingly allowed as many as 40 pupils at one time to call her teacher. She taught this school for seven years and now lives, as Mrs. Fowler, in her San Jacinto home surrounded by vines, fruitful trees and rare

---

(6) The Corresponding Secretary of the Association "gave a personal bond of \$3,300 to indemnify the plaintiff in the event of an adverse decision." A brief statement of the Indian Rights Association, etc., page 3.

(7) Nearly 40 towns in Southern California felt the shock of the earthquake, on Christmas Day, 1899. Catalogue of Earthquakes on the Pacific Coast 1897 to 1906, by Alexander G. McAdie, M. A. (Smith Misc. Col. No. 1721.)

shrubs. Her cosy home is full of evidences of her genuine love for the Indians. Among her treasures are letters from Mrs. Helen Jackson inquiring about the Indians whose cause she espoused so nobly, including one inquiring about the tragic death of Juan Diego, the Cahuilla Indian whom Mrs. Jackson has surrounded with the charm of her fancy in the character of Alessandro. Tourists following in the footsteps of Ramona are sold the picture of Juan Diego's wife as the "Original Ramona," and baskets made by Cahuilla squaws are labeled "Ramona," as her handiwork, or the work of "Ramona's daughter." As this Indian woman's name was not Ramona, and the heroine of this story was undoubtedly not suggested to Mrs. Jackson by her personality, one marvels at the gullibility of the public. (8)

The name of this reserve "Saboba," means "cold," but the Indians had another for it "Matale de Maño."

The population of the San Jacinto Reservation numbers about one hundred and forty Indians, almost equally divided as to sex. When Mrs. Jackson visited this reserve, she found a "Narrow cañon called Indian cañon in which half a dozen Indian families were living." She immediately wrote to the Department in behalf of these Indians, and the result was that the cañon was set aside for these Indians.

Many of the Indians of this reserve work in American families in the neighboring towns. In fact, the Indians, for the most part, maintain themselves by working on various ranches—a common sight being the little Indian tent by the roadside during the busy days of fruit-picking, grape-vintage, sheep-shearing, etc., all requiring the labor of the Indians in their locality.

The little town of Saboba numbers about thirty houses and as many families. In six years there have been twenty-three deaths and nine births. On one side of the tortuous wagon-road, the prickly pear cactus fence rises in a matted mass from eight to ten feet high around a depressed enclosure. The birds flit in and out of this thorny wall, twittering and calling out as though guarding the cacti from the intrusion of travelers along the dusty road.

The bare-looking little Saboba Catholic church stands on a common in the center of the pueblo, and, at a little distance from it,

---

(8) Miss Sheriff (Mrs. Fowler) was succeeded by Miss Mary Noble who taught the school for 12 years. At that time taking up the study of medicine, being now a practicing physician of Los Angeles. Prof. C. C. Painter in his valuable report on the "Condition of Affairs in Indian Territory and California," (1888) spoke of Miss Noble, as a "Catholic girl." He had evidently been misinformed, as this was an error.

along the road, the Government school, surrounded by palm and pepper trees, fenced with a picket fence, attracts the notice of strangers.

One has to be told it is an Indian school, as there is nothing outside nor in, indicative of the nationality. Will H. Stanley, the teacher, a valuable man for the place, is now superintendent as well as teacher. The agency known as the "Mission and Tule River Agency" having come to an end necessitated the combination of the two offices into one. Last autumn the school moved into a new building beside the other one. Several acres are devoted to school purposes, the vegetable garden being a prominent feature in educating the boys. Mrs. May Stanley ably assists her husband by teaching cooking, sewing, etc., to the girls. In this way they give their influence in form of manual labor as a necessary factor in the education of these wards of the nation.

The writing, maps, and figure drawings of the Saboba pupils compare favorably with the average American schools. There is a note of cheerfulness running through their essays. One gets some idea of their home-life from reading some of their little descriptive papers. A boy of eleven writes: "My home has two doors, two windows and one stove. We have two horses. When I go home from school I have to carry water and give water to my horses, and chop some wood and carry it into the house to do cooking with, and I feed my horses at night, and in the mornings, I have to get up very early to do my work before I go to school. My papa is dead; my brother is, too. I have two sisters who are married. They live near to my house. My mother works out picking oranges or potatoes and makes money to get us something to eat and wear."

Another one says: "There are two doors and no windows in my house. My house in Saboba is made of lumber. We have three beds. I have some pictures in my house. My mother makes nice baskets and she sells them to people when they come to buy them. My papa is picking potatoes. When (he) gets done he will buy a shirt and shoes for me. When he comes I got to water the horses and give them hay to eat. I have to build the fire so my mother can cook potatoes, and meat, and make coffee for supper. I got to shut up the chickens when it gets some dark. Then I go to sleep when I have eaten my supper."

The following give a picture of the home and activities of a girl of 13 years: "My house has two windows, three doors. In my house I have beds, chairs, stove, one table, dishes, sewing machine and some pictures on the wall, looking glass, three combs and a brush, also some clothes and blankets. My house is made of lumber. I have two cats and three dogs at home and I like to play with them. We are only five in family. Two girls, one boy and one man and my mother. I have to wash my dishes, and my

sister has to do the cooking. I have to help her cook. I have to carry some water every morning before I come to school. I have to chop wood for my mother in the morning. I have to build the fire for my sister, and I have to take care of my little chickens. In the morning I have to fix my beds, and my mother makes nice drawn work for any one who wants to buy them. My brother J. is working far away making wood for one man, and Uncle A. he is working far, he is going to come home Sundays in the morning and go back afternoon. I am going to give a nice present to my brother on Christmas. My mother has to do her own washing for Miss W., and we have one large lamp that gives us lights. We have two watches that tell us the time and the hours. And we have some plants of flowers around the house and pepper trees to give us cool shade."

An Indian boy of 15 years describes, in detail, how the pupils make garden: "We first plow the ground deep. Then we harrow it so as to break up the clods. Then we fix the soil into beds. Then we rake and break up the small clods what the harrow could not break, and rake it smooth and level. We take a hoe and fix some rows on the beds. Then we plant the seeds. And we cover it over with the soil. Then the seeds grow larger and burst, sending roots down into ground, and the tiny top comes out of the ground. Then we hoe around the tiny plants so they will grow larger. Then if we have water we irrigate them so they will grow faster. In our school garden we raise potatoes, tomatoes, onions, beets, peas, radishes, cabbage, beans, turnips and sweet corn. They do not grow very large because we have no water to irrigate them with. But they are good to eat. At home I have a small garden. First I loosen the ground, then I make a few rows. And then I plant onions, grapes, corn, peas, flowers and other vegetables so we can have them to use and eat."

The largest house in the reservation, numbering six rooms, belonged to the Forest Ranger—a man well fitted for the position; but this year he was supplanted because he could not pass the civil service examination. His little son could enumerate "five beds, five tables, four bureaus, one piano, one graphophone, a sewing machine, and some pictures hanging on the wall"; "six horses, two buggies, one wagon and twenty-four cattle" are also classed among the possessions, and, as the distance from school is too far to walk, he and his brother and sister "ride horseback to school," the ages of these children being 12, 8 and 6 years. Like other Indian boys, he says, "In the evening I carry water to the house."

Formerly Saboba women made numerous baskets, but now it is difficult to supply the demand, even though prices have advanced very considerably. These baskets are of the coiled weave with



brown and black figures as ornamentation. Very pretty little bijou baskets of a globular shape, with a broad top or mouth, are made also by the Cahuilla squaws. There is little difference between these baskets and those made by the Sabobas, both having straw-colored foundations ornamented with varying designs of yellow-brown shades and black, these brown shades often blending beautifully with the straw color of the basket itself.

A notable figure among these Indians was Juliana Ringlero, who died in August. She had reached the age of 102 years and, having concluded that she had lived long enough, for the last three or four days of her life she refused all food and water and so quietly passed away and now sleeps in the little Catholic cemetery not far from the church. She had lived in a little shack that looked more like a stable or shelter for animals than the habitation of a human, one side of the house being covered with sheets of rusty tin roofing, or possibly tin oil cans spread out and nailed to the side, but even these showed that some one had cared for her and would protect her room from cold winds.

Among some of these Sabobas there is a noticeable mixture of Mexican blood, pure breeds being in the minority.

One great drawback for the Indians has been the scanty supply of water, the amount of money available for this purpose being inadequate for cleaning and deepening the reservoir and ditches. The acres cultivated by the school depend upon a windmill for irrigation. The government has apportioned several thousand dollars for irrigation and domestic purposes, Mr. Stanley's efforts in this respect meeting with the success they merited.

In the early 'eighties of the past century Mrs. Helen Jackson visited the settlements of the Mission Indians, and, while she said, "No one can visit their settlements, such as Agua Caliente, Saboba, Cahuilla Valley, Santa Ysabel, without having a sentiment of respect and profound sympathy for men who, friendless, poor, without protection from the law, have still continued to work, planting, fencing," etc., she was forced to remark that "drunkenness" and "gambling" "cannot be denied." And in the report of the late Superintendent of these Mission Indians, he wrote: "The most discouraging feature in all our Indian work is the constant and increasing drunkenness among the Indians and the crimes and debauchery arising therefrom. \* \* \* For a small sum Mexican or miserable white men, who act as go-between, can get the intoxicant."

While we condemn the Indian, we must remember that this liquor habit was originally due to contact with the white man, for Venegas wrote that the Indians of California never used inebriating liquors.

The annual Fiesta in celebration of Mexican independence, is a great event among the Indians, as they congregate at Saboba from

all the neighboring reservation for a three days' carnival. They begin to congregate in the pueblo for two or three days before hand, there being a regular procession of all kinds of conveyances traveling toward Saboba.

The families of the visiting Indians occupy little rooms built of willow around a large court, the numerous booths forming an enclosure for the speakers' stand and dancing platform. Like our Fourth of July, the celebration begins with noise— anvils and other clamorous sounds. Speech-making, music, baseball, games of chance, horse racing, dancing, and closing on Saturday night with the fire dance, with the usual concomitants of booths containing edibles, ice cream, melons, etc., are the amusements of the week.

Although many fears had been expressed that there would be the usual disturbance last year (1908), due to liquor, the Fiesta passed off as the "most orderly celebration held in the Indian village since the settlement of the valley by white men. Not an arrest was made during the week, nor was there reported a case of disorderly conduct. While Chief Special Officer Johnson of the United States Indian Service was present with a number of his deputies to see that order prevailed, the policing of the reservation was left in the hands of the village captain and his Indian officers. \* \* \* The prohibition of liquor is responsible for this being the most orderly Fiesta ever held in Saboba. The officers declare that not a drop of whiskey was drunk on the reservation, and that only in one or two cases, and those among white men, could liquor be detected on the breath. Chief Johnson complimented Superintendent Stanley very highly on the outcome of the Fiesta, for he says it was due more to the counsel the Indians received from their Superintendent during the past months than to any show of authority and power he and his deputies might have impressed them with during the celebration."—*The Los Angeles Times*.

The prospects of the San Jacinto Reservation Indians are, today, very encouraging, although it is to be regretted that the government was so tardy in securing accurate knowledge of the Mission Indians in Southern California. For these primitive people to have become almost extinct before their rights were acknowledged and proper aid secured them, will ever be a cloud upon the history of this "Land of Sunshine."

## THE PIONEER DIRECTORY OF LOS ANGELES.

BY J. M. GUINN.

When a city reaches the directory age it is a sure sign that its period of adolescence is passed—that it has outgrown its village habits that it is putting on metropolitan airs.

It took Los Angeles ninety years to reach the directory age. More than a generation before that time it had been officially declared a city, but even at the time the first directory was issued, the need of one had not become a long-felt want. In its youthful days as a ciudad (city) under the rule of Mexico the issuing of a directory would have been a work of supererogation for which the author would have received scant praise and no remuneration. Every resident of the embryo city of those days knew where every other person within the municipal bounds lived. Why go to a book to find out what he already knew? Then again, many of the streets were unnamed, all of the houses unnumbered, and most of the inhabitants could not read—an unpromising field indeed for the compiler of a directory.

It was twenty-five years after the American conquest of California before any one ventured to compile a directory of the City of Los Angeles. Recently the oldest newspaper of Los Angeles exploited through half a column a description of the first directory of the city—one published in 1878. Perhaps not five of the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the city knew that this was an error—that the directory of 1878 was not the first but the third published.

The first directory was compiled in 1871 and published in the winter of 1871-72. There are only two copies of this work in existence so far as I know and one of these is in possession of the Historical Society of Southern California. Who compiled it I do not know. King & Waite at that time publishing the Daily and Weekly Los Angeles News printed it. It is a thin volume of 94 pages. It purports to be a directory of the City and County of Los Angeles. The first 58 pages are taken up with advertising matter, twelve are devoted to the names and addresses of city residents and six to dwellers in the county. There is an average of about 125 names to the page which would make the directory population about 1500. As the compiler enumerated very few women presumably the 1500 largely represented heads of families, and multiplying by four would give the city a population of six thousand, which was about the number of inhabitants at that time. The last

sixteen pages of the book are devoted to historical sketches of Los Angeles City and County. That of the city is fairly accurate. It, however, repeats that fiction which is found in all historical sketches written by callow historians namely; "The founders of the town (Los Angeles) had mostly if not all been soldiers." There is no evidence that any one of them had ever been a soldier. Another fiction that appears in the sketch and periodically reappears in so-called historical sketches written by servile copyists, who never investigate—is the statement that one of the twelve founders was a Chinaman. This much slandered poblador (founder) was a Chino, not a Chinaman. A Chino in Mexico means a curly haired half breed Indian—in Spain a Chinaman is a Chino. The directory informs us that, "the total value of taxable property within the city in the year 1870-71 was estimated at \$1,372,600. There are one grammar and six primary public schools and six private schools. The total enrollment of the public schools is 510; of the private schools, 350."

Of the accuracy of the county history it is impossible to judge. Some enthusiastic searcher after historical data has made copious extracts from it—not, however, by copying the matter, but simply by extracting the leaves.

It was no easy task that the compiler of this pioneer directory had to do to describe a man's place of residence. Only on a few of the principal streets were the houses numbered, and the numbers extended but a short distance down these. There was no east or west First street, no north or south Main street.

The numbers on Main street began at the Plaza with number 1 and extended southerly as far as the houses were somewhat compactly built, which was about Fourth street. If you consulted the directory to find the residence of some one beyond that point you would find him put down as living below Fourth street, Fifth street, Sixth street and so on. You were at liberty to guess how far below the cross street he might reside. The numbering began on Spring street, at the junction and ended at Third street. There were no numbers on Hill, Olive, Charity, Hope, Flower and Grasshopper streets. It was easier to locate the scattering houses on these streets with a telescope than by means of a directory.

Eternity and Bull streets were the principal residence streets. The houses on these were all numbered, or at least described so that the inhabitant could be found.

The Corrida de Toros, or bull ring, was located on Bull street near where the French hospital now stands. The directory describes Carlos Bernazas as living near the head of Bull street. Carlos doubtless was a picador, matador, or some other kind of a bull fighter. The street took its name from the Plaza del Toro where on feast days and other occasions the sport loving people of

the old Pueblo and the surrounding country gathered to witness the national amusement of Mexico and old Spain—bull fighting.

Eternity street was supposed to have no beginning or end yet the compiler of the directory locates a piasano as living at the foot of Eternity street. If Eternity had a foot to stand on it must have had a head, and, consequently, two ends. Wasp street ran parallel with Bull street and was a very busy street when the wasps had business engagements with the muchachos of the Old Pueblo.

Many of the street names that appear in this old directory have been changed. Eternity street came to an end thirty years ago or more and was transformed into Buena Vista street; Calle del Toro appears on our city map now as Castelar street, named for a famous Spanish statesman; Calle de Las Avispas, the street of the Wasps, has lost its sting and is now a sedate street named Yale.

Lovers' Lane, once a shady walk in the suburbs of the city, was deserted by lovers and its name changed to Date street years ago. The dates have gone with the lovers, and the lumber yards and the "Heathen Chinees" long ago dispelled whatever romance may have clustered around the shady nooks of that spooney lane.

Moran's Lane is now East Ninth street, and Kohler's Lane is part of Central avenue. Calle de Las Virgines, the street of the Virgins, is now Alpine street, and Bath street is part of East Main, while Short street has expanded into Bellevue avenue. The Grasshoppers long ago took their flight from the Calle de Las Chapules. In the later 70's it was transformed from the highway of the hopper into Pearl street and later it became Figueroa street. The dwellers on Charity street, disgusted with the oft repeated attempt at wit, "Oh, you are living on Charity now," changed the street's name to Grand avenue. Jail street of forty years ago is now Franklin, and Calle Polyxena long ago shed its aristocratic Castilian cognomen and has become plebian Clay street. When our old directory was compiled there were two Commercial streets, Commercial and New Commercial; two High streets, High and New High, and three Turner streets—a triplication complimentary to the recently retired mayor of that name, all have disappeared from the city map. There were no street cars then to interfere with traffic; no automobiles to run down and run over pedestrians, and that invention of Satan—the motor cycle—had not been turned loose to torment humanity.

The stranger who might undertake to locate a residence or business house at night from the number given in the directory would have encountered a serious difficulty. The number might be all right and the houses where the directory located them, but to find these in the darkness that brooded over the city—there was the rub. A year or two before this old directory was compiled gas had been introduced into the city but the price at which it was furnished—

ten dollars per thousand cubic feet—prohibited its use for street lighting.

In 1870 the price of gas had been reduced to \$7.50 per thousand cubic feet. This reduction made it possible for the city fathers to have the business streets lighted with gas and some of the progressive merchants were able to indulge in a flicker of gas light in their show windows. For three-quarters of a century the old pueblo and its successor the ciudad of Los Angeles, had been lighted by lanterns hung over the doors of the houses. The citizens, proud of the cosmopolitan airs the city was assuming, banished lanterns from their house fronts and on streets where the glimmer of the gas failed to penetrate, the belated pedestrian groped his way homeward in darkness. The collapsed condition of the city's exchequer did not permit of a line of lamp posts on each side of the street, nor any in the middle of the blocks. If the first lamp was on the northeast corner of a cross street the next would be at the southwest corner of the second cross street and so on zigzagging down the street.

Although the city was outgrowing its olden time methods and customs and becoming modernized the caballero—the horseman—was still in evidence on the streets. For a pedestrian to have to carry a step ladder to light the street lamps when a horse could be substituted for the ladder would have been humiliating to the proud spirit of the Dons. A boy of fifteen or sixteen years had secured the contract from the council to light the lamps. He had trained his horse for the work. Starting out from the Plaza on the gallop the horse would halt at the first lamp post, the rider standing in his stirrups quickly lighted the lamp, at a touch or signal from his master the horse was off on a run for the next lamp and so on down the line, horse and man leaving a line of light behind them. The citizens were very proud of their lightning lamp lighter and never failed to call the attention of visitors to their improved system of lamp lighting.

The sixty pages of advertisements in this old directory tell briefly the story of the business life of the city then. They tell us who were active in the marts of trade, who filled the civic offices, who administered the law, who promulgated the Gospel, and who prescribed for sick and suffering humanity. The professional ad writer was not in evidence then. Each advertiser wrote his own ad. They were plain matter of fact statements of what he had to offer to the public. Only in one instance did the proprietor of a business attempt to be facetious and he was an old pioneer who kept the Mammoth saloon under Temple's Bank, junction of Spring and Main streets. He advertises that he keeps pure wines and liquors and cool lager. Then in a burst of confidence he informs his patrons that "A word to the wise is sufficient. No killing at 300 yards here."

Whether his liquors brought down the imbiber before he reached the 300-yard limit or whether they allowed him to pass beyond before killing, the reader is left to conjecture. Of one thing his patrons were assured they would not die on a dead line 300 yards away from the saloon.

The stages of the Coast Line Stage Company departed daily for San Francisco. The stations on the road were San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Marcos, San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles, Salinas, Natividad, San Juan and Gilroy, where the passengers took the cars direct to San Francisco—time 66 hours. Passengers had the privilege of stopping at any of these stations as long as they pleased and then resuming their seats in the stage at pleasure. Occasionally a stage robbery broke the monotony of the tedious and tiresome trip. Some of the old pioneers can recall the robbery that occurred October 23, 1869, in the road through the Chavez Ravine near the Hebrew cemetery, within the city limits, six passengers were stood in a line with their hands raised heavenward, but not in prayer, while the robbers relieved them of their valuables.

The compiler of this old pioneer directory of the city assayed to make it a directory of the County of Los Angeles as well but he made a failure of it. He found only five hundred male persons of mature age living in the county outside of the City of Los Angeles. The county then included all the territory now in the County of Orange. Population in the country district was widely scattered and it was weary work hunting for it and not very satisfactory from a pecuniary point when you found it. Los Angeles was then the only city in the county and Anaheim and Wilmington the only towns of commercial importance. Pasadena, the delight of the tourists, the paradise of health seekers, and the home of millionaires, had not found a place on the map. Its site was part of the San Pasqual rancho—an indifferent sheep pasture. The site of Pomona was a cattle range where vast herds fed and where the bovines of Bashan bellowed defiance to the intruder and made it perilous for the pedestrian. The bleak bluffs of Santa Monica guarded the shores of the sunset sea but no light (dressed) brigade of sportive bathers charged the angry surf. No one had dreamed that a city would be founded at the Boca de Santa Monica.

The site of Long Beach—marvel of the boom—was an unpeopled waste, not even the shadow of a lone fisherman darkened its waters. No sound disturbed its stillness save the ceaseless break, break, break, of the breakers that lashed its shores. It was more than a decade later that Willmore planted the germ of a town there and named it Willmore City. Willmore hoped to immortalize himself by founding a city, but his city was so feeble and puny in its infancy that it could not carry so much name, so the inhabitants rechristened it. Ungrateful posterity has forgotten Willmore but the

germ he planted has grown into an ambitious city of commercial aspirations that are world wide. Of the smaller cities and towns hatched by the boom some of which died in infancy and others that have grown to stalwart maturity I have not time to speak nor is it necessary here, they do not belong to the pioneer period of our county or city history. It is of the Los Angeles City and County in the waning years of the '60's and early '70's of the last century that I am writing.

The great majority of the men who were active in business and politics here in those days have passed over the divide between time and eternity. Most of those who remain on this side have retired from business to enjoy the fortunes accumulated or to bewail the opportunities lost when they could have bought Spring streets lots at 50 cents a front foot, or have taken up a farm of government land on the site of Hollywood at the modest outlay of \$1.25 an acre. This old directory gives the occupation of some of our pioneers thirty-eight years ago.

R. M. Widney was district judge of the 17th judicial district, which included all of Los Angeles County. J. W. Gillette was deputy clerk under A. W. Potts. Cameron E. Thom was district attorney and Erskine M. Ross, now U. S. judge, was his assistant. Dr. Joseph Kurtz was coroner.

Of the city officials then, C. Aguilar, long since dead, was mayor. He was the last of the native Californians to fill that office. He deserves a monument from the city. He vetoed an ordinance selling outright the city's water right in the river to the old Los Angeles Water Company for the pitiful sum of \$10,000—about the revenue now of one week from our water system.

Of the city council thirty-eight years ago, Wm. Ferguson and Oscar Macy are the sole survivors.

Of the board of education then, Wm. H. Workman and H. D. Barrows are still with us.

Of the professional men who advertised in this old directory and are still active in their vocations I note the names of A. W. Hutton and Henry T. Hazard, attorneys, and Dr. H. S. Orme and Joseph Kurtz, physicians.

Louis Roeder informs the public in a full page advertisement that he has set up opposite the old stand of Roeder & Lichenberger a new establishment, where he makes to order wagons and carriages. H. D. Barrows we find from an ad, is one of the firm of J. D. Hicks & Co., dealers in hardware and stoves. Wm. H. Workman and E. H. Workman were selling saddles and harness to the farmers and vaqueros. Solomon Lazard had the largest dry goods store in the city. Victor Ponet was dealing in engravings, lithographs and chromos. N. H. Mitchell was the owner of the Pioneer Livery Stable at Anaheim, and the proprietor of a stage line be-



tween that place and Wilmington—then the only seaport between Santa Barbara and San Diego. J. M. Guinn, the author of this paper was splitting his time between the principalship of the Anaheim schools—running a ranch and dabbling in politics. He aspired to be state superintendent of schools—secured the nomination—but was snowed under because his brand of politics—Republican—was not popular that year.

The directory locates Jacob Kuhrts, one of our oldest pioneers, on Main street and Fort street, but does not explain why Jake has a double.

George Lehman was still running his garden of Paradise at 223 Main street which is the highest number given in the directory. Adam and Eve had not been driven out of Eden, neither had George, but the old serpent had gotten it in the neck and the tree of knowledge was decaying.

The story that I have gleaned from the old directory is not dramatic, it is neither tragedy nor comedy—only common place. Like the annals of the poor, it is short and simple. This little old decrepid directory of long ago might be made an object lesson to illustrate the wonderful growth of a wonderful city and county. Contrast this thin starved looking volume, the last of its kind—that in less than a score of pages attempts to tell the names of the dwellers, not alone in the city, but in the vast expanse of country stretching from the mountains to the sea, as well—with the bulky volume of the last city directory, and then pile up the directories of Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Pomona and Santa Ana and the lesser cities that have directories and contrast these with six pages of our old directory that told who lived in that territory thirty-eight years ago, and in that comparison you will begin to realize what the pioneers and the people who came later have done in less than half a life time.

## SOME DECEASED MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY H. D. BARROWS.

(Read November 1, 1908.)

Among the active members of our Society who have passed away may be mentioned: Jonathan J. Warner, Noah Levering, General and ex-Governor John Mansfield, Prof. Ira More, Don Antonio F. Coronel, Dr. Wm. F. Edgar, George Hansen and Colonel James J. Ayers.

Stephen C. Foster, although not actually a member, contributed several very valuable papers to the Society.

On this, our twenty-fifth anniversary, it may be of interest to surviving members to recall some salient characteristics of our departed brothers.

Col. Warner, one of the founders of the Historical Society and its first President, was also one of the earliest American Pioneers of California. He arrived in Los Angeles in 1831. Although the honor of first publicly urging the building of a railroad to the Pacific was attributed to Stephen Whitney, that honor of right should belong to Col. Warner, who in 1840 or '41 visited the Atlantic States and delivered a lecture at Rochester, N. Y., in which he strongly took grounds in favor of that great national enterprise.

In 1844 Col. Warner was the grantee of the Rancho *Agua Caliente*, in San Diego county, in after years widely known as "Warner's Ranch." In '46 he was the confidential agent of Consul Larkin for the United States. He was State Senator from San Diego county in 1851-'52, and a member of the Assembly from Los Angeles in 1860. He settled in Los Angeles in 1857. He died April 11, 1895.

Don Antonio F. Coronel, one of the original members of our Society, was born in the City of Mexico in 1817; he came to California with his father's family and with the "Padres' Colonia" in 1834. Being well educated, he became and remained till the last years of his life a prominent and useful citizen of Los Angeles.

In 1848-'49 Mr. Coronel was a member of the Board of Magistrates having in charge the regulation of irrigation. With this (to Californians) very important question, which was new to Americans, he was both theoretically and practically familiar, and his knowledge and advice have been of inestimable value to the people, especially of Southern California.

Mr. Coronel made a most honorable record as a friend of the defenseless Mission Indians. In 1853 he was elected Mayor of Los Angeles; he served several terms as a City Councilman; and in 1866 he was elected Treasurer of the State of California for four years. His large and very valuable collection of historical materials relating to this section and to this coast, was bequeathed to this city. Mr. Coronel died in 1894.

Dr. Wm. F. Edgar, a graduate of the University of Louisville, Ky., in 1848, was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon in the army in 1849. He was assigned to a regiment of Mounted Rifles, which was ordered to Oregon, where it arrived in July, 1850. Thereafter Dr. Edgar's service in the army was mostly in California, till the commencement of the Civil War, when he was ordered East.

After serving some time with the Army of the Potomac, Dr. Edgar was ordered to Buell's command in Kentucky, where he soon was engaged in organizing a large general hospital. From there he was assigned to the very responsible and onerous position of Medical Director at Cairo, where his health gave way, when he was ordered before a retiring board in Washington. Later, and after recovering from a severe surgical operation, he was assigned to duty in the Medical Director's office in the Department of the East, and a part of the time he was a member of the board which organized the Signal Corps in Washington.

At the close of the war he was assigned to the duty of disposing of the effects of the general hospital of that department. After this he was again ordered to the Pacific Coast and was stationed at Drumm Barracks, Los Angeles county, in 1866, where he remained three years. Being then relieved from military duty, he retired to his ranch at San Geronio, San Bernardino county. After two or three years, his health improving, he came to Los Angeles, where he made his home till his death, which occurred August 23, 1897, at the age of 73 years.

Dr. Edgar is survived by Mrs. Edgar, to whom he was married in 1865.

During his residence in Southern California of over thirty years, mostly at Los Angeles, Dr. Edgar won the respect and genuine friendship of all who knew him well. He was a good friend and an active and enthusiastic member of our Society. He bequeathed the Society \$5000, which, according to the terms of his will, it will receive after the death of his widow.

#### GEN. JOHN MANSFIELD.

Gen. Mansfield, a charter member of the Historical Society, came to Los Angeles in 1875. He was a native of New York. In the Civil War he was Colonel of a regiment which, before he had com-

mand of it, lost more men than any other in the war. At the Battle of Gettysburg his regiment was the first to be ordered into action. He was twice wounded, the second time so severely that he was left on the field for dead. In 1879 he was a member of the California State Convention, and under the Constitution then adopted he was elected the first Lieutenant-Governor under that instrument. Governor Mansfield died May 6, 1896.

Mrs. Mansfield is still a resident of this city.

#### COL. GEO. BUTLER GRIFFIN.

In the 1887 publication of the Historical Society, Col. Griffin contributed a valuable paper on the *Spanish India Code—a Recopilacion de Indias*, and other collections of Spanish laws relating to the Indies, compiled by Spanish authorities during the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. These laws have a present local interest, because they are still in force in some modified form in California. This comprehensive paper by Col. Griffin is printed in Volume I, pages 36-45, of the Historical Society's publications, which may be found in the Public Library.

In 1891 Mr. Adolph Sutro of San Francisco presented to the Historical Society for publication a considerable number of documents relating to the history of California, which he had discovered in that great magazine of Spanish-American history, the India Archives of Seville, Spain. Col. Griffin, who was a very accomplished scholar, translated these documents and they were printed in both Spanish and English, and they constituted the entire second volume of the Society's publications.

Col. Griffin was employed as a historical writer and Spanish translator by Mr. H. H. Bancroft in the production of his monumental *Western American History*, from 1877 to 1880.

Col. Griffin had a very varied experience, which is recounted in the *Illustrated Los Angeles County History*, 1889, in the Public Library.

Col. Griffin was President of the Historical Society in 1891, and a life member. He died several years ago.

One of the founders of the Society was Prof. Marcus Baker, of Washington, D. C., who was stationed here by the Government, in charge of the laboratory established at the Normal School buildings in the '90s, for the purpose of determining the local variations of the magnetic needle.

#### GEORGE HANSEN.

George Hansen, one of the founders of our Historical Society, was a native of Fiume, Austria, born in 1824. He came to California, via Cape Horn, in 1850, and to Los Angeles in 1853. He died in this city in 1897.

Mr. Hansen was an eminent civil engineer. He projected and planted in 1857 the vineyard town of Anaheim, the Pioneer Colony of the Pacific Coast, which has served as a model which many other prosperous colonies have followed more or less closely. During his long and useful life in California, Mr. Hansen made many important land surveys. He was a linguist, a scholar and a philosopher, and withal he was a man of sound, practical judgment.

#### PROF. IRA MORE.

Prof. Ira More, first Principal of the State Normal School, was a native of Maine, born in 1829. Prof. More graduated in the Scientific Department of Yale College in 1855. He was a teacher in the Chicago High School in 1856, becoming Principal later of the City Normal School.

In 1861 he enlisted in the Thirty-third Regiment Illinois Infantry, and saw three years of hard service, including the long siege of Vicksburg. Resigning his Captaincy in 1864, broken in health by the malaria of Western Louisiana bayous, he went to Minnesota, where in 1865 he was elected Professor of Mathematics in the University of Minnesota.

Coming to San Diego in 1875, he was appointed principal of the city public schools. In 1883 he became Principal of the State Normal School at Los Angeles, where for several years he taught with great success. Of the thirty-odd years of Prof. More's life as a teacher, over twenty-five years were devoted to Normal School work.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF LOCAL HISTORY WORK.

BY J. M. GUINN.

(Read November 1, 1908.)

This evening we celebrate the quarter centennial of the organization of the Historical Society of Southern California. On the evening of November 1, 1883, fifteen representative men of Los Angeles met in the northeast corner room of the second story of the old Temple Block to form a Historical Society. These men were: J. J. Warner, Antonio F. Coronel, John G. Downey, George Hansen, H. D. Barrows, J. M. Guinn, John Mansfield, Ira More, C. N. Wilson, John B. Niles, A. Kohler, A. J. Bradley, E. W. Jones, Marcus Baker and Noah Levering. Of these, eleven are dead; two, weary of unrequited toil, have fallen out of the ranks, and but two—H. D. Barrows and J. M. Guinn—are now members of the Society.

The birthplace of the Society was a police court room—dark, dingy and uninviting—its only attraction, it was rent free. The judge of the court, August Kohler, was one of the Society's founders.

Old Temple Block, where the Society was born, still stands. Its appearance has not improved with age. The more than half a century of years that have passed over its head have left their impress on it. Homely in its infancy, unattractive in its prime, and ugly in its old age, the towering sky-scrapers of these latter days look down upon its squat figure with contempt; and yet there was a time in the long ago when it was the paisano's pride and the promoter's joy—when the citizen pointed it out as a portent of the prosperity that was coming to the Angel City. Its story of tragedy, comedy and commonplace has never been told, perhaps never will be. It is a historic house without a history. Progress, the enemy of antiquity, will some day push it out of the way, and the rising generation—that intangible thing that is always rising but never seems to get up—will chuckle over its demolition.

The Historical Society of Southern California in its twenty-five years has had a checkered career. Artemus Ward once said he did not know what a checkered career meant, but he just put it into his piece because it sounded well. The Historical Society has had many checks in its career. They were not of its own making, but adventitious circumstances pushed them into its life. Early in its career it moved from the place of its birth, the police court room, to a room in the second story of the Nadeau Hotel building. The Nadeau had just been completed. It was found to be too

large for the travel of that period—the tourist had not yet discovered Los Angeles—and beside, it was too far down-town. So the proprietors rented a portion of it for offices. What was intended for a dining room on the second floor was rented for a justice's court. The Society secured the room for its monthly meetings. Here it flourished like the fabled green bay tree, and increased rapidly in membership. It gave a reception to John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, and his estimable wife, who were made honorary members of the Society. It also gave a reception to Prof. Asa Gray, the father of botany, and received Lyman C. Draper, the founder of the Wisconsin Historical Society, the largest in America. After a stay of a year in the Nadeau, the room where its meetings were held was needed for other purposes, and the Society, following the Star of Empire, migrated westward and found a lodging place in the office of the Normal School Building on West Fifth street. Here it dwelt in peace, but not in prosperity. The peace was too profound and quietude too unbroken. The Normal School was then in the suburbs of the city, and the members were averse to wandering through unpeopled wastes over ungraded streets in pursuit of historical information. The minutes of that period frequently read, "No quorum present, Society adjourned." After a short stay at the Normal School, it retraced its steps to a point nearer the center of population and located in the Council chamber of the old City Hall. This is a two-story building in the rear of the Bryson Building, and fronts on West Second street. The building has passed out of the city's possession.

Here it remained until 1889, when the City Board of Education evicted it. Then it crossed the hallway and took up its abode in the police court room over the city jail. Although never a criminal or a fugitive from justice, in its early years it had quite an extensive acquaintance with courts.

After a few months the solons of the Board of Education found more comfortable quarters in the new City Hall on Broadway, and the Society moved back into its old quarters, which in the meantime had been converted into a city court room. Here it remained until 1896, when it again became a wanderer. It cut its acquaintance with court rooms and sought an entrance into private families. Since then it has held its meetings at the residences of its members in Los Angeles and Pasadena. This has been done in part through motives of economy, the income of the Society not being sufficient to allow of paying rent for a hall, and in part to accommodate its widely scattered membership.

Its library and collections have kept pace in their wanderings with the Society. At first they were stored in the Normal School building. From there, in 1891, they were moved to the fourth

story of the new Court House. The Supervisors leased the Society a large and well-lighted room. Here it set up its household gods. The room was open to members and visitors at certain hours. The collections were on display. The Society was riding on the very crest of a wave of prosperity, but the wave broke—the ceaseless break, break, break of the breakers of adversity have been pounding it ever since.

The County Surveyor cast envious eyes on the Society's snug quarters. When our lease expired an edict went forth from the Board of Supervisors that the Society must move its collections.

In vain did we plead with men owning buildings—men who had grown rich by the city's growth—to give us the free use of a room in one of their buildings. They were deaf to our appeals, and we were compelled to move our collection into the gallery of Judge Van Dyke's court room. There it reposed in dust and darkness for ten years, but in the meantime steadily growing in bulk. Then the whirligig of politics placed a judge in the room who knew us not. The court room was remodeled and the collections of the Society ordered moved out of their roosting place. Upstairs to the fourth floor of the Court House our belongings were carried and deposited in a small dingy room, unlighted and unventilated, except by a transom over the door. We hoped that the limit had been reached and that no one would drive us out of our undesirable quarters. Vain hope! One morning on opening the door of our dingy room I found our collection stacked promiscuously in one end of the room—books, newspapers, furniture, curios—piled in a heterogeneous mass reaching to the ceiling. Through opposite walls of the room two great holes had been cut and workmen were engaged in constructing a hallway across the room.

Inquiry elicited the information that the newly elected District Attorney, in order to make a short cut to his private office, had the work done. No notice had been given the Society of the proposed change. The hallway was completed and we were left in possession of what remained of the room, but not for long. The District Attorney needed a room for his retainers where they might be at his beck and call. An edict of banishment from the Court House was promulgated. The best the Supervisors could offer us was a corner in the county warehouse on New High street, across the street from the new Postoffice building. A room was partitioned off in one end of the building, and on the ides of May, 1907, we shook the dust of the Court House, or as much of it as we could get off our collections, and removed them to their last resting place. Whether it will be their final, remains to be seen. There, in cases, in drawers, in boxes and bundles, and stacked on the floor, dust covered and inaccessible for reference, our library and relics are stored.



Early in our history we undertook to preserve files of the daily and weekly newspapers of Southern California. It was a laudable ambition, but with our limited space and frequent removals an impracticable one. The publishers gradually cut our acquaintance—that is, stopped our papers—but in the meantime a great pile of newspapers, amounting to two or three tons, had accumulated. These, when we removed from the Court House, were turned over to the Public Library.

Throughout our residence in the Court House the various Boards of Supervisors have been kind to us. It has not been their fault that, like Little Joe, we have had to move on. The ever-increasing demand for more room has compelled them to utilize every inch of space available.

In the years that passed since that coterie of men gathered in old Temple Block to found the Society, we have made several vigorous attempts to secure a building of our own, or at least a part of one.

The first was made sixteen years ago. In conjunction with the Trustees of the Public Library, we induced the City Council to call an election for the purpose of voting upon the issue of \$50,000 in bonds to build a Library and Historical Building in Central Park. The election was called. Then the oratorical freaks that in former days aired their eloquence in that Free Forum (Central Park); the wind-jammers whose vapid maunderings made life a burden to their listeners; the workingmen who toiled with their jaws, and the man afraid of taxes—all rose up and went to the polls and voted against the bond issue, and it was lost.

Our next effort was in 1905. A bill was introduced in the State Legislature appropriating \$125,000 to build a building to be used jointly by the newly created Appellate Court and the Historical Society. It passed both houses of the Legislature and went to the Governor for his signature. I kept the telegraph wires hot with flashes of influence to induce the wavering Governor to affix his name to the bill, but in vain; he vetoed it on the plea that the Legislature had appropriated a million dollars more than the State's revenue. Yet at the same time he signed a bill appropriating nearly \$400,000 to appease the unceasing cry of give! give! from that horseleach's daughter, the State Capitol. And now comes a constitutional amendment to "ditch" the reconstructed Capitol at Sacramento and rear a five-million-dollar one at Berkeley. Verily, the ways of the politician are past finding out.

What trifles sometimes turn the scales in our life struggles. A few scratches of the Governor's pen at the foot of that bill would have put us on the king's highway; yes, on the royal road to prosperity. Omitted, and we are floundering in the Slough of Despond. With that appropriation we could have built a handsome building

in which to store our collections. These would have increased a thousand-fold. Members would have flocked to our standard; our library would have become an educational factor in enlightening the people on the history of the State they live in. The cost to the overburdened taxpayers would have been but the fractional part of a cent on the hundred dollars of their assessed valuation. The added burden would not have elicited a groan from the most heavily laden purveyor to the public revenue.

That such enlightenment is sadly needed is made apparent whenever the early history of the State is touched upon by the daily press, or when some callow historian undertakes to write up some incident or adventure of the olden times in magazine literature.

The density of ignorance in regard to the early history of California is as black as the darkness of Egypt in the time of Moses. The newspaper reporters who dish up the mental pabulum that the average citizen feeds upon can be fooled by any fake story of early times, no matter how absurd. Some *probable* son of Los Angeles who may have spent a week or two in the city, before the boom, returns. He finds a grown-up modern city and wonders thereat. He seeks out a reporter and has himself interviewed. He describes the "wild and woolly West" character of the old pueblo when he was here two decades ago. Then every man went armed to the teeth, and men who had died with their boots on were scattered promiscuously around the Plaza. Oh, it was gory times in the old pueblo then. With these pioneers of the boom, Los Angeles is always the old pueblo. They do not know that Los Angeles has been a *ciudad*, or city, for nearly three-quarters of a century—that it put on urban airs before Chicago did.

If all the write-ups of early Los Angeles that appear in the public press could be collected and illuminated by the light of the real facts in the case, *i. e.*, contrasted with the true story of the event, they would make the most comical history ever written.

Our Society has exposed many of the current historical fakes, but, like Banquo's ghost, they will not down. Occasionally one of them is exorcised. The olden-time saloon and later-time Chinese wash-house that for years has figured annually in illustrated papers as Fremont's headquarters, has been struck by the wand of Progress and crumbled to dust. It is down and out, and no camera fiend will ever again snap-shot it.

\* \* \* \* \*

If I had the time and you had the patience, I might narrate for you by the volume some of the wonderful discoveries made in California history by callow historians. I give a few samples:

When Commodore Evans' fleet was on its way up the Pacific Coast, one of the leading Los Angeles papers reported that San Diego's gift to "Fighting Bob" was to be a golden key in an olive wood box. The box was made from the wood of an olive tree planted by a Spaniard two hundred and fifty years ago. It would be a tale worth telling—how that lone Spaniard slipped into San Diego a hundred and ten years before Governor Portola and Father Serra planted a mission in California, and then slipped out again, leaving the record of his tree-planting feat where it could be found when needed.

Here is another choice extract that has gone abroad as veritable history. It relates to Rubidoux Mountain, at Riverside. It is headed "Romantic Memories": "There cleaves to this old mountain a good deal of romance. In the days of Father Junipero Serra and his co-workers the good mission padres traveled through this valley between Pala and San Gabriel, and then at a later period General Fremont himself led his brave little body of pathfinders down over the San Gorgonio Pass, through Riverside, across the river, and rested for the night at the old Rubidoux mansion, which is standing to this day, across the river and under the shadow of the cross which has been erected on the summit of the mountain. The Rubidoux were good Catholics, and their home was also the resting place of the mission fathers in their travels from one mission to another."

In the days of Father Junipero there was no Pala. The Mission of San Luis Rey, of which Pala was an *assistencia*, was not founded until fourteen years after the death of Serra. The "good mission padres" always traveled from Pala to San Gabriel by the coast route. General Fremont never "led a brave little body of pathfinders through the San Gorgonio Pass." He was never through the Pass until he went by railroad. His pathfinders could not have found Rubidoux mansion. It was not built when Fremont's pathfinders were here. "The Rubidoux were good Catholics and their home was always the resting place of the mission fathers in their travels from one mission to another." Rubidoux did not come to California until 1844—ten years after the secularization of the missions, and his mansion was not built until the last mission padre was dead or had left the country. With these callow historians the mission padres are always traveling up and down the coast on the mythical Camino Real. As a matter of fact, they did very little traveling. They had enough work at the missions to keep them busy.

Here is a choice bit of California history that was discovered and exploited at the time the Jamestown Exposition was in the process of evolution. It was deemed of such great importance that it was sent as an "exclusive dispatch" by "direct wire" to a leading newspaper of Los Angeles:

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1906—"The Jamestown (Va.) Exposition project received a black eye today when Frank H. Powers, of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Cal., came to the capitol with the proof that the first white settlement in the United States limits was not Jamestown, but Carmel-by-the-Sea.

"Powers produced documents to prove that Viscan, the Spanish navigator, settled there in 1602, five years before Jamestown was founded, and named the place because the land was the exact duplicate of Mount Carmel in the Holy Land.

"The French navigator, Pelouse, in 1658, Powers says, made a map of the Pacific Coast, and in accompanying notes referred to Viscan's settlement in 1602.

"Powers claims there is other corroborative evidence to sustain his contention. He has laid the case before the California delegation and members of the House Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions, and one of the latter, Representative Pollard of Nebraska, promised to bring the matter to the attention of the House."

The first white settlement in the United States limits, as every school boy in the eighth grade knows, or ought to know, was made at San Augustine, Florida, in 1565. No such party as Viscan ever explored the coast of California. Sebastian Viscaino explored the coast of California in 1602-3. He landed at San Diego and San Pedro, and, sailing through the Santa Barbara Channel, he discovered Monterey Bay. Viscaino, after his return to Mexico in 1603, endeavored to get assistance from Philip III, King of Spain, to plant a colony at Monterey, but the King's bank account at that time was overdrawn. Three years later Viscaino was given permission to found a settlement on the Bay of Monterey, but he died before the expedition was fitted out, and his colonization scheme died with him. As for Carmel-by-the-Sea, Viscaino never heard of it, nor did anyone else ever hear of it for nearly three hundred years after the old explorer's death.

The French navigator, La Perouse, visited California in 1786 and made a chart of a portion of the coast. Powers is off on the date of the Frenchman's arrival only one hundred and twenty-eight years. Powers "laid the case before the California delegation" in Congress. It is not probable that the delegation individually or collectively knew any more about the history of California than Powers does.

One more example of the bosh that is palmed off for California history—the last and the worst. It is to be found in a pamphlet descriptive of the town of Whittier. Thousands of copies of the book have been distributed through the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and have been sent abroad through other sources. It is a "bit of history" relative to Pio Pico's old house near the San Gabriel River:

"It was in the last days of the Spanish Dons. Already at Sutter's Mill had been found the first golden gleams which led to the mighty, mad rush of '49. Already General Fremont had begun that memorable movement which was to end in the overthrow of Mexican authority in California. But all unconscious of the coming change, Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor of California, was taking his wedding journey over the immense tracts which were his by Spanish grant, so large and so varied in their location that it is said he could travel from San Francisco to San Diego and scarcely step on another's land. By the desire of his wife, they were seeking a location for their permanent home. Knowing the spot which the morning's drive would reach, Governor Pico said, 'Where we lunch today, there we will build our home.' And, though the adobe is crumbling and the timbers, carried on the backs of Indians from San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away, are decayed and falling, the Pico mansion still stands, a monument to the wisdom of the Spaniard's choice."

This so-called "bit of history" contains about as many errors as it has words. At the time of the discovery of gold at "Sutter's Mill" the conquest of California had been completed a whole year, and Colonel Fremont (not General) had been a resident of Washington, D. C., nine months or more. "All unconscious of the coming change"—i. e., the conquest—"Pio Pico was taking his wedding journey." When gold was discovered, Pico was an exile in Mexico, where he had fled in August, 1846, when Stockton and Fremont took possession of Los Angeles. He had taken his wedding trip about fourteen years before. He was married in 1834 at the residence of his brother-in-law, Jose Antonio Carrillo, which stood where the Pico House—now the National Hotel—stands, in Los Angeles. He did not own at that time the rancho where the old house is built; it then belonged to the Mission San Gabriel. At the time gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, Pico was a widower 47 years of age, with all the romance of youth knocked out of him. "It is said he could travel from San Francisco to San Diego and scarcely step on another's land." All of his landed possessions, three or four ranchos, were located either in the Los Angeles or San Diego district. He owned no land within 500 miles of San Francisco. None of them were Spanish grants; they were made by Governors of California. The timbers for the old mansion "were carried on the backs of Indians from San Pedro Harbor, twenty miles away." This statement caps the climax for stupid blundering. There was no lumber brought to San Pedro Harbor until several years after the American occupation of California, and then there were wagons in the country to haul it to its destination.

In the twenty-five years of its existence, our Society has issued twenty-three annual publications of papers read before it. These

constitute seven volumes, of about three hundred pages each. The topics discussed in these papers are treated monographically, and are generally regarded as historical authority upon the subjects of which they treat. Our publications are becoming more sought after each succeeding year. Volume one is out of print, and some of the others soon will be.

Our Society has expended over \$3000 in publication. Not a dollar of this has been obtained from the public funds of city, county or State. It has been contributed by a few public-spirited and patriotic men and women who believe that there is something in life loftier than mere commercialism, and in the literature we send abroad there should be something higher than laudations of climate and statistics of resources.

In the twenty-five years of our Society's existence we have distributed over seven thousand copies of its publications. These have gone into the hands of private individuals, and into college, state and historical libraries, in Europe and America.

## TRADE CONDITIONS AT SAN PEDRO IN 1850.

### A MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

The following Memorial to Congress, asking that San Pedro be made a port of entry and that a custom house be established there, is the earliest effort made by the people of Los Angeles to secure improvement by the United States Government for that port. A copy of the Memorial was filed with the Clerk of Los Angeles County, May 30, 1850. (The county had been organized in April of that year.) The original draft of the Memorial, numerously signed, accompanied by a letter emphasizing the needs of the people, was sent to Colonel Thomas H. Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, to be presented to Congress. The Memorial sets forth the commercial conditions existing in Southern California at that time, and therefore has historical value.

Congress, by an act passed March 3, 1849, extended "the revenue laws of the United States over the territory and waters of Upper California, and created a collection district therein. San Francisco was made a port of entry and a custom house established there, the only one in the territory of California. San Diego and Monterey were made ports of delivery. The act further provided that "at some convenient point within the territory of the United States, to be selected by the Secretary of the Treasury, as near as may be to the junction of the Rivers Gila and Colorado, at the head of the Gulf of California," another port of delivery shall be established.

The collector of the district, resident at San Francisco, whose jurisdiction extended over "all the ports, harbors, bays, rivers and waters of the mainland of the territory of Upper California," was allowed by Congress the munificent salary of "fifteen hundred dollars a year and the fees and commissions allowed by law." His salary would scarce pay office rent for one month in the flush days of '49 and '50, when the rent of a very ordinary two-story adobe—the Parker House—was \$125,000 a year, and it cost \$2 a night for floor space enough to spread your blankets for a bed. The salary of the deputy collectors at the ports of delivery was fixed at one thousand dollars a year and the fees and commissions allowed by law. Although office seekers were as hungry for positions then as now, there seems to have been no applicants for the position of deputy collector at the port of delivery "at or near the junction of the Rivers Gila and Colorado." The Yuma Indians were collecting revenue in the shape of horses and mules from the immigrants, and had no objections when an opportunity offered to collect scalps.

All violations of the revenue laws of the United States com-

mitted in Upper California were to be prosecuted in the District Court of Louisiana or the Supreme Court of Oregon. A litigant in a suit had the choice of a two-thousand-mile trip "the plains across" to Louisiana, or a two-thousand-mile voyage up the coast to the Capital of Oregon. The pleadings of the memorialists failed to move the solons of Congress. San Pedro was made a port of delivery in 1853, but it was many a long year before a custom house was established there.

J. M. GUINN.

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE UNITED  
STATES SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENT-  
ATIVES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

The memorial of the undersigned inhabitants of the County of Los Angeles in the State of California respectfully represent:

That for want of a Port of Entry within the district of country in which they reside its business and trade labor under the most serious disadvantages, its growth and settlement are materially retarded and great dissatisfaction prevails among the people.

So numerous and aggravated are the evils which your memorialists suffer for want of a Port of Entry and a Custom House that they can but feel some little delicacy in bringing them to the notice of your Honorable body for it is fully believed that in no section of the United States has there ever existed obstructions so serious in character to the prosperity of trade and commerce and which have been so long and so patiently endured by the same number of people as that to which your memorialists are and have been subjected.

The conditions of the country in which your memorialists reside are peculiar and hence results a marked singularity in the state of its trade. Its proximity to the mining regions has caused it to be substantially denuded of its laboring population and hence although strikingly agricultural in its natural features it has for the last two years been dependent on a foreign supply for not only the greater proportion of its bread stuffs but for even the coarser articles such as peas, beans, oats, barley, etc. These are brought usually from some of the South American ports, taken to San Francisco and thence reshipped to San Pedro. It thus appears that not only are the people of this region compelled to obtain the more costly fabrics of manufactures at another port but even articles of the most common consumption, at what additional cost the following facts will testify.

The freight alone from San Francisco to San Pedro for the last two years has never been less than twice the amount of what is charged for conveying the same articles from New York to San Francisco. The expenses upon a cargo of flour for sending it from



the warehouse in San Francisco to San Pedro have been as high as ten dollars and twenty-five cents per barrel and have never been less than five dollars and seventy-five cents. One of your memorialists has paid for the expenses of a single cargo of goods from San Francisco to San Pedro fourteen thousand dollars. In fine the average additional cost upon goods purchased at San Francisco is not less than 30 per cent upon their being landed at San Pedro.

Not alone would this entire amount be saved to your memorialists by the establishment of a Custom House at San Pedro but many articles of trade, which cannot now be procured at all at San Francisco would be brought to the former port. The people of this region are to a large extent of the Spanish race and whole cargoes of goods could be imported from Mexican ports and sold at a large advance that are never found at all in the markets of San Francisco in consequence of the population there being so essentially American in its character.

Were there a Custom House at San Pedro, cargoes of coffee and rice would be brought there from Central America; panocha (a coarse kind of sugar) from Mexico, flour from Chili and sugar from Peru. To say nothing of the enormous cost of reshipping these articles from San Francisco which has already been alluded to, the original cost of them at San Pedro would be much less than at the former place. In freight alone there would be a material reduction, for not only is the voyage some six hundred miles less, but from there not being the same inducements and facilities for desertions by his crew as at the north, a master could afford to run his vessel to San Pedro from a southern port at a much less rate than he could to San Francisco. With a bare allusion to the enormous expenses of unloading and storage at San Francisco and which of course is included in the first cost to the purchaser at Los Angeles and to the great lapse of time, delay and expense to the merchant of the latter place in going north to make his purchases, we pass to consider the amount of trade actual and prospective in this country: First. The amount of actual sales of goods landed at San Pedro for the last two years has been but little short of one million of dollars per annum. This amount was formerly much more as it is well known that at the time of the old Missions there was more business done at the port of San Pedro than at any other port on the Pacific north of Acapulco.

In touching upon the probable increase of trade in this section, we cannot withhold alluding to the fact that the district of country in which your memorialists reside is infinitely superior to that of any other portion of California to sustain a dense population. It contains without a doubt a larger amount of arable and irrigable land in a single body than any other portion of the state. Its soil is of

the best character and is usually well watered. The climate, it is fully believed, will compare favorably for salubrity and evenness of temperature with those of the finest regions of the south of Europe. In no other part of the world will the earth yield the same variety of vegetable production as in this. Here may be found growing side by side with luxurious fields of the cereals of the north the grape, the fig, the orange, the pomgranite, the olive, etc., of a tropical clime. Large forests of fine timber abound in many sections. The mineral deposits, too, are numerous and valuable; salt, limestone, mineral tar, tequesquite (a natural salaratus), are found in great abundance and of the best quality. All of these natural advantages betoken a no distant day when the section of the country in which your memorialists reside will be inhabited by a populous and intelligent American community.

Nor is it alone from the operation of these causes that a rapid increase of population is anticipated. It is well known that the mining districts of California are constantly becoming enlarged by new discoveries, already they are worked to great effect at Kings River, distant from Los Angeles but about two hundred miles, important discoveries of gold have also been made in nearer localities. On the road leading to the Great Salt Lake, gold has been found in many places and it is believed by numbers that ultimately as prolific a mining region will there be found as any within the Sacramento valley. Should these anticipations prove correct, it can be easily seen to what disadvantages the mining districts here would labor under from the increased price of goods owing to their being no Custom House at San Pedro.

Your memorialists would now call the attention of your honorable body to the fact that the port of San Pedro is the nearest commercial outlet to the large and highly flourishing community of Deseret.\* This is a fact but lately known even to those people themselves. A party under command of General C. C. Rich, one of the twelve apostles of the sect of Mormons, came through from the Salt Lake valley this last winter for the purpose of surveying and measuring the route leading from thence to this section; and it is from their report we learn that their foreign supplies of goods must be brought from this locality as it is not only much nearer than to San Francisco and the road better but it can be travelled at all seasons of the year which the road across the Sierra Nevadas, as is well known, cannot as it is inaccessible at least six months out of the twelve. So well convinced are the Mormons of this fact that they have recently purchased one of the largest ranchos in this

---

\*The Mormons named their settlement at Great Salt Lake the State of Deseret. Congress named it the territory of Utah. At the time this memorial was written it was known as Deseret.

county with a view of laying out a settlement and founding a town thereon. This property they propose taking possession of in August next and they are confident in the opinion that in a few years time they will have as large a settlement in this country as they now have at the Salt Lake valley.

Your memorialists will allude to but a single fact further in this connection; the county of Los Angeles is the great thoroughfare for two of the most important routes of travel from the Eastern States and from Mexico. Over these routes flows a throng of immigrants so numerous as almost to defy belief. Most of these would purchase more or less of their supplies from the merchants of Los Angeles did not its trade labor under so many disadvantages.

At least ten thousand Sonorians pass through here on their way to the mines each spring, generally returning to Mexico in the autumn. Most of these people live remote from any commercial town in their own country and would purchase largely of American manufactured goods on their return home, could goods be had here on reasonable terms.

Your memorialists will allude to but a single further consideration upon this subject, namely, that the port of San Pedro is but about one thousand miles (1,000 miles) north of Mazatlan, at that port there are received every year large cargoes of foreign goods sent directly from Europe and selected with an especial eye to the wants of a Spanish population. Were there a Custom House at San Pedro a portion of these goods before being unloaded would be brought on to this port and sold to your memorialists not only at less than they can be obtained for in San Francisco but even in New York.

## LAS SALINAS (THE SALT PITS).

BY J. M. GUINN.

Under the Spanish and Mexican regime there were but few articles manufactured in California. The people were agriculturists and stock raisers. Few, if any, skilled mechanics came to the territory. There was no demand for their labor. Not only the few luxuries that the wealthier inhabitants were able to indulge in but also the necessities were shipped into the country. Even that very necessary condiment, salt, for many years after the first settlement of the country, was brought from Mexico, although there were salt springs and lakes near the settlements and fields of the ready-made article on the desert.

About the year 1815 the first expedition to secure a supply of salt set out from the pueblo of Los Angeles for the sink of the Colorado desert, where many years later the Liverpool Salt Works were established at Salton on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Every spring after the winter rains were over and before it had grown oppressively hot on the desert an expedition was fitted out to make the trek for the yearly supply of salt for the villagers. The creaking old carretas with their massive wooden wheels were loaded with a supply of provisions and bedding. A detail was made from the Mission Indians to drive the oxen, an Indian to each ox; the adjacent missions joined in the trek and received a share of the salt. A squad of caballeros from the pueblo guards acted as a mounted escort to protect the cavalcade from the mountain Indians who were hostile and to prevent the Mission Indian ox-drivers from running away and joining their Gentile kinsmen.

When all was ready the caravan set out on its toilsome journey—across the green valleys of San Gabriel Mission's wide domains, up through the pass of San Gorgonio and down into the desert below the sea level where fields of crystalline salt lay glistening in the hot sunshine, but where now the waves of Salton Sea break on the desert strand.

The carts were quickly loaded and the return journey begun. It usually took about a month to make the *jornada para sal*—the journey for salt. On the return the salt was divided among the missions that had contributed help, and to the different households of the pueblo. The supply was intended to last a year.

Under Mexican rule a more liberal spirit prevailed and foreigners were allowed to settle in the country. Many of these were artisans and as a result some of the most needed and most used articles were manufactured in California. In the early '30's salt works

were established at the Salinas, a place within the limits of what is now the seaport City of Redondo. Here there was a laguna or lake formed by the waters of salt springs which carried a high percentage of salt. The salt was extracted by boiling in kettles or by evaporation in the sun. It was found to be cheaper to manufacture salt than to bring the ready-made article from the desert. The treks to the desert ceased and the *jornada para sal* became one of the forgotten episodes of California history. I find no record of it in any history of the territory. My information was obtained many years ago from an old pioneer who was cognizant of these events.

The manufacture of salt increased until it became a paying institution. The *paisanos* of the old pueblo had salt to sell to their neighbors up and down the coast. The salt works seem to have been communal property. Each householder having a right to make salt or to share with his neighbors in the products of the salt pits. The missions derived their supply from the Salinas. This was resented by the Anti-Mission politicians of the pueblo one of the most active of whom was Juan de Dios Bravo or Brabo—John, Valiant of God—Juan was a *vinatero*—a wine merchant on a small scale. He was one of the landless and looked with avaricious eyes upon the missions' vast estates. He was a *regidor* in the *Ayuntamiento* of 1835. This was after the decree of secularization of the Missions had been passed by the Mexican Congress but before it had been enforced.

Juan, of the holy name, introduced into the Most Illustrious *Ayuntamiento* a resolution to place a tax on the salt and brea used by the Missions. In his argument in favor of a tariff he said, "The ex-Missions still maintain their proud old notions of being the owners of all the natural products of forest and field. They will not allow any wood to be taken to build a hut or to fence a field even when they are paid for it, alleging in justification of their refusal that there is not enough to supply the Indians of the ex-Missions." "Now admit," says Juan of the holy cognomen, "that these wretched people should have their wants supplied in preference to the people of this town, therefore I say the friars of the ex-Missions should pay a tax on the salt and brea from our springs they use for their Indians."

The eloquence of Juan, the Valiant, moved the town council to appoint a committee to consider his tariff for revenue scheme. At the next meeting the committee brought in the following report: "To the Most Illustrious *Ayuntamiento*:

"The committee appointed by you to consider the scheme proposed by *Regidor* Juan de Dios Brabo in relation to monopolizing the Salinas (salt pits,) and placing a duty on brea (mineral tar used for

roofing), having examined said project thoroughly we find that in relation to selling the salt at public sale it is not feasible, being that the production is fortuitous and being that the Most Excellent Diputation must decide this matter and it should be informed of the same. In the meantime, a duty can be placed on salt of two dollars a bushel to neighboring Missions that might need it.

"In respect to placing a duty on brea we do not know that there has ever been a demand for the same by said Missions, but in the future if there should be the tribunal of this pueblo will fix a price which will be adjusted according to the quantity used. This is all the committee has to say on the matter.

"Angeles, June 19, 1835."

The Ayuntamiento adopted the committee's report and thereafter the frairs of the ex-Missions had to pay two dollars a bushel to salt their Indians—but salt would not save them. After the American occupation of California the salt works seem to have been run on a co-operative plan, the operatives taking their pay in salt and disposing of it as best they could.

In 1853 Johnson & Allanson, a mercantile firm doing business in Los Angeles bought the works. The following account of the salt works is taken from the Los Angeles Star of September 26th, 1856:

"Situated about sixteen miles southwest from the City of Los Angeles is a salt lake or pond from which is manufactured salt of first rate quality. The lake is nearly two hundred yards wide by about six hundred long and is supplied by springs upon its western bank. It is about two hundred yards distant from the ocean, above which it is elevated from six to ten feet. It would appear at first sight that it was supplied from the ocean but such is not the fact as has been proved by frequent experiments. The existence of this lake has long been known to the natives of the country, and from it they were formerly in the habit of drawing their supply of salt by shoveling it up from the bottom. The missionaries who first settled here also knew of its existence and claimed its proprietorship but made no attempt to improve the natural resources of the lake.

"Some years since this valuable property came into the possession of two gentlemen of this city—Messrs. Johnson and Allanson—who have expended a large amount of capital in the erection of the necessary works for the manufacture of salt by artificial as well as solar evaporation.

"The water is drawn from the lake through an iron pipe by means of a force pump, and is conducted into a reservoir, from which it is led by a wooden pipe into the kettles in the boiling house. This building is about eighty feet long and contains forty-eight kettles, which are kept constantly heated. As the salt forms

in the kettles it is removed and water added in proportion to the evaporation. The salt on being removed from the kettle is ready for market, only requiring time to dry. The process is very simple and the production of salt abundant from the intensely saline quality of the waters of the lake.

"In regard to the amount of fuel consumed it is estimated that each cord of wood produces a ton of salt. By solar evaporation the salt is produced at the cost of the tanks and attendance. There are five tanks in operation; they were cleaned up this week for the first time, and found to have answered all the expectations of the proprietors. That one in which the water was of least depth proved most productive.

"The daily average product of the kettles is five tons. They require to be cooled down for cleaning once in ten days. Each tank or vat, yields about a ton of salt in crystalized form. The salt is at present all hauled to the landing at San Pedro at a large expense.

"The water of the lake is so strongly impregnated with saline constituents, that a stick placed in it will be coated in ten days an inch thick with crystalized cubes. We saw some of them which were very beautiful.

"It is a singular fact that within twenty yards of the lake good fresh water is obtained within fifteen feet of the surface. Two wells of about this depth and about twenty feet apart supply fresh water to the workmen.

"Messrs. Johnson & Allanson intend sending samples of their salt packed in satin bags to the State Fair."

Johnson & Allanson endeavored to create a market for their product in San Francisco but they encountered that barrier that since the dawn of civilization has wrecked many a pioneer enterprise—the cost of transportation. They had to haul their products from the salt works to San Pedro in wagons, then lighter them out to anchorage. The freight charges on vessels up and down the coast then were high. It cost ten dollars to ship a barrel of flour from San Francisco to Los Angeles. When the product arrived at San Francisco beside the freight, there were wharfage charges, drayage, storage and commissions to middle men and other men. When the product finally reached the consumer the producer often faced a deficit—actually had to pay a penalty for producing a needful and needed commodity. Salt could be shipped as ballast in sailing vessels from New York via Cape Horn to San Francisco, sixteen thousand miles, cheaper than it could be transported from the Salinas to the Bay City. The manufacturers were compelled to limit their production to the local demand and the scheme of building a great salt making center at the Salinas went a glimmering. Recently I obtained from Mr. George W. Hazard, whose father at

one time was the manager of the Pacific Salt Works, as the Salinas was latterly called, the loan of an old account book which contains the business transactions of these works from 1854 to 1864. It gives in words and figures a terse history of that industry in its prime and in its decline but it stops short of its demise.

In 1854 when the first entries were made in the old book the industry was evidently in a flourishing state and wages were high. Erastus J. Richmond between November 1st, 1854 and April 1st, 1855 is credited with five months' labor at \$200 per month, a total of \$1,000. He is debited with "orders" to the amount of \$1,000, but whether orders were for salt, cash or merchandise, the book-keeper does not inform us—he knew and posterity might guess what Richmond got. Charles P. Brittan receives \$100 per month. After April 1855 there was a cut in wages and in 1856 another cut. The wages of the ordinary employes had been reduced to \$40 per month and in each man's account was an entry saying that 26 days shall constitute a month. There were no Saturday half holidays then, and no labor unions. The laborers put in ten good hours for a day's work. Looking over the list of the early employees at the salt works we find that nearly all of them were Americans, although the labor element of Southern California was then largely Mexican and Indian. The names of only three foreigners appear on the roll—Joaquin, the Mexican, Dutch John and Achilles Mores. The latter was a Greek and possibly a distant relative—distant about three thousand years—of the Greek demi-god Achilles, who was shot in the heel at the siege of Troy. A Trojan sharpshooter lodged an arrow in the one vulnerable spot in the make of the Greek hero. A modern saw bones would have amputated his heel. The operation would have been successful—but the patient died all the same. The old Greek surgeon let him die with his heels on, which was a more glorious death for the hero than to be amputated to death by a saw bones.

Our modern Achilles did not lose his life at the siege of Salinas, although he was a splendid loser. He began work October 17th, by the 27th the record states, he had lost seven days, then he lost his job, and honest Dutch John, who seems to have been too poor to own a surname took his place. German Johanes had no Greek gods roosting in his family tree, but he knew how to make salt and that was as honorable an occupation as fighting Trojans.

There are a number of entries in this old account book that, while trivial in themselves, illustrate customs, usages and business methods of half a century ago. And for that reason are worth recording. There was a boarding house at the Salinas where the employees took their meals. Refugio Boteller seems to have had the contract to supply beef. Beef was sold at \$4.00 per quarter of an animal, small or large. In the account with Refugio appears this item:



"One quarter of beef sent back because the meat had been taken off the ribs." The meat over the ribs was considered by the Californians the choice cut of the animal. Evidently Refugio, catering to the fastidious taste of some favored patron, had attempted to deprive the salt makers of a choice tit bit, but he discovered to his cost that the American working man is an autocrat in appetite, and will have the best the market affords.

A store was kept at the Salinas and the debits for articles sold give us the market price of some commodities fifty-five years ago—25 pounds of sugar, \$3.50; 100 pounds of flour, \$6.00; a box of Lucifer matches, 50 cents, and three pieces of soap half a dollar. The size of the pieces is not given. Matches were just coming into general use. The smell of sulphur that always accompanied the lighting of the old style of match impressed the user with the idea that it was the invention of a gentleman named Lucifer, who is supposed to have a corner on all the brimstone in the infernal regions, hence the name, Lucifer match. In 1858 Johnson & Allanson sold the salt works to Francis Mellus, who was conducting a large mercantile business in Mellus Row, corner of Aliso and Los Angeles streets. A considerable amount of salt was still produced. One entry in the old account book named states that A. M. Hazard, who was the manager of the Pacific Salt Works for Mellus, delivered to him in August and September, 1859, 47,500 pounds of solar and lake salt. Francis Mellus died in 1860. His widow retained the works and continued to operate them until the business was finally abandoned. The boiling process of extracting was given up on account of the increased cost of fuel and the salt was extracted by evaporation only. Two crops were taken off each season. In 1879 four hundred and fifty tons were produced. In its crude state at that time it was sold at prices ranging from nine to thirteen dollars per ton, but when ground it brought from eighteen to twenty-four dollars per ton. Mrs. Trudell (formerly Mrs. Mellus) owned a salt mill in Los Angeles where the salt was ground and put up for the market.

The extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Yuma in 1881 and the building of the Liverpool Salt Works at Salton in the desert where there were vast fields of salt ready made that could be had for the gathering, killed this old-time industry which for half a century had supplied Southern California with salt. The railroad followed the trail of the salt caravans of the early years of the last century but the iron horse consumed less hours in the journey than did the patient oxen weeks in dragging the cumbersome old carretas in the jornada para sal.

Such, in brief, is a fragmentary and half forgotten chapter of the industrial history of Southern California. Many an enterprise that

was launched in the long ago, fostered and promoted by the labor and limited capital of the pioneers of the territory has been crushed by the remorseless wheels of Progress; and the "demnition gwind" will go on and on forever. Sometimes in our optimistic moments we flatter ourselves that we are building for posterity—that future generations will rise up and call us blessed—that the structures we are rearing and the enterprises we are promoting will immortalize our names. Time passes. The memory of our deeds fades. The generations that follow us laugh in scorn at the puny structures we were so proud of—batter them down and build skyscrapers on their ruins.

## REMINISCENCES OF EARLY CALIFORNIA FROM 1831 TO 1846.

BY COL. J. J. WARNER.

It seems appropriate that before attempting to write about those Americans and others who, while California was to the mass of the American and other people of the world an unknown and unheard of country, came to California and wherefore they came to relate why and how I, myself, reached the present city then Pueblo of Los Angeles on the 5th of December, 1831.

Born in Lynn, New London County, Connecticut, November 20, 1807, the spring and summer of 1830 found me an invalid and, following the advice of my physician, I left my native state October 5th of that year in search of a milder clime in which to pass the coming winter.

Reaching New York without any definite destination, or route of travel, I was swept westerly by the strong and uninterrupted current of humanity flowing in that direction until I arrived in St. Louis in November with improved health.

Messrs. Smith, Jackson & Soubllette, who as the successors of Ashley & Smith had constituted the "Rocky Mountain Fur Company" for a number of years preceeding, arrived at St. Louis with a wagon train loaded with furs from the rendezvous of the company on the Yellowstone River a few days previous to my reaching that city. As this was the first wagon train that had come into St. Louis or Missouri from the Rocky Mountains it caused, together with the large amount and great value of the furs brought down, quite a sensation in that city which was not at that time a place of the same extent or business proportions as at this present time.

Partly from the novelty of going to the mountains, and partly from the hope of further improvement in health I sought for this purpose an interview with Mr. Smith. Instead of finding a leather stocking I met a well-bred, intelligent and Christian gentleman, who repressed my youthful ardor and fancied pleasures for the life of a trapper and mountaineer by informing me that if I went into the Rocky Mountains the chances were much greater in favor of meeting death than of finding a restoration to health, and that if I escaped the former and secured the latter, the probabilities were that I would be ruined for anything else in life than such things as would be agreeable to the passions of a semi-savage. He said that he had spent about eight years in the mountains and should not return to them.

---

I did not see him or his associates again until the following March when he called on me and informed me, that contrary to his first intention, he had determined to accompany a trading expedition which he had been fitting out for Santa Fe, New Mexico. He had originally engaged in this trading expedition for the benefit of two of his younger brothers to whom it was to have been entrusted but that as the amount of goods purchased for the expedition was much greater than he had anticipated he should now go out to New Mexico with his brothers and return in the fall and that he would give me a situation if I was disposed to go to New Mexico and be left there as an employee in the business or return with him as he might elect.

Accepting his offer I left St. Louis in his employ about the first of April and traveling by land with mule wagons we reached Lexington, Mo., to which point some goods had been shipped. A week or two was spent in Lexington and a day or two at Independence in adding to the means of transportation and in the laying in of stores for the journey. On the 4th of May, 1831, the camp on the left bank of the Little Blue, where we had remained two or three days making final preparations, was broken up and the party started in its pathless way across the plains for Santa Fe. The party consisted of eighty-five men. There were twenty-three wagons. Ten of these drawn by five or six mules each belonged to Messrs. Soubllette & Jackson, and ten moved by similar power belonged to Messrs. Mills & Chadwick of St. Louis, and one moved in like manner to Mr. Flournoy of Independence. There was one wagon drawn by four mules the joint property of Mr. Smith and Messrs. Soubllette & Jackson which had a small field piece mounted upon the hind axle. The wagon was so constructed that it could be readily uncoupled and the hind wheels with the piece of artillery mounted thereon drawn out ready for action. All the proprietors accompanied the party. Mr. Fitzpatrick, one of the partners, successor to Smith, Jackson & Soubllette (the Rocky Mountain Fur Co.), who, with one man, had come from the rendezvous on the Yellowstone in the winter and who reached Lexington in April while the party was at that place with two or three men accompanied the party to New Mexico. Mr. Flournoy had a young son with him. All of the balance of the party were hired men.

Before reaching the Arkansas river the cowardly Pawnees killed one of the party, a Mr. Merton, clerk to Jackson & Soubllette, and a very estimable young man. While engaged in killing a couple of antelope he fell a little behind and out of sight of the party, when a dozen or so of mounted Pawnees rushed upon him from a hiding place and killed him.

Between the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers the party suffered extremely from a hot burning south wind and the want of water.

There was neither path, trail nor guide to lead the party to water. In the morning of the second day after leaving the Arkansas river Mr. Smith rode on in advance of the party in search of water. He did not return. Soon after the arrival of the party at Santa Fe, July 4th, 1831, some New Mexican Indian traders who had been out near the Cimarron river trading with the Arapahoes came into Santa Fe bringing the rifle and holster pistols of Mr. Smith, which they said they had purchased from the Indians who stated that they had killed the owner of the arms on the Cimarron river. The Indians said that a small party of their men were ambushed behind the bank of the river waiting for the buffalo to come down and drink. The bed of the river was generally dry at this time. Only occasionally along the bed of the river did the water rise to the surface of the sandy bed. While the Indians were ambushed near a watering place they saw a horseman approaching. He rode to the water and dismounted, gave his horse water and drank himself and as he was standing by the side of his horse they rushed suddenly upon him thrusting a lance through his body. That he then turned upon them and shot one of their number dead. The rifle and pistols were percussion locks with which the Indians had not any acquaintance and, therefore, sold them to the New Mexican traders.

As the death of Mr. Smith closed my engagement with him, or would have brought it to a termination on the return of the party to Missouri in the fall of that year, and as Mr. Jackson, who after arriving in New Mexico dissolved partnership with Mr. Soublette and had entered into partnership with Doctor David Waldo and Ewing Young, then both in New Mexico, was fitting out a small party at Santa Fe for California to purchase mules for the Louisiana market to be driven there by the way of Texas, I left the employment of the successors of Mr. Smith as the party was leaving New Mexico to return to Missouri and took service as a hired man with Mr. Jackson, who with a party of eleven men all told left Santa Fe on the sixth of September for California. Each man had a riding mule, and there were seven pack mules, the loads of five of which were silver coin, Mexican dollars. The party traveled down the Del Norte river, passing Albuquerque and the other towns along the Rio Aabjo (Lower River), and by the Santa Rita copper mine, crossing the San Pedro rancho and the abandoned mission of San Javier de Tubac, Tucson, a military post and small town, the Pima villages and crossed the Colorado a few miles below the mouth of the Gila, reaching San Diego via San Luis Rey in the early part of November, 1831. As before stated the party arrived at Los Angeles December 5th, 1831, where I remained with one man while Mr. Jackson, with the rest of the party, went north as far as the missions on the southern shores of the bay of San Francisco for the purpose of purchasing mules. He returned in the latter

part of March to Los Angeles with a much less number of mules than was anticipated. Here he was joined by Young, who had arrived with his party to assist in driving the mules through Texas to Louisiana, but as the number of mules was comparatively so small, it was resolved that Jackson should return to New Mexico over the route by which he came, with the animals that had been purchased, about six hundred mules and one hundred horses. It had been estimated that fifteen hundred or two thousand mules would be purchased. It was further determined that Young, after assisting Jackson to cross the Colorado river should return to California and spend the summer in shooting sea otter and in the fall proceed with a party of trappers to the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers and make a beaver hunt.

In May the return party, embracing most of the men who came with Young and Jackson's parties, left camp on the Santa Ana river at the Sierra rancho in the present county of San Bernardino, for the Colorado river where we arrived in June and found the river nearly bank full. With great difficulty and after some twelve days of incessant toil in the burning sun and other casualties the mules and horses were swam to the east shore and Jackson with about thirty men went on his way with the herd.

Mr. Young, with five men, of whom I was one, retraced their steps over the desert and reached Los Angeles in the last days of June. Mr. Young entered into an agreement with President Father Sanches, then in charge of the mission of San Gabriel, who had a brig commanded by Capt. Wm. Richardson, an Englishman, and which was engaged in the trade between California and other parts of Mexico and Peru, to transport him and his shooting party to some point on the coast where the otter resorted. Father Sanches also intrusted Capt. Richardson to lend such aid and assistance as were at his disposal to fit out the party. The brig was lying in the port of San Pedro to which place the party repaired about the 1st of July. With the help of the ship-carpenter of the brig two canoes were made. The timbers for the canoes were cut on the Feliz rancho near Los Angeles, and the planks were made from inch pine boards brought from Boston in a Boston vessel trading on the coast. The boards after being sawed into strips about five inches in width were split into two boards of less than half an inch in thickness. This cutting and splitting was done with a hand saw.

Early in July the canoes and some stores were taken on board the brig and Mr. Young with his otter hunters numbering six beside himself of whom two were Kanakas and myself, embarked and the brig stood out seaward. Calling at the Island of Santa Cruz the brig anchored at Prisoners harbor where the water casks were filled for the ship's use and then sailing to Point Conception the otter hunters, their canoes and some stores of which no part was whisky,

were landed. The brig's yawl was also left with the hunters. The brig then proceeded on her voyage to Monterey and the bay of San Francisco. After a few days spent in otter shooting near Point Conception Mr. Young, who had been spilled out of a canoe into the surf a number of times, left the otter hunters to continue the shooting and the pastime of being spilled out of canoes into the laughing surf, and proceeded to Monterey by land. After shooting about Point Conception for some days the otter hunters navigated the old yawl with the canoes in tow across the channel to the Island of San Miguel, and after shooting around it, sailed for Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz, treating each island in the same manner, and then sailed for and safely arrived at San Pedro in September.

Mr. Young had returned to Los Angeles and some five or six men whom he had gathered up were encamped at San Pasqual, near the San Gabriel Mission, where he was joined by the marine corps. The party recruited up to fourteen in number broke camp in the early part of October and proceeded by the Cajon de Uva, now Fort Tejon route and the western shore of the Tulare valley lakes to the mouth of King's river.

Having said this much of how and why I came to California and having reached a point where I entered upon to me a new vocation I may henceforward merge myself in the company with which I journeyed onward, and take up as well as I can in the order of time the history of those American and other parties which reached California overland or otherwise in early times and previous to my arrival as well as subsequent thereto of which I have knowledge.

Jedidiah S. Smith went to the Rocky Mountains in the service of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, of which company General Wm. H. Ashley of St. Louis was the chief active member. This company should not, as it frequently has been, be confounded with the American Fur Company, as, instead of having any connection with the latter, it was, from its inception, an active and persistent rival to that company. After a short time in the service of the company Smith became a partner with General Ashley, under the firm name of Ashly & Smith, who then constituted the active partners of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. After a few years General Ashley sold out his interest in the company to Smith, Jackson & William Soubllette, who composed the Rocky Mountain Fur Company until the summer of 1830 when they sold out and retired from the business. Their successors were Frapp, Bridger, Fitzpatrick & Milton Soubllette.

In 1826 Jedediah S. Smith led a party of trappers through the Green river country and over the Sierra Nevadas at or near the pass since known as Walker's pass into the great California valley, entering it near its southeastern extremity. He hunted on the rivers flowing into the lakes of that part of the valley called the Tulare

valley, the San Joaquin river and its tributaries in the valley until he reached the American branch of the Sacramento in the spring of 1825. Failing to find a feasible pass anywhere in that vicinity by which to leave the valley with his party he put his party into summer quarters on the American fork of the Sacramento, from which cause it took its name, and with two men went over the mountains, traveling up the American fork and over the deserts of Utah he reached the rendezvous of the company on the Yellowstone river. He was on the summit of the Sierra Nevada on the 29th of June and such was the elevation and so intense was the cold that his mules were frozen to death on that night. He succeeded in getting two or three horses over the mountains but these he was forced to kill for food before reaching Green river or a country of game.

In the fall of 1825 he left the rendezvous on the Yellowstone with another party of trappers and proceeding southerly to the head waters of Green river followed down that water course about two hundred miles, to where that river bends to the west then he left it, and continued southerly over the high table-lands between that river and Grande river until he reached the latter river which he crossed and still continuing his course southwesterly approached the Colorado at the great canon below the junction of the Green and Grande rivers. Finding no place where he could gain access to the river so as to cross to its right bank on account of the perpendicular walls that for hundreds of miles form the canon, he worked his way southerly until passing below the canon he attempted to cross the Colorado at the Mohave Indian villages. While crossing over to the west shore of the river and when the men of his party were distributed some on either bank of the river and some on rafts the Mohave Indians, who in large numbers and with most perfect semblance of peace and friendship were aiding the party to cross the river suddenly rose upon and surprising the party in a most unexpected moment and manner, killed all but two or three of the party. Mr. Smith, who had with two or three men crossed over the river, made his escape and reached the Mission of San Gabriel in November or the beginning of December, 1826. The military authorities at that mission conducted him to San Diego, the then military headquarters of the Territory of Alta California. After some delay and detention at that place he was permitted to gather a few men and obtain some supplies with which he proceeded by the way of the Tulare and San Joaquin valleys where he joined in the spring of 1827 the party left there the previous year.

To avoid the Sierra Nevada and the desert country lying to the west and southwest of Salt Lake Mr. Smith resolved to proceed northerly keeping the Sierra Nevadas on his right and by a detour around its northern part reach the waters of Snake river north of



Salt Lake. But as he left the Sacramento valley at its northern extremity on the west side of the Sacramento river he found the country rough and mountainous and the difficulty of following up the river or in its vicinity with his pack animals and a large number of horses which he was driving so great, he was induced to work his way westerly over the mountains toward the coast in the hope of finding along the coast a country presenting fewer obstacles. He struck the coast about one hundred miles north of Ross, a port and settlement of the Russian Fur Company and traveling northerly along the coast he reached the Umpquah river, where, while he, with one man was searching for a ford the Indians rose upon his camp and killed all the men in camp excepting two or three, who escaped. Smith and the man who escaped the massacre succeeded in reaching Fort Vancouver, a trading port of the Hudson Bay Company, on the Columbia river. He there entered into an arrangement with the governor of that port by which it was agreed on the part of the governor that he would send a party of men to the Umpquah river Indians with whom the company was on trading terms and endeavor to recover from them the fur, horses and what other property belonging to Mr. Smith could be obtained and bring it to Fort Vancouver. In consideration of this friendly assistance Mr. Smith was required to sell his fur to the company at a stipulated price which was less than half its value in St. Louis as well as the horses and mules and all other property required by or useful to a trapping party which might be recovered from the Indians at a merely nominal price. Another stipulation required by the governor under the pretext that it would be necessary to send a large party to the Umpquah so as to overawe the Indians and induce them to deliver up the property and as it would not require so large a party to return with the property to Fort Vancouver, and as he had but few spare men at the fort he would send out a trapping party with some extra men to return with furs and horses, but Mr. Smith must permit one of his men who had escaped the massacre to accompany the proposed trapping party and guide it from the Umpquah to the Sacramento valley. As this was made a condition upon which assistance to recover his property would be afforded Mr. Smith was obliged to accede to the proposal.

A trapping party was sent down under McLeod. The fur was recovered without difficulty and most of the horses and the beaver traps with which the outfit of McLeod's party was completed and Mr. Turner, an American, one of Mr. Smith's men, led the party into the Sacramento valley in 1828. Mr. Smith returned with the fur to Fort Vancouver and settled with the governor who had not been idle during Smith's absence to the Umpquah. He had prepared and started another trapping party under Mr. Ogden (a New Yorker who had been in the employ of the Hudson Bay Com-

pany a number of years), to proceed up the Columbia and Lewis rivers and to go south until he should find the trail made by Smith in his first trip into the Tulare and San Joaquin valleys and follow it into those valleys. This was done to anticipate any attempt that Smith might make to get to the rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company or to any trapping party of that company which might be on the headwaters of Lewis or Green rivers and get back to the California rivers before McLeod should have cleaned them of their furs. Ogden entered the Tulare valley in the winter of 1828-9 upon Smith's first trail.

McLeod made a most successful hunt, catching a large number of beaver, but leaving the Sacramento valley late in the fall to return to Fort Vancouver he was overtaken in the mountains north of Pitt river (which route was first discovered and traveled by him), by a snow storm which snowed in his party and caused him to lose all his horses and mules and forced him to cache his furs, traps, etc., and go out of the snow on foot. The fur was cached under the snow, which melting in the spring before the means for removing the fur reached that place from Fort Vancouver, it was ruined. For the imprudence of leaving the Sacramento valley so late in the season or from his misfortune in being overtaken by a snowstorm, he was discharged from the service of the Hudson Bay Company.

Ogden, with his party, entered the great California valley at the extreme southeast the same fall that McLeod left it at its northern extremity. He remained in the valley about eight months and with a valuable collection of fur left it upon the trail made by McLeod and reached Fort Vancouver in safety.

The next party of Hudson Bay trappers that came into the California valley was commanded by Michel, who with a party numbering upward of forty men many of whom were accompanied by their families, entered the valley from Fort Vancouver by the McLeod trail early in the spring of 1832. He remained in the valley until the summer of 1833 when with a good hunt he returned over the same path to the Columbia river.

In the fall of 1827 Nathaniel Pryor, an American, who with James Kirker, had been working the Santa Rita copper mine in the then northern part of Chihuahua, associated himself with Jesse Furgeson, Richard Laughlin, George Yount, Slover, Pattie and his son, J. O. Pattie, and with William Pope, started out from the copper mines which were near the southeast course of the Gila river and trapped that river and some of its tributaries down to its confluence with the Colorado. After reaching the Colorado and finding it difficult to trap on horseback owing to the character of its bottomlands and the denseness of the undergrowth along the river banks and that the only manner by which it could be successfully trapped was by using canoes instead of horses for locomotion, the party

divided. Messrs. Yount, Slover and Pope returned to the copper mine, and thence to Toas in New Mexico, while Pryor, Laughlin, Furgerson, Pattie and son made canoes and trapped the Colorado in the neighborhood of the junction and down to tide-water where after the trapping season was past, they cached their fur in the spring of 1828, and, crossing the desert above the head of the Gulf succeeded, after suffering greatly from thirst and hunger in reaching the Mission of Santa Catalina on foot, where they were hospitably treated but put under arrest and conducted to San Diego, where for sometime they were detained as prisoners. In the following fall or winter they succeeded in obtaining permission and means to go to the river for their beaver skins. On their arrival at the river they found that their cache of furs had been overflowed by the river during the summer and the fur was all ruined. They returned to San Diego and eventually were permitted to go at large upon the security of one of the inhabitants. Mr. Pryor was a silversmith and watchmaker, and Father Peyri of San Luis Rey Mission, learning that fact procured the release of Pryor and took him to the mission and gave him employment at his trade for some time. The elder Pattie was old and feeble and never entirely recuperated from the effects of the suffering endured while going from the Colorado river to the Mission of Santa Catalina. He died in San Diego. His son soon after left California. Pryor, Laughlin and Furgerson settled and married in Los Angeles.

In 1829 Ewing Young of Tennessee, who had traded in New Mexico, and had also trapped beaver in the northern part of that territory, fitted out a trapping party at Toas, traveled westerly to the tributaries of Grande River, and down that river and across Green River, entering California upon the Smith trail. In the valley he found Ogden with his large party of trappers from Fort Vancouver. After spending some little time on the streams emptying into Tulare Valley lakes and upon the San Joaquin River and its affluents, he came into the settlements of California with his party. He was in Los Angeles a few days and his men behaved very roughly. On the day he left Los Angeles one of his men, James Higgins, shot and killed one of the party, Big Jim, in a most cowardly manner while on the road between Los Angeles and San Gabriel. His body was left in the road where he fell from his horse upon receiving the fatal shot. These two men were both Irishmen, and Big Jim was a burly, overbearing man by nature, and when under the influence of liquor was intolerable, and Higgins in like condition was uncontrollable. The men were all suffering from the effects of days of debauchery, and the major portion of them were intoxicated at the time and could not be controlled by Young, who, fearing that still more blood might be shed, as well as apprehensive

of trouble with the authorities and people of the country, did not stop to bury the dead, but continued his march. Young reached Toas, New Mexico, in the summer of 1830.

In the fall of 1830 William Wolfskill, a native of Kentucky, but who while a youth accompanied his father, who with his family removed to and settled in Missouri, having been for some years engaged in the Missouri-Santa Fe trade and in trapping beavers and trading in New Mexico and the northern states of Mexico, and had traveled from Santa Fe through Chihuahua, Durango, Taumalipas and Texas to Missouri and back to New Mexico by the way of the plains, encouraged by Ewing Young, formed a partnership with Young and a Mr. Houck, a Santa Fe trader, who furnished pecuniary aid and fitted out a trapping party at Toas for the purpose of trapping in the waters of the great California valley, from which Young had but recently returned.

Leaving Toas, he went westerly until he struck the source of the San Juan River, which he followed down a short distance, and then turning more northerly fell upon the tributaries of Grande River, and following that river westerly to where it bends nearly south, he left it and traveled westerly to Green River, which he crossed and followed down to its junction with Grande River, where it takes the name Colorado, and continuing on down the Colorado fifty miles or more and finding that it ran in a canyon and was so walled in as to be unapproachable, he left the neighborhood of the river and, going westerly, struck the Sevier River, which he left behind and pursued a southwesterly course toward the California Valley. Becoming entangled in the irregular mountains, enveloped in snow and suffering from cold and scarcity of food, demoralization and disorganization seized his company, composed of discordant materials drawn from New Mexico, comprising Americans, Canadians, St. Louis Frenchmen and New Mexicans, which forced him to abandon his route and travel southerly. He entered the present county of Los Angeles through the Cajon Pass at San Bernardino and reached the city (then pueblo) of Los Angeles in February, 1831, where his party broke up, leaving him without means or resources and a heavy debt in New Mexico. Some of the men of his party returned to New Mexico that same year, some remained for a number of years and others became permanent residents of California. George C. Yount, heretofore mentioned, subsequently settled in Napa Valley; Lewis Burton settled in Santa Barbara, and Z. Branch of San Luis Obispo came with Wolfskill.

In September, 1831, Mr. Jackson, before referred to, left Santa Fe, New Mexico, for California with a party of eleven men all told. Nine of the men were hired by the month at wages aver-

aging about \$25 per month. Mr. Jackson and his negro slave Jim made up the balance of the company.

Ewing Young with his party of trappers left Toas, New Mexico, in September, 1831, to trap the waters of the Gila River and the lower Colorado, and to join Jackson in California in the spring of 1832. His company consisted of about thirty men, the greater number of whom were hired by the month. Some few of the men were independent trappers. These furnished their own outfits of arms, animals, provisions and traps, but were subject to the same rules and regulations governing the party as the hired men, and at the expiration of the hunt of the season, turned their fur over to the commander of the party at a price agreed upon at the organization of the company.

The beaver traps with which the men were provided were mostly new ones bought in New Mexico, and owing to a slight defect in their manufacture, which might have been easily remedied if it had been discovered in time, very few beavers were caught, although there were plenty where they hunted. The defect in the trap consisted in the upper eye of the springs, which was so large that it did not press upon the edges of the upright parts of the jaws of the trap, and the beavers were able to pull out the foot when it was caught by the trap. This defect was readily cured by closing up the eye of the spring a little and making it of an oval shape instead of round, but the cause of the trouble was not discovered until the season was about over and the party was leaving the Colorado River. He reached Los Angeles about the first of April, 1832. Most of the men who came with him left California with Jackson and returned with him to New Mexico. Those who remained were Moses Carson, an elder brother of Christopher Carson. He continued with Young until the summer of 1834, when he left him at Los Angeles, where he remained for some years and then moved to and located upon the Russian River. Isaac Williams, who settled in Los Angeles and died in San Bernardino county. Ambrose Tomlinson, who also continued with Young until the summer of 1834 and left him at Los Angeles, where he remained for some time and then settled at San Jose. Isaac J. Sparks left Young in the spring of 1832 and settled, married and died in Santa Barbara. Joseph Dougherty, who remained with Young until the summer of 1834. Wm. Emerson and a Mr. Denton were also of Young's party.

Between 1832 and 1840 Frapp, Bridger and Fitzpatrick, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, successors to Smith, Jackson & Soubllette, each came into California one or two times with trapping parties.

Ewing Young, with his small party of trappers,, consisting of

Moses Carson, Joseph Dougherty, Ambrose Tomlinson, Wm. Emerson, J. J. Warner, Mr. Denton and others to the number of fourteen, which, as herein before stated, was left at the mouth of Kings River in the fall of 1832, trapped that river up to and some distance into the mountains and then passed on to the San Joaquin River, trapped that river down to canoe navigation in the foothills, where a canoe was made, and three men were detached from the party to trap that river by means of the canoe. The main body continued on northwesterly until they struck a tributary of the San Joaquin, now called the Fresno River, which was trapped down through the foothills to the plains, where it was discovered that the river had been recently trapped. Young now followed this river down to its junction with the San Joaquin, where after a few days' delay he was joined by the canoe men, who had found the San Joaquin to have been trapped. The company now proceeded on without delay to the Sacramento River, striking it a few miles below the mouth of the American River. A short distance below, where he struck the Sacramento River, was found a large party of the Hudson Bay Company's trappers from Fort Vancouver, under Michel. This party had been in the valley since early in the spring of 1832, having come in over the McLeod trail and had trapped all the waters of the valley north and west of the San Joaquin River.

Young and his party reached the Sacramento River in the evening of the first day of a long and continuous rainstorm which held him encamped some twenty days, and until flooded out of his camp by the river, which, after inundating all the land round about, overflowed its banks and forced him to make his way over and through sloughs, lakes, mud and mire to the unsubmergible bank of the American River. Here a rawhide boat was constructed with which the party was ferried to the opposite shore, and by a long and circuitous route succeeded in again reaching and crossing the Sacramento River at the mouth of Feather River, in January, 1833. Finally, after a month's experience of amphibious life, the party reached the dry land of the Putah River, leaving behind a deluged world in which for weeks it had wallowed. Ascending the mountain and passing along the southern and western shore of Clear Lake, the party traveled northwesterly and struck the shore of the ocean about seventy-five miles north of Ross, a port of the Russian-American Fur Company.

Young followed along up the coast, searching with little success for rivers having beaver, and in fruitless attempts to recross the mountain range, until near the Umpquah River, where he succeeded in getting over the mountains and fell upon that river at the eastern base of the coast range of mountains. This river was

followed up to its southeastern source, and then traveling Smith's trail, he struck the Klamath Lake near its northern extremity. From thence he traveled southerly along its western shore and, crossing the Klamath and Rogue Rivers and passing through the camp where McLeod lost his horses and valuable catch of beaver skins, crossed Pitt River and entered the Sacramento Valley, which he descended to the American River and then crossed the country to the San Joaquin River, up which he traveled to the great bend and then to the mouth of Kings River, where, striking the trail of the preceding year, he followed it southerly to Lake Elizabeth, where, leaving it, he traveled more easterly along the northern base of the mountain to the San Bernardino Cajon Pass, through which he entered the valley of San Bernardino in December, 1833, and passing on to Temecula, took the trail upon which he had come from the Colorado in the spring of 1832, and returned to that river to make a winter and spring season hunt upon it and the lower part of the Gila River. He was moderately successful in this hunt and returned to Los Angeles in the early part of the summer of 1834 and proceeded northerly through the settlements of California, purchasing a drove of horses which he took to the Columbia River, where he settled and died, leaving considerable property, but no lawful heirs, either in Oregon or New Mexico. During his residence in Oregon he visited California two or more times, purchasing stock, which, he drove to that country.

From the establishment of the missions in Alta California in 1769 until 1830, a period of more than sixty years, there had been no intercourse whatever between the people of California and those of New Mexico, and their knowledge of each other was as vague and indefinite as was that of either respecting the subjects of the Kahn of Tartary. Nor was there any intercourse between the inhabitants of Sonora and those of Upper California after the destruction of the missions which were founded on the right bank of the Colorado above the confluence of the Gila, except from Guaymas across the gulf and up through the peninsula of Lower California. This was so difficult of accomplishment that practically there was no intercourse whatever. When Jackson's party came from New Mexico to California in 1831 there could not be found in either Tucson or Altar—although they were both military posts and towns of considerable population—a man who had ever been over the route from those towns to California by the way of the Colorado River, or even to that river, to serve as a guide, or from whom any information concerning the route could be obtained, and the trail from Tucson to the Gila River at the Pima villages was too little used and obscure to be easily followed, and from those villages down the Gila River to the Colorado River

and from thence to within less than a hundred miles of San Diego there was no trail, not even an Indian path.

The return of Young's party, (in which there were a number of New Mexicans), from California to New Mexico in 1830 spread among the people of the latter country a knowledge of California which led to the opening of trade between the two sections which grew into considerable importance and lasted for about twelve years. It was carried on by means of caravans which made the round trip journey yearly. Blankets of various styles, colors and qualities, and other coarse woolen goods manufactured in New Mexico, were taken to California. Chinese silk goods and fine bleached grass cloth, mules, horses and money composed the articles of the return trade. Growing out from this trade and intercourse, a colony of New Mexicans was planted in the new county of San Bernardino, and a number of families and young men also came across the country with the merchants and settled in other parts of California. With these New Mexican traders, a number of Americans and men of foreign nationalities found their way to California from New Mexico, some of whom settled permanently in California. Among the number of Americans who came to California from New Mexico with these trading caravans were Dr. John Marsh, who, after spending some years at Los Angeles, settled upon a ranch and bred stock near Mount Diablo, and who was murdered while a resident upon his ranch; John Wolfskill, a brother of Wm. Wolfskill, who settled on Putah River after spending some years in Los Angeles; Jacob P. L. Leese, who remained some time in Los Angeles engaged in mercantile business and afterwards at Yerba Buena and still later settled in Monterey; John Rowland and William Workman (the latter an Englishman) who had been for some years residents of and married in New Mexico, and who obtained by grant from the government and settled upon the Puente ranch in Los Angeles county, came from New Mexico with these trading parties, bringing with them their families. Slover, before spoken of, and Wm. Pope also came with these caravans, bringing with them their families from New Mexico. The latter of these settled in Los Angeles and built the first grist mill in that town. Subsequently he moved up the country and settled in what was known as Pope's Valley, in the mountains near the head of the Putah River. Slover settled in San Bernardino valley, where he lived for a number of years until he was killed by a grizzly bear.

B. D. Wilson, of Tennessee, who had for some time been engaged in trapping beaver and trading in New Mexico, also came through with one of these trading parties about 1841, and soon after located and engaged in mercantile business in Los Angeles. He purchased,



together with Dana W. Alexander, large tracts of land on the Santa Ana River known as Jarupa and El Rincon. He subsequently sold his interest in that property and resumed his residence in Los Angeles. In 1854 he purchased the land where he now resides and engaged in the cultivation of the vine and fruits near the Mission of San Gabriel.

? In 1883<sup>4</sup> a party, in which were the following named persons, came over from New Mexico by the Gila route:

Cyrus Alexander, a tanner and currier, established himself in his business at Los Angeles, but subsequently removed to the Russian River and followed farming and stock raising.

Lemuel Carpenter settled, married and died in Los Angeles county. Upon his arrival he established soap works, in which business he was successful. He used the native natron, or soap weed, of which large quantities effloresced in some parts of the country near Los Angeles, as an alkali for the making of hard soap. This alkali had long been used in the missions and by the people of California for that purpose.

William Chard, a butcher, remained some years in Los Angeles, a part of the time engaged in butchering, and, together with Mr. Carpenter, planted the vineyard now known as the Rowland vineyard in Los Angeles. After a few years' residence in Los Angeles he moved up country and settled in the Sacramento Valley.

Joseph Paulding, a cabinet maker and house joiner, remained some years in Los Angeles employed at his trade. He made the first two billiard tables in Los Angeles. In fact, with the exception of one made in Monterey which had no cloth, they were the first ever made or seen in California. The lumber with which these two billiard tables were made was mahogany brought by sea from San Blas, Mexico, in the log and sawed with a whip saw in Los Angeles. The lathe for turning the legs was made in Los Angeles by Paulding, and when the tables were finished they would have compared favorably with those made in the United States. One of the tables was made in 1833 for George Rice, the other in the following year for John Rhea.

Mr. Turk, another butcher, who remained some time in Los Angeles engaged in butchering with Chard, soon located and carried on his business in Santa Barbara, where he was stabbed in the chest by a negro. From this wound he suffered a long time. He partly recovered and went East, but finally died from its effect.

Albert Toomes, who spent some time in Los Angeles and in the San Bernardino mountains as a whip-saw sawyer, at which business he was a most expert workman, also settled in the Sacramento Valley.

Isaac Williams and Isaac J. Sparks, who were of Young's trapping party which came to California in the spring of 1832, each engaged in the business of sea-otter shooting immediately after their arrival. The former was a member of a trapping party fitted out from Arkansas in 1830 which broke up on the head waters of the Arkansas River and drifted into New Mexico. The latter was of Smith's party from St. Louis to Santa Fe in the spring of 1831. Williams followed the business of otter hunting a couple of years and then engaged in mercantile business at Los Angeles, where he married. Subsequently he retired from this business and in 1840 or 1841 he established himself as a California rancher and American farmer on the Chino rancho, in the present county of San Bernardino, where he died. Sparks pursued the sea-otter shooting business a greater length of time and then located in Santa Barbara, where he followed merchandizing and stock raising, and died. Both of these men were successful as otter hunters and as business men, and accumulated handsome properties.

Upon the dissolution of Wolfskill's trapping party in February, 1831, he and Yount, who came with him, associated themselves with Samuel Prentice, a sailor and expert boatman, Nathaniel Pryor and Richard Laughlin in an enterprise to build a vessel in which to prosecute the hunting of sea otter, which then abounded along the coast of both Alta and Lower California, as well as around the islands adjacent. Before leaving New Mexico, Mr. Wolfskill had obtained letters of naturalization from the authorities of the Territory. This was a necessary proceeding in order to obtain a license to hunt or trade with the Indians in Mexican territory for furs. Before leaving New Mexico, Mr. Wolfskill made application for and received from the Governor of that Territory a license to hunt beaver within the Mexican territory. It was a provincialism of New Mexico to use the word "nutria" instead of "castor" for beaver. The first was the Spanish word for otter and the latter that for beaver. In California the two words were correctly used. The license of Mr. Wolfskill from the Governor of New Mexico, following the provincialism of that country, authorized him to hunt nutria (otter) throughout the jurisdiction of Mexico. Upon the presentation of his license to the authorities of California, they hesitated and for a time demurred to the power of the Governor of New Mexico to grant a license which should be valid beyond the limits of the territory over which he was Governor. But as the California officers, who had as little knowledge of New Mexico or of its people as the latter had of California or of sea-otter, did not choose to present this issue with the officers of a sister Territory, and as they could not think of disputing the object for which the license was issued, because it was plainly written over the

sign manual of the Governor and under the Great Seal of New Mexico that he might hunt and catch nutria, the license was recognized as good and valid, and that under its authority Mr. Wolfskill could extend his hunt over the ocean and capture sea-otter, although foreigners resident of California, even if married to native Californians, were not suffered to engage in this business. Those foreign residents married to California women who wished to engage in sea-otter hunting were compelled to procure a license in the name of their wives.

Obtaining the moral and material aid of Father Sanches of the Mission of San Gabriel, Mr. Wolfskill and some of his associates went to the mountains of San Bernardino in the early part of the summer of 1831 and cut timber and sawed plank which were carted to San Pedro, a distance or more than a hundred miles, upon ox carts, the wheels of which were round blocks of wood, where they built a schooner of about thirty tons measurement which was named Refugio (refuge) by Father Sanches, in which they left San Pedro in January, 1832, and proceeded along the coast as far as the island of Cerros, in latitude 28° north. In the following summer they returned and hunted along the coast as far north as San Luis Obispo and about the islands south of Point Conception. In the following year Mr. Wolfskill abandoned the otter hunting business and settled in Los Angeles, where as a laborer, a contractor, and as a capitalist, a vineyard and orchard proprietor he stood first on the list of successful and industrious cultivators of the soil until his death on October 3rd, 1866. He left a fine estate to his heirs.

In 1841 or '42 he obtained a grant of four leagues, nearly eighteen thousand acres, of land lying on either side of the Putah creek on the western border of the Sacramento valley nearly west of the now city of Sacramento. This land he stocked with cattle and horses and planted with orchards and vineyards. He was a man of uncommonly sound and correct judgment and of temperate habits. With meager facilities for obtaining an education in his youth he had from a studious inclination and by the improval of all opportunities for the acquisition of books stored his mind with useful and popular scientific and general knowledge.

Samuel Prentice, a native of Rhode Island, and John Domingo, a native of Holland, came to California in the brig Danube of New York. The latter came from New York as the ship carpenter. The former came to the Pacific as a sailor in the United States sloop of war Brandywine, which ship he left in one of the ports of South America and shipped on the Danube at a South American port where she called on her passage to California. In the winter of 1830-31 the Danube, while lying at anchor in the roadstead of San Pedro, was driven from her anchor by a storm and wrecked upon

the San Pedro shore in the absence of the captain, who was at the town of Los Angeles. This was the first and almost the only vessel sent by New York merchants to the coast of California prior to 1846. Prentice was a stone mason, and when not engaged in hunting sea otter or fishing, of which pursuits he was passionately fond, worked at his trade in Los Angeles. He died at and was buried upon the island of Santa Catalina.

Domingo worked at his trade, planted a vineyard, married a wife, raised a family of children, acquired a competency and died in Los Angeles.

## THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO, (TEXAS).

---

NOTE.—The following letters were published in the New York Journal of Commerce, June 9, 1836. Copies of them were made by Hugo Reid. These eventually found their way into the Historical Society's collection. The author's name is unknown. They explain why the Mexican Army lost such a great number in killed.

---

Galveston Island, May 6, 1836.

The particulars of the battle with Santa Ana will probably have reached you. However, the presence of Santa Ana and his officers here has placed me in possession of particulars not generally known and as besides every circumstance connected with this memorable event is of vivid interest, I dare say the details I am about to give you will be found worthy of notice.

Santa Ana had just fired New Washington, when news reached him on the 20th of the appearance of Texan troops. He was completely taken by surprise, and says that as he found all the farms deserted, and could learn nothing of Gen. Houston, he concluded all the inhabitants had left the country. A skirmish only took place on the 20th with a small detachment or scouting party. Houston keeping the main body in the woods under a hill where none could be seen. The next day, April 21st, Santa Ana was quietly taking his *siesta*, when he was awakened by his aide with news of our approach, which he swore was a d——d lie. Gen. Cos had arrived after a forced march with a reinforcement about an hour or two before, and was likewise taking his *siesta*. Some of the men were sleeping, some cooking, some washing, in short in any situation but that of preparation for battle when they were pounced upon by us at about four o'clock P. M. of the 21st.

Our troops marched up in front of the enemy on the open prairie, never firing a musket or rifle until within 80 yards. The enemy was posted behind breast-works and in the woods, and commenced with their artillery at a distance of about 400 yards. Our artillery opened at 210 yards. When the charge was sounded we rushed upon them; the cry of "The Alamo and La Bahia" resounded thro' the lines. Of their artillery, one piece only, was loaded and primed and every artillerist was put to the sword who did not fly. The battle lasted 19 minutes and then commenced the rout and slaughter. The poor Mexicans would hold up their hands, cross themselves and sing out "me no Alamo", but nothing could save them, the blood

of our countrymen was too fresh in the memory of our people to be forgotten or to let one Mexican escape, until worn down with pursuit and slaughter they commenced making prisoners, officers and all fled; none dare attempt to stem the torrent. The Mexicans threw down their guns loaded, and sought safety in all directions, while our cavalry and infantry pursued and cut them down. Muskets and rifles were clubbed when we had no time to reload, and the brains of the fugitives beat out as they came up with them. The captain of one of the companies of regulars pointed out one of his men who had fired 19 rounds, and used three muskets, two of them having got choked, and he having broken their breeches over the heads of the Mexicans.

The battle was fought just about a place marked on the map lithographed last summer in New York "McCormicks." The enemy was driven and retreated until many were forced into the water, which you will see bounds the land there. They ran in up to their necks and our riflemen shot them in the head. Santa Ana and Almonte in flying plunged their horses in a quagmire, were thrown and nearly suffocated before extricated. Both continued their flight on foot. Santa Ana was furnished with a fresh horse and escaped ten miles further and was taken next day, in disguise. Almonte, finding all was lost, and fearing all would be cut to pieces, placed himself at the head of three or four hundred men, formed them in a column four or eight deep and threw down their arms, and then held up the white flag and surrendered them at once to a small body of our troops who were in pursuit, and they were all marched into camp together. Santa Ana was not recognized until presented unto Gen. Houston, whom he complimented highly by saying, "The man who conquered the Napoleon of the South was born to no common destiny."

With Santa Ana all his staff was taken or killed. If any escaped it was a captain of cavalry, and it is supposed ten others. There never was so complete a defeat with so little loss on the one side; ours consisted of three killed on the field, five dead since of their wounds and fifteen more wounded, in all twenty-three killed and wounded. The Mexican dead were strewn around for ten miles and must have amounted to at least 600; as many or more prisoners. Almonte says that there were 1200 Mexican troops in the engagement of the best they had. We made the attack with less than 600 men. All Santa Ana's camp equipage, baggage of every kind, in short, everything the Mexicans had with them fell into our hands, including some \$8,000 or \$10,000 in specie. There was supposed to have been \$50,000 in cash, the gold part of which soon disappeared. The troops had fine pickings.

Galveston Island, May 8, 1836.

We have all the Mexican prisoners here, consisting of the president, Santa Ana; Generals Cos, Almonte, and a number of generals, colonels, etc. I enclose a list of them and their ages, etc., as also the officers killed in battle. The officers made it out themselves for me. These prisoners, as I expected, all came down in the first steamboat after I left camp and were landed last evening. Santa Ana, Almonte and secretaries have been placed on board an armed schooner in the harbor.

All the Mexican prisoners (soldiers) are at work here at the fortifications. They are extremely servile and express great gratitude that their lives are spared and that they are well treated.

The Mexican troops are running out of Texas much faster than they came in. Thirty men who went on with Santa Ana's express came up with 200 Mexicans, with nine pieces of artillery, and they immediately surrendered, saying that if Santa Ana and their officers were taken there was no use in their fighting. Gen. Wall, a Frenchman, came in from another division, and surrendered himself. He said he did not wish to fight any more, if Santa Ana was taken. He has been released and sent back. The Mexican dead lie yet unburied and the stench in the neighborhood is intolerable.

---

Galveston Island, May 10, 1836.

I have this moment parted with Santa Ana and Almonte, whom the cabinet take with them to Velasco, which for a while will be the seat of the government. They are both under great apprehension for their personal safety, though I have no doubt their lives will be spared. They disliked leaving here very much. Santa Ana embraced me in the most affecting Mexican manner on parting. He and Almonte were kept on board the Invincible until the moment of their departure. Notwithstanding his cruelties, I could not help pitying the President of Mexico. As I escorted him from the side of the vessel to the steamboat his eyes were suffused with tears. The steamboat was crowded to overflowing, music playing Yankee Doodle, smiling faces all around, even among the lowest classes who had lost their all.

---

Galveston Island, May 12, 1836.

The planters are all returning to their farms. They have not left the country altogether, and some will make nearly half crops and some full ones. The ground had been seeded before they left their homes. Both cotton and corn are growing finely and have remained undisturbed under most instances. I have not heard of more than two cotton gins that have been destroyed by the enemy. The best farming country was entirely out of their route; but notwithstanding, this country has received a shock that will be felt

for some time, hundreds have been ruined, and hundreds have left here who will never return.

The Cabinet is constantly changing the affairs of government. Colonel Lamar is now Secretary of War; Colonel Collinsworth, Secretary of State, Carson being absent. Greyson, Attorney General; Chas. F. Hawkins, Esq., Commodore of the Texan Navy. We have four vessels in commission—the Invincible, Independence, Liberty and Brutus—two of which are here and two at New Orleans.

The Mexicans lost heavily in officers. One general, Don Manuel Castillion, the bravest in their army, was killed while attempting to rally the retreating soldiers. Among the killed were five colonels, eight lieutenant-colonels, eight captains and sixteen lieutenants. Forty-nine officers, including President Santa Ana, were captured.



## A FORGOTTEN LANDMARK.

BY J. M. GUINN.

The following article is an extract from a paper read before the Historical Society of Southern California March, 1897, entitled "Forgotten Landmarks." Since then two attempts have been made to secure an appropriation from the California Legislature to erect a tablet marking the spot where the Treaty of Cahuenga was made. Both failed. The outlines of the foundation of the adobe building can still be traced and the owner of the land where it was located several years since offered to donate an acre of land for the site of some suitable monument or tablet marking the place. The authority for calling it the Deserted Ranch House of Cahuenga is found in Bryant's "What I Saw In California. Bryant was a Lieutenant in Fremont's Battalion and afterwards was appointed by General Kearny, Alcalde of San Francisco. He says in his diary January 13 (1847): "We continued our march, and encamped near a deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain. Soon after we halted the California peace commissioners appeared and the terms of peace and capitulation were finally agreed upon and signed by the respective parties."

Lieutenant Bryant remained in Los Angeles two weeks. He resigned his commission and returned to San Francisco. In his book he says, "We left Los Angeles late in the afternoon of the 29th of January (1847), with two vaqueros on miserable broken-down horses (the best we could obtain), and encamped at the deserted rancho at the foot of Couenga plain, where the treaty of peace had been concluded. After we had been here some time, two Indians came to the house, who had been sent by the proprietor of the rancho to herd the cattle. Having nothing to eat with us a tempting offer prevailed upon the Indians to milk one of the cows; and we made our supper and our breakfast next morning on milk."

Lieut. Bryant through his narrative uses the term "rancho" for the ranch house of the owner of a rancho and when he speaks of the "deserted rancho", where the treaty was made, he means the deserted ranch house. His spelling of Cahuenga differs from the present orthography. The California Commissioners were Jose Antonio Carrillo, Commandante of Squadron and Agustin Olvera, Diputado. The American Commissioners were P. B. Reading, Major California Battalion, Louis McLane, Commander Artillery and Wm. H. Russell, Ordinance Officer. The Treaty was approved by John C. Fremont, Colonel U. S. Army and Military Commandant

of California, and Andreas Pico, Commandant of Squadron and Chief of the National forces of California.

#### THE DESERTED RANCH HOUSE OF CAHUENGA.

Of the epochs or more properly the beginning of transition eras in California history few, if any, have a greater importance than that which was ushered in by the making of the Treaty of Cahuenga. And yet so little is its importance known or appreciated that its successive anniversaries pass unnoticed by the press or the people of the State.

Every school boy who has studied the rudiments of American history has heard of those famous landmarks—the Charter Oak of Connecticut and the Elm Tree of Penn's Treaty, but I doubt whether any school boy, or schoolmaster, either, has heard of the ranch house of Cahuenga, where a treaty was made of far greater importance to the country and of vastly more importance to the student of history than the treaty that Penn made with the Indians under the "spreading elm tree," on the banks of the Delaware river. Within the walls of the old ranch house of Cahuenga long since in ruins and its site forgotten was signed a treaty that virtually transferred to the United States nearly half a million square miles of territory—a territory vaster in extent than that possessed by the thirteen colonies at the close of the Revolutionary War—a territory out of which has been carved the states of California, Nevada, Utah, part of Colorado and Wyoming—the territory of Arizona and part of New Mexico.

It is true the agreement made at Cahuenga between the American Commissioners and the Mexican was more in the form of a capitulation or surrender than a treaty for the ceding of territory, but to Pico, Carrillo and Olvera, the Commissioners of the Californians, it was the purchase of peace by the surrender of their country. They recognized in it the final culmination of a decree of destiny to which for years they had felt their country was doomed—that destiny, its acquisition by the United States. Fremont and his Commissioners recognized in it something more than the surrender of a few pieces of artillery and the promise of the Californians to keep the peace and observe their paroles. They regarded California, not as a conquered province held by force of arms, but as a territory that was to be a permanent possession of the United States. The treaty must be ratified by their government, but in view of the well known designs of that government, they well knew that no subsequent arbitrament would take the control of the country from the United States.

The people of the United States regarded the Treaty of Cahuenga as final. Months before the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which put an end to the Mexican war had been confirmed at

Queretaro and peace proclaimed at Washington, an army of hardy immigrants from the Western States was pouring over the Sierra Nevadas and deploying on the fertile valleys of California.

For three hundred years Spain and her succedant, Mexico, had guarded with jealous watchfulness their California possessions from the encroachments of England, France, and Russia. How bitter the irony of fate that forced the descendants of the proud cavaliers of Spain to surrender these same cherished possessions to the leader of a half organized mob of hunters, trappers and backwoods-men, some of whom had not even been mustered into the service of the government to which the surrender had been made, and even more humiliating to the descendant of the proud Castilian—the thought that the surrender had been made to a nation unborn when Spain was mistress of half the Western World.

An eminence near the pass of Alpuzarras in Spain from which Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, viewed his lost Grenada—its sun-lighted valley and crystal river—has for four hundred years been known as the "Last Sigh of the Moor." As the proud Carrillo and his compatriots, after the surrender, rode through the pass of Cahuenga, the same feelings of sadness and despondency no doubt overpowered them that forced tears from the vanquished Boabdil. The heights from which they looked down in sorrow upon the sun-kissed valleys of their native land, lost to them forever, might well be named, "The Last Sigh of the Cavalier." A place of so great historic importance as the spot where the Treaty of Cahuenga was signed should be marked by a fitting monument to commemorate the event. Many of the Eastern States have spent thousands of dollars in erecting monuments and tablets to mark the positions of regiments in the great battles of the Civil War, and the general government has spent large sums in the purchase of the battlefields.

The forgotten landmark—The Deserted Ranch House of Cahuenga, was the arena of an event of vast importance not only in the history of California and the United States but in the history of civilization as well. Here the vanguard of two widely dissimilar civilizations met. More than three centuries before from the shores of Southern Europe came to the new world the Spanish conquistadors, bringing with them the cross and the sword—their mission to conquer and convert. A century later from the northern shores of Europe came the advance guard of the Anglo-Saxon army of conquest and civilization.

Two thousand miles apart each gains a foothold on the new world—the one on the fertile plains of Mexico—the other on the inhospitable shores of the North Atlantic. Westward with an ever increasing army, each marches to conquest. The effeminate but half civilized natives of the south are subjugated and the survivors absorbed into the civic system of their conquerors. The more war-

like aborigines of the north are conquered and exterminated. The conquerors reach the shores of the far Pacific and turn to meet. The Saxon, as of old, coming down from the North—the descendants of the Spanish Celt coming up from the South. The vanguard of these two widely dissimilar civilizations meet on the plains of Cahuenga and the Saxon is conqueror.

There is an innate savagery in the most enlightened people. The butcher bill of the battlefield is more interesting than the records of peaceful arbitration. Had the plains of Cahuenga been deluged by blood shed in a great battle, sculptured monuments would have been upreared to mark the spots of the greatest killing. But peace hath her victories as well as war, and she should have her monuments. If state pride or some other motive ever actuates our Legislators to redeem this historic spot from oblivion by erecting a suitable monument it would be a fitting tribute to a forgotten benefactor of the State—John C. Fremont—to place his statue on that monument. The man who inaugurated the movement that resulted in the acquisition of California, and who ended it by the treaty that brought peace to the territory is almost as completely forgotten by his State as the landmark where that treaty was made.

I have described the place where the capitulation or Treaty of Cahuenga was made as a forgotten landmark. It may be possible that among the few survivors of Fremont's Battalion there may be some one that could identify the place, or possibly some survivor of Pico's squadron could locate it. But when the few survivors of that historic event pass away the exact spot will be as difficult to locate as the birth-place of Homer.

## YUMA INDIAN DEPREDAATION ON THE COLORADO IN 1850.

NOTE.—On the 23rd of April, 1850, Dr. A. L. Lincoln, the owner of a ferry at the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers, and ten of his employees, were massacred by the Yuma Indians. For an account of this massacre see Part 1, Vol. VI., Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California.

On this 8th day of June, A. D. 1850, before me, Abel Stearns, first alcalde of the county of Los Angeles, and state of California, personally appeared Charles H. Veeder, who being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that on approaching the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers on his way down and on his way to California on the morning of the 8th May, he was met by Judge Robinson, a fellow traveler, who was in a state of alarm, and reported that he had a few minutes before been rudely treated by some Indians, one of them had assaulted him by striking him in the face, and that they were hostile to the Americans. On the same day this deponent states that he passed down to the crossing of the river Colorado six miles below the junction and found there a number of Mexicans engaged in crossing their animals. They had Indians employed in getting their mules over, who as it appeared to this deponent strove as hard to drown them as to get them over alive, and did drown some eight or ten during the afternoon. On the next day the Indians collected around this deponents wagon and from their general deportment it appeared they were unfriendly and made frequent applications to buy knives, powder and gun caps. On this day as the day before several mules were drowned, designedly, as it appeared to this deponent. This deponent further states that as a consequence of the threats and menaces of the Indians and the fright of his family he was forced to cross the river unprepared with the necessary provender to secure the lives of his working animals across the great Jornada\* (very properly called the Sahara of America), and on the following day, the 10th of May, after paying the charge of sixty dollars for having a light two-horse wagon, six animals, and six persons in number ferried over, the Indians gathered again around his wagon, this deponent being absent from it for a short time), and as he was told by his family on his return to it they, the Indians, had taken out of the wagon

---

\*The literal meaning of "Jornada" is journey. It is used in the deposition as a synonym of desert.

several small articles in their presence. One Indian had pointed a pistol towards my daughter, and another had seized my wife by the arm, apparently in anger, and told them to vamos, and this advice was repeated in this deponent's presence by several. This deponent further states that being thus hurried forward without any food for his animals which he could and would have provided on the east side of the river, where young cane and grass could have been cut and cured (there being none on the west side that this deponent could hear of or find), he, this deponent, lost three out of six animals, and was forced to leave his wagon on the Jornada to save the remaining three who had barely their lives left, being wholly exhausted of strength when they reached the first grass; and to save the lives of his wife and daughter, he had to pay a Mexican forty dollars for furnishing them a mule each to ride over the last fifty miles of the Jornada. And further this deponent saith not.

CHAS. H. VEEDER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, Abel Stearns, First Alcalde of Los Angeles county, and state of California, on this 8th day of June, A. D. 1850.

ABEL STEARNS.

LETTER TO GENERAL BENNETT RILEY.

---

Monterey, September 29, 1849.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your appointment of myself as Prefect of the District of Los Angeles, date September 1st, 1849. While thankful for confidence reposed in me, I trust my poor services may prove acceptable to all concerned.

As Prefect of said District of Los Angeles, I beg leave to state that District is particularly exposed to the depredation of Indian horse thieves and other evil disposed persons, and at present the inhabitants are badly armed, and powder cannot be procured at any price. Under these circumstances I would respectfully request that you place at my disposal (for the defence of the lives and property of the citizens of said District), subject to such conditions as you may deem proper the following arms and ammunition; viz,

One hundred Flint Lock Muskets with corresponding accoutrements.

Ten thousand Flint Lock Musket-ball and Buckshot Cartridges.

Five hundred Musket Flints.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

STEPHEN C. FOSTER,

Prefect, Los Angeles.

To His Excel. B. Riley, Brig. Gen. U. S. A.,

Governor California

Monterey.

LETTER ASKING LICENSE TO HUNT SEA OTTER.

---

Monterey, Sept. 22d, 1831.

Mr. Abel Stearns,

Sir: Respecting the agreements entered into this day between us, it is necessary to have an understanding that we may be able to govern ourselves if the object can be accomplished which we wish; should you succeed in obtaining the desired object of hunting the Sea Otter, you will by first opportunity inform me of the same at the Sandwich Islands, or in my absence, John Coffin Jones, Esq. Should you not be able to accomplish the desired object you will also inform me. I shall acquaint Mr. Jones of the arrangement and you may depend on our being ready to fulfill the engagement. I think no time should be lost if the permission can be obtained as a fortune can soon be acquired with good luck and good management. It is possible I may be on this coast next spring. It will be well to write me then, also.

Wishing you prosperity, health and all good success,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. B. THOMPSON.



POLITICAL DOCUMENT OF 1851.

San Francisco, June 28th, 1851.

To the Chairman and Gentlemen composing the Whig Committee for the County of Los Angeles:

Gentlemen:—The undersigned, composing the Whig State Central Committee, feeling the importance of the approaching Canvass, have determined to put forth every exertion in their power to secure the success of the Whig Ticket through the State, and in order to secure this result the *Sinecvs of War* (as experience has already proven) is of all importance.

Will you, Gentlemen, unite with us in our endeavors to secure the present, and by it the future triumph of Whig Principles upon the Pacific Coast. It is thought by us that *at least* \$25,000 should be raised throughout the entire State. With any sum under this amount we fear but little could be effected, and could four times this amount be raised we feel satisfied that it could be used to a very great advantage.

Should the sum of \$25,000 be raised, and your County contribute in ratio to its representation, the sum to be contributed by your County would be \$1000. Some Counties, in which the Whigs are in a minority, may not find it convenient to furnish so large a sum, and therefore, it will, perhaps, be necessary for San Francisco and other Counties in which the Whigs are strong, to raise an amount greater than that proportion to their representation. We *do not* make any *demand* from you for this amount of money, but simply submit our views to you with a statement of facts, and ask you to do the best for us that you can. We can only say that *all* you send us shall be applied in the best possible way (according to our judgment) to secure success and victory. The contest, though it may be a severe one, will, if successful, be attended with permanent results; but we again earnestly request that you will supply us well with that *one thing needful*, (money.) With this much can be accomplished that cannot be without it. Please act as soon as possible, and send all sums raised to the address of "Gen. John Wilson, Chairman of State Whig Committee, San Francisco."

We are, Gentlemen, very respectfully,

Your Obedient Serv'ts,

JOHN WILLSON,

JESSE D. CARR,

P. W. TOMPKINS,

JAS. E. WAINWRIGHT,

ROBERT B. WOOD,

ROBERT B. HAMPTON,

D. H. HASKELL,

DAVID CHAMBERS,

JOHN SATTERLEE, *Ex-officio*.

## SONGS FROM A CALIFORNIA SONGSTER.

Note:—Among the varied collection of books in the Library of the Historical Society of Southern California is a small volume, whose title page reads as follows: California Songster, containing a selection of local and other popular songs: Giving a true sketch of the ups and downs of a California life. The whole compiled and arranged by D. E. Appleton. San Francisco: Published by Noisy Carriers Book and Stationery Company, 77 Long Wharf, 1855.

In the preface, Mr. D. E. Appleton says: "In presenting this little work to the public the compiler is but filling up a blank that has long existed for a California song book; and in so doing we have but few promises to make—but will say that it is our intention to enlarge and greatly improve the California Songster. And in the meantime, if any of the many sojourners in the mountains, while breathing the pure air and contemplating nature from the lofty Sierra Nevadas, kindle the spark of enthusiasm in praise of his country, please send them along and we will render unto Cæsar those things that are Cæsar's,—or, in other words, give every man the credit of his own work.

"And now, trusting to a generous public, the compiler leaves it in the hands of those better able than himself to judge.

"San Francisco, April 25th, 1855."

Appleton on the last page of his California Songster, publishes an advertisement of the Pacific Song Book, "a handsome 18mo. volume of 300 pages, beautifully bound in cloth, with gold illuminated back, containing all the songs ever published on the Pacific Coast. This book is in fact a History of California in early times. Nothing shows the character of a people more than their ballads; and a more correct idea of life in '49 can be gained from this volume than from all the California Guides, Annals, etc., ever published. Price 1.50." This book is as extinct as the Dodo. I have never seen a copy of it.

Long Wharf, where the Noisy Carriers Book and Stationery Company held forth, was one of the noted institutions of San Francisco in the early American period. At that time, from the original shore line extending out a considerable distance was an expanse of shallow water. Over this stretch, wharves were built out into the bay to deep water.

Long wharf was built by a syndicate of prominent business men in 1849 and '50. It extended from what was then the foot of Commercial street out into the bay 2000 feet to deep water, where the mail steamers could tie up and land passengers and freight. It cost about \$200,000 to build it. It was forty feet in width. On each side were a number of small buildings built on piles and used

as stores, shops and saloons. These were occupied by Cheap Johns with sonorous voices, and other caterers whose stock in trade was largely noise. The unfortunate immigrant landing from the steamer at the end of the pier had to run the gantlet of these importunate purveyors to the wants of the new arrival. The filling in to deep water of what in early times was known as Yerba Buena Cove, and its conversion into solid land did away with long wharves. The made land of the former cove became the wholesale district of the city, and the Cheap Johns and Noisy Carriers sought other quarters.

I have selected from Appleton's Collection of California Songs only such as record some episode of early history, or such as illustrate the social conditions of pioneer times. None of the songs are poetical gems, but they do give, as Appleton says, a correct idea of life in '49, even if some of their poetical feet are halting in measure.

J. M. GUINN, Editor.

#### LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

Written by Dr. Robinson, and sung by himself with great applause, at the Dramatic Museum, San Francisco.

Air—"Used-up Man."

O, I ha'nt got no home, nor nothing else, I s'pose,  
Misfortune seems to follow me wherever I goes;  
I came to California with a heart both stout and bold,  
And have been up to the diggings, there to get some lumps of gold.  
But I'm a used-up man, a perfect used-up man,  
And if ever I get home again, I'll stay there if I can.

I lives 'way down in Maine, where I heard about the diggings  
So I shipped aboard a darned old barque commanded by Joe Higgins.  
I sold my little farm, and from my wife and children parted,  
And off to California sailed, and left 'em broken hearted.  
But here's a used up man, etc.

When I got to San Francisco, I saw such heaps of money,  
And the way the folks at monte played, I thought the game quite  
funny;

So I took my little pile, and on the table tossed it,  
And the chap who dealt me out the cards, says,  
"My friend you have lost it!"

So you're a used up man, etc.

I got into a steamboat and started up the river,  
Where I tho't the darned mosquitoes would ha' taken out my liver;  
When I got to Sacramento I buckled on this rigging,  
And soon I found a decent place, and so I went to digging.  
But I'm a used up man, etc.

I got into the water, where the "fever-n-ager" took me,  
 And after I was froze to death, it turned about and shook me;  
 But still I kept to work, a hopin' 'twould be better,  
 But the water wouldn't fall a bit, but kept a gettin' wetter.  
 But I'm a used up man, etc.

I 'spose if I should die, they'd take me to the Mission,  
 Or else the city'd sell me to pay up my physician;  
 I've tried to keep up courage, and swore I wouldn't spree it,  
 And here's my pile for five months' work, I'd lief as not you'd see it.  
 For I'm a used up man, etc.

I don't know what to do, for all the time I'm dodging,  
 To hunt up grub enough to eat, and find a decent lodging;  
 I can't get any liquor, and no one seems to meet me,  
 Who'll take me by the collar now, and kindly ask to treat me!  
 For I'm a used up man, etc.

---

SAN FRANCISCO. 1853.

BY J. SWEET.

City full of people,  
 In a business flurry;  
 Everybody's motto,  
 Hurry! hurry! hurry!  
 Every nook and corner  
 Filled to overflowing;  
 Like a locomotive,  
 Everybody going!

Everybody active,  
 Fogyism dead—  
 All are "Young Americans,"  
 Bound to "go ahead!"  
 Dry or rainy season,  
 Cloudy day or sunny,  
 Citizens all driving  
 Bargains to make money.

Englishmen and French,  
 German, Dutch and Danish,  
 Chattering Chinese,  
 Portugese and Spanish;  
 Men of every nation,  
 Birds of every feather,  
 Honest men and rogues  
 Hustled up together.

Dapper little Frenchman  
Makes a smiling bow,  
Calculating Yankee  
Cannot stop just now.  
Every mortal goes  
Fast as he can dash on,  
Never minding clothes,  
Etiquette or fashion.

Three "Celestial angels"  
Waddling hand in hand,  
Pity they have fallen  
Into—such a land!  
Topsy son of Erin,  
Fresh from Linnavaddy,  
Takes a running fight  
With a brother Paddy.

Gentlemanly gambler,  
Wealthy city broker,  
Taking brandy smashes  
And a game of poker;  
Gambler very cool,  
Broker very dry,  
Stocks are getting low,  
Broker getting high!

Steamers leave to-day  
For Atlantic States  
Great excitement raised  
By reducing rates;  
Miners in red shirts  
Shooting home like rockets,  
Bags of yellow "dust"  
Lining ragged pockets.

City of the West,  
Built up in a minute,  
Hurry and excitement  
Moving all within it.  
Like a locomotive,  
Everybody going,  
City in a hurry,  
Filled to overflowing.

## JOHN CHINAMAN.

The Chinese when they began coming to California in the early '50's were warmly welcomed. The Alta California of April 27, 1851, commenting on the arrival of a ship load of Chinese says: "These Celestials make excellent citizens and we are pleased to notice their daily arrival in large numbers. In 1851 a great meeting was held in Portsmouth Square, San Francisco for the purpose of welcoming the 'China Boys,' as they were commonly called to California. The Mayor and a number of other distinguished citizens were present. John Chinaman was lionized and given to understand he was all the same as a Melican man. The poem describes public sentiment in regard to the Chinese later.

J. M. G.

John Chinaman, John Chinaman,  
But five short years ago,  
I welcomed you from Canton, John—  
But wish I hadn't though.

For then I thought you honest, John,  
Not dreaming but you'd make  
A citizen as useful, John,  
As any in the State.

I thought you'd open wide your ports,  
And let our merchants in,  
To barter for your crapes and teas,  
Their wares of wood and tin.

I thought you'd cut your queue off, John  
And don a Yankee coat,  
And a collar high you'd raise, John,  
Around your dusky throat.

I imagined that the truth, John,  
You'd speak when under oath,  
But I find you'll lie and steal, too—  
Yes, John, you're up to both.

Oh, John, I've been deceived in you,  
And in all your thieving clan,  
For our gold is all you're after, John,  
To get it as you can.

## OUR CITY.

Before the streets of San Francisco were paved the wash from the hills every winter flooded them. The daily traffic soon reduced the sandy road beds to the consistency of pea soup. The sidewalks were made of planks. Frequently a plank worked loose and the unfortunate pedestrian who happened to step on the loose end would find himself tipped into the ooze like our poet. Teams of horses were submerged and drowned in the sea of mud, known as Montgomery street.

J. M. G.

T'other night when it was raining,  
 I was up on Montgomery street,  
 With my boots so finely polished,  
 And my clothes so nice and neat,  
 When I wished to gain the other side,  
 I jumped with all my might—  
 But the planks I thought to light upon  
 Just let me out of sight.

Soon the City Marshal came,  
 And with proud and lofty stride,  
 Marched me up to our Recorder's Court,  
 Where they had me scraped and tried;  
 And they said my great misfortune  
 Really made them feel quite bad,—  
 Then they asked me how much change I'd got,  
 And fined me all I had.

So they are taxing all the truckmen,  
 And I'm told they find it pays,  
 For the teamsters now fill up the holes  
 With horses, mules, and drays.  
 Such a stroke of financiering  
 I am sure is hard to beat,  
 As the fining teams for sticking  
 In some filthy, muddy street.  
 But the Council bear our burdens,  
 On their broad, capacious backs,  
 And just ask that we don't grumble  
 When we're called to pay the tax.

## MINER'S LAMENT.

Air—"Irish Dragoon."

I've just come down from the mines,  
 Where for months I dug and toiled,  
 In searching for that yellow dust,  
 Till all my clothes were spoiled;

I've picked and dug, and packed and lugged,  
And every honest scheme I've tried on,  
Till hunger made me eat at last  
The mule I used to ride on.  
With a whack.

But still I kept at work,  
'Till the rain in torrents poured,  
The Grizzlies came and stole my grub,  
And I was fairly floor'd,  
'Till faint and sick I dropped my pick,  
And off for Sacramento started;  
I found the houses there 'tis true,  
But the streets had all departed.  
With a whack.

Then I got on board a boat,  
And to San Francisco came,  
Where I found the rain and mud had made  
The streets about the same.  
In wand'ring round, a man I found,  
With sounding lead and grappling gear,  
And overhead these words I read:  
"Last appearance of Divier."  
With a whack.

Being hungry I applied,  
At our City Fathers' Hall,  
And was told they'd nothing there to give;  
Their wants required it all;  
I then went in and took some gin,  
But soon I felt a gentle tapping,  
Which made me feel as though I had  
A touch of spirit rapping.  
With a whack.

Tho' the rapper wan't no spirit,  
He appeared and seemed to think  
The chosen spirits of our State  
Have alone the right to drink.  
For soon he found beneath the ground  
A filthy place, and there resigned me,  
Where I lay that night till morning light,  
When they took me up and fined me.  
With a whack.



## CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE.

California Legislatures quite early in the history of the State established a reputation for extravagance. The Los Angeles Star of April 15, 1854, under the heading of Important to Taxpayers, publishes this editorial. "The Legislature of this Golden State has now been in session since January 2, 1854—one hundred and four days—at an expense of some \$5,000 per diem amounting to about \$520,000. Truly this is a small sum to pay from the people's pockets for discussing the important query whether Gwin or Broderick shall be a Senator or whether Benicia or Sacramento shall have the session of the Legislature the present year." This was the Legislature that our poet scores so unmercifully. J. M. G.

Six score of right good fellows—  
 Paid by the people's dimes—  
 In Sacramento City,  
 Are having jovial times.  
 Freed from the curse of labor—  
 Absolved from want or care—  
 Life seems to them a pleasure trip,  
 And the people pay their fare.  
 The "Sovereigns" foot the "fiddler's bill,"  
 But some of them wish to know  
 Whether there's any prospect  
 Of getting a *quid pro quo*?

Six score of "public servants"—  
 Servants in nought but name—  
 Disport themselves like Aesop's beast,  
 In the garb of a nobler game.  
 Each sports a glossy "stove pipe,"  
 And twirls a flashy cane—  
 Each puffs the best Havanas,  
 And guzzles the best Campagne;  
 They loaf at the Orleans bar-room,  
 Or "smile" at the "Sazerac,"  
 Play billiards and pool at Johnson's,  
 Or ten-pins, further back.  
 Some dally with *Pharaoh*, upstairs,  
 Some buck at monte below;—  
 And thus the people who stake them  
 Receive the *quid pro quo*!

Six score of downright leeches,  
Suck at the public purse;  
Some hundred thousand dollars  
Their labors reimburse.  
"Their labors"? yes, their LABORS!  
For, like the mountain of old,  
In the bringing forth of a tiny mouse,  
The sum of their acts is told.—  
Go back, ye "one horse patriots"—  
Go back from whence you came,  
And from the People's gratitude,  
Your proper guerdon claim!  
Go to your dear constituents—  
Tell what you have done below—  
And, at the ballot-box next Fall,  
Expect your *quid pro quo*!

## FROM PUEBLO TO CIUDAD.

### The Municipal and Territorial Expansion of Los Angeles.

BY J. M. GUINN.

When King Carlos III of Spain issued his Reglamento for the establishment of pueblos in Alta California and Gov. Felipe de Neve his "instructions" for the founding of Los Angeles, the size of a pueblo and the shape of a house lot were clearly defined. A pueblo was to contain four square leagues, and a house lot was to measure 20x40 varas. The boundry lines of the Plaza Vieja were carefully marked out and every poblador (founder) of the little town had his plaza front and the planting fields were all laid out in squares. Order reigned in the beginning, but chaos came later.

Fifty years after its founding Los Angeles was like the earth on the morning of creation, "without form." It had no plat, or plan, no map and no official survey of its boundaries. The houses seemed to have been scattered at random as if shaken out of an immense pepper box. The streets were crooked, irregular and undefined. The houses stood at different angles to the streets and the house lots were all geometrical shapes and forms. No man held a written title to his property and possession was ten parts of the law; indeed, it was all the law he had to protect his title. Not to use his land was to lose it. The Plaza Vieja that De Neve surveyed with care, and the padres blessed and sprinkled with holy water, had disappeared. A new plaza, the present one, had been evolved from amid the chaos of house lots and planting fields.

With the fall of the missions, a spasm of territorial expansion seized the colonists. In 1834 the Territorial Legislature, by an enactment, fixed the boundaries of the pueblo of Los Angeles at "two leagues to each of the four winds, measuring from the center of the plaza." This gave the pueblo an area of sixteen square leagues (over one hundred square miles,) an expansion of twelve leagues beyond its former bounds.

Next year (1835) the Mexican Congress decreed Los Angeles a ciudad (city) and made it the capital of Alta California; and then its first real estate boom was on. There was a demand for lots and lands, but there were no maps or plats to grant by and no additions or subdivisions of city lands on the market. All the unoccupied lands belonged to the city and when a citizen wanted a house lot to build on, he petitioned the Ayuntamiento (municipal

council) for a lot, and if the piece asked for was vacant, he was granted a lot—large or small, deep or shallow, on the street or off it, just as it happened.

The confusion and disputes arising from overlapping grants, conflicting property lines and indefinite descriptions, induced the Ayuntamiento of 1836 to appoint a commission to investigate and report upon the manner of granting house lots and agricultural lands in the past. The commissioners reported that they had consulted with several of the founders, and with old settlers, who declared that from the founding of the town the concessions of lots and lands had been made verbally, without any other formality than locating and measuring the extent of the land the fortunate ones should occupy."

"In order to present a fuller report, your commission obtained an 'instruction,' signed by Don Jose Francisco de Ortega, dated at San Gabriel, February 2, 1782, and we noted articles 3, 4 and 17 of said 'instruction' provides that concessions of said agricultural lands and house lots must be made by the government, which shall issue the respective titles to the grantees. According to the opinion of the city's advisers, said 'instructions,' or at least the three articles referred to, have not been observed, as there is no property-owner who can show a legal title to this property.

"The commissioners cannot do otherwise, but call the attention of the Most Illustrious Ayuntamiento to the evil consequences which may result by reason of said abuses, and recommend that some means may be devised that these may be avoided.

"God and Liberty. Angeles, March 8, 1836."

ABEL STEARNS,  
BACILLO VALDEZ,  
JOSE M. HERRERA,

Commissioners.

Acting on the report of the commissioners, the Ayuntamiento required all holders of property to apply for written titles. But the poco tiempo ways of the colonists could not altogether be overcome, even with the fear of losing their land before them. Even after the American conquest, sixty-six years after the foundation of the town, there were property-holders who had no title to their lands, but possession. In 1847, the land of Doña Carmen Navarro, one of the founders of the town, was denounced (filed upon) because she could show no title for it. The Ayuntamiento decided that as she always had been allowed to hold it, her claim should be respected. "because she was one of the founders, which makes her entitled to a lot on which to live"—a righteous decision.

In the same year Tomas Talamantes certified to the sale of a lot to Nicolas Feliz, to whom he gave no title papers because the

land had been granted to his family by the government of Spain, his family being among the first settlers, and in those days no such titles were given or known in California, and this "applies to all the old homes in the town which were verbally ceded to settlers." He asks the Council to respect his title as an old settler, he having held the property in peaceable possession for more than fifty years.

As the town expanded the confusion and irregularity of the streets increased. When a new house was to be built the owner built it where it was most convenient to him, without regard to street lines. If the house did not align with the street, the street could align itself with the house.

In 1836, a commission on streets, plazas and alleys was appointed "to report a plan for repairing the monstrous irregularity of the streets brought about by ceding house lots and erecting houses in this city." The commission, after viewing the town and meandering through its crooked streets and tortuous alleys, reported in favor of formulating "a plat of the city as it actually exists, on which shall be marked the names of the streets, alleys and plazas; also the house lots and common lands of the pueblo." But no draughtsman or mapmaker was found who was equal to "formulating a plat of the city as it actually existed," so the authorities drifted along for ten years more in the same old way. The city continued to grow in that leisurely way in which everything was done in this lotus land of ease before the spirit of Yankee unrest possessed it. As the town expanded the streets became more crooked, the alleys more intricate, and the property lines more and more tangled.

Then another street commission was appointed to bring order out of chaos and system out of confusion. The commission wandered through a labyrinthic maze of crooked streets, seeking a way out of its difficulties, when it was suddenly brought to a halt by an ancient Spanish law book on which the dust of centuries had accumulated. This is the report of the commission:

"On taking the first practical steps in the direction of its duty, your commission could not but be amazed, seeing the disorder and the manner how the streets run, more particularly the street which leads to the cemetery (Catholic Cemetery on Buena Vista street,) whose width is out of proportion to its length, and whose aspects offends the sense of the beautiful, which should prevail in the city. When discussing the state of affairs existing with the Syndic (City Attorney), he informed us that on receiving his instructions from the Ayuntamiento he was ordered to give the streets a width of fifteen varas (about forty-five feet). This he found to be in conflict with the statutes.

"The law referred to is in book 4, chapter 7, statute 10, and reads: 'In cold countries the streets shall be wide and in warm countries narrow; and when there are horses it would be convenient to have

wide streets for purposes of an occasional defense or to widen them in the form above mentioned, care being taken that nothing is done to spoil the looks of the buildings, weaken the points of defense or encroach upon the comfort of the people.'

"The instructions given the Syndic are absolutely opposed to this law and are prejudicial to the aspect of the town."

The commissioners were given power to make the streets narrow and to close alleys, but they were instructed not to make the street to the cemetery too narrow, and finally, they were advised that "the public welfare and the beauty of the town should on all occasions be considered paramount."

From the standpoint of the old-time regidores, the beauty of the town was enhanced by narrow streets and, correspondingly, wide streets detracted from its good looks. This old Spanish street law had probably been brought to America by the conquistadores three centuries before and had wandered up the coast to California, leaving in its trail cities and towns with narrow streets. Why the "streets in warm countries shall be narrow" is beyond the ken of a Yankee to guess, but so they are in Spanish-American countries. In the old city of Panama many of the streets are not more than ten feet wide, and there are but two streets in that city of 30,000 inhabitants in which wheeled vehicles can pass.

When Gov. Felipe de Neve laid off the pueblo of Los Angeles he made its streets ten varas, or about twenty-eight feet, wide. He evidently considered California a warm country.

Although the Territorial Legislature in 1834 had decreed the boundaries of Los Angeles to be "two leagues toward each wind from the center of the plaza," no stakes or monuments had been set to mark where the city left off, and the country began. The man who obtained a land grant in the suburbs was always uncertain whether he was a city man or a country man. So, in 1846, a commission was appointed to locate the city limits. All that was done was to measure two leagues in the direction of each of the four winds, from the Plaza Church and set stakes. The winds in those days were orthodox or Biblical winds, and were supposed to blow from the four cardinal points of the compass. Next year (1847) the Gringo invaders had possession of California, but the antiquated Spanish and Mexican laws were still in force; the Ayuntamiento continued to grant lots in the old way for two years longer. In 1849, Gov. Bennett Riley, on taking office, sent a request to the Ayuntamiento for a city map and information in regard to the manner of making grants of city lots. The Alcalde replied that there was no city map in existence and never had been; and that there was no surveyor here to make one. So Gov. Riley detailed Lieut. E. O. C. Ord of the United States army to make a plat of the city. Lieut. Ord offered to make a map of the city, marking boundary

lines and points of the municipal lands for \$1500 coin, ten lots selected from among the lots to be defined on the map and vacant land, to the extent of 1000 square varas, in sections of 200 varas, wherever he may choose it; or he would make a map for \$3000 in coin. The Ayuntamiento chose the latter proposition, the Alcalde prophetically remarking that the time might come, in the future, when the lots alone might be worth \$3000. The time has come when ten lots in Ord's survey are worth \$5,000,000. Ord's lots were 120x165 feet.

In the fall of '49 the price of lots on Spring street 120 foot front, ranged from \$25 to \$50 each. The Ayuntamiento instructed Ord in making his "Plan de la Ciudad de Los Angeles," to determine the four points of the compass and taking the parish church for a center, measure two leagues in each cardinal direction. These lines will bisect the four sides of a square, within which the lands of the municipality will be contained, the area of the same being sixteen square leagues, and each side of the square measuring four leagues." A Spanish square league contains 4444 of our acres. Los Angeles, when it came into our possession, was a city of magnificent distances. It was over ten miles across and contained over seventy thousand acres, or about one hundred and ten square miles. Sixty years ago it was the largest city in area on the continent.

Next year (April 4, 1850,) the California Legislature, at its first session, incorporated the city, and, as Legislatures sometimes do, blundered. The act provided that: "All that tract of land included within the limits of the Pueblo de Los Angeles, as heretofore known and acknowledged, shall henceforth be known as the city of Los Angeles." (It had already been known as the city of Los Angeles fifteen years.) Provided, however, that if such limits include more than four square miles the Council shall fix by ordinance the limits of the city, not to include more than said quantity of land, and the boundaries so determined shall thenceforth be the boundaries of the city. "All that tract of land included within the limits of the Pueblo de Los Angeles" had never been less than four square leagues, or about twenty-seven square miles. The tenderfoot Legislators, fresh from the "plains across," evidently did not know the difference between four square miles and four square leagues. And thus the magnificent city of 100 square miles shriveled up to a pitiable little burg of four square miles. But it did not stay contracted, the Angelenos still laid claim to sixteen square leagues, and pressed their claim before the United States Land Commission. The Council employed, at a munificent fee, a lawyer and political boss with a "pull" to prosecute the city's claim before the commission. He secured the greater part of his fat fee, but failed to secure the city's claim. The Land Commission, in 1856, confirmed to the city a grant of four leagues. So, after seventy-five years of expansion and con-

traction, the city limits settled down to the dimensions of Gov. Felipe de Neve's pueblo of 1781—four square leagues—"one league to each wind, measured from the plaza." For forty years (from 1856 to 1896) its area remained at four square leagues, then it began another career of expansion.

In 1853, all the area on the south and west that has been annexed to the city in the past thirteen years, was subdivided into thirty-five acre lots and streets extended through it. The city fathers, in a fervor of patriotism, undertook to honor the Presidents of the United States by naming streets for them. Beginning with Washington and going southwest, we had in regular succession Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson streets. Old Hickory's street collided with the boundaries of Crow ranch and Martin Van Buren and all of his successors were left out in the cold. When the claims commission, in 1856, pared down the city's area, only small parts of Washington, Adams and Jefferson streets were left within the city's limits. The farmers of Vernon and Rosedale long ago plowed under the other Presidential streets and their existence has long since been forgotten. All the territory to the south once claimed as part of the Pueblo lands has been taken into the city by annexation recently. By the various annexations of territory made since 1896, and the consolidation with Wilmington and San Pedro recently accomplished, Los Angeles has come into its own; that is, has attained the area claimed seventy-five years ago but not in the form the Department Assembly then decreed, "two leagues to each of the four winds measured from the Plaza Church." With its panhandle extension to the northeast, the bulging boundary line to the west, the half mile wide by sixteen miles long shoe-string strip to the south that is supposed to tie it to the sea, the outline of the Angel City is a fright, a thing of utility, perhaps, but not of beauty.

















Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 007 794 873

CECIL H. GREEN LIBRARY  
STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES  
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004  
(650) 723-1493  
grncirc@sulmail.stanford.edu  
All books are subject to recall.

DATE DUE

JUN 30 1999  
MAR 14 1999



